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DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART VI.

XIII.

THE WATER FARM.

ON the following morning Hyson repaired, as soon as he had taken breakfast, to the lodgings of Detmold, to consult with him about the morrow's expedition to the farm of Signor Niccolo. There was now to be a general breaking up of the company. The pleasant associations in the strange old city were at an end. The Starfields were to leave for Venice a day later, and he himself, after adding to his stock of information what Signor Niccolo might have to impart, felt that there was little requiring his presence in this locality, and hoped to meet them soon in Switzerland. He knew nothing of the painful events of the night before except the breaking of the mirror, and to that, if his thoughts for an instant recalled it, he attached no more importance than if it had been the breaking of a camp-stool or a dining-table.

As he passed through the bureau of his hotel, a message from Antonio was handed him. It was to notify him thus in advance that Antonio could not join in the excursion to Signor Niccolo's, on account of an indisposition. It assured

him that everything would be done for his entertainment just as if he himself were present, and desired him a happy journey.

This was a disappointment, because he had wished to have the advantage of Castelbarco's graphic explanations both there and by the way. At the lodgings of Detmold another awaited him. The servant assured him that Detmold had suddenly gone away.

"When?"

"Early this morning, by the train to the eastward."

"Where has he gone, and when is he coming back—to-day? Did he not leave any message?"

"He did not leave any message, Signore. He took some clothing with him."

"That does not look as if he were intending to come back to-day. It is uncivil, to say the least," he muttered, and turned away.

It occurred to him to call upon Castelbarco personally, to see if his illness were serious, and also to learn whether he knew anything of the cause of Detmold's sudden departure.

Castelbarco came down with heavy circles about his eyes and a sallow and disordered complexion.

"I see, I see," said his visitor; "late

hours and overfatigue. You have not had enough sleep."

"No, I was restless. I slept very little."

"I thought you were an older hand at a little dissipation than that. Still you can sleep enough to-day to make up for it, and you will be all right in the morning. I must insist upon taking you with me to Signor Niccolo's. The fresh air and the sunlight will do you good. It will make another man of you. Detmold has suddenly gone away and left me in the lurch, and I am entirely alone. If you abandon me too, I shall not get on with the farmers at all, and might as well give it up."

"Detmold has gone!" exclaimed the Italian, with sharp surprise. "Whither?"

"He left no message with his servant. I hoped that perhaps you might know something about it. Most likely he had a telegram to meet somebody somewhere, but if so, or in any case, I do not understand why he could not leave word."

"I know nothing of it," said Castelbarco.

An expression compounded of many emotions passed over his features: there seemed to be in it pain, remorse, fear, and even a trace of triumph.

"I have passed a bad night," said he, "and am now suffering; but perhaps you are right; it may revive me to see the open country. I will go with you."

His countenance continued troubled during the interview. He pressed his hands together nervously, and his eyes, instead of looking at his interlocutor, gazed absently beyond him.

"I will call for you, then, with my *fiacre*, at the appointed hour," said Hyson, at parting, "and we two will make the expedition."

"No, permit me," said the Italian. "We will go in one of my conveyances. I have a driver who knows the road well; he was once a farm hand with Niccolo. It was my intention that we should go in this way."

They were to drive instead of going by rail, as they might have done, to Vicenza, at least, in order to see the

country more thoroughly, and to diverge, if they saw fit, here and there from the main road, which follows the line of the railway.

Hyson made no doubt that the depression of Castelbarco was due to some superstitious dread connected with the breaking of the mirror. It was a confirmation of the prediction of Signor Benotti the night before. It was now his turn to indulge a slight feeling of contempt. In the evening he took his leave of the Starfields, whom he should not find upon his return. There were mutual wishes that they might soon meet again. He told them of the unexplained departure of Detmold. All joined in thinking it strange except Alice, who was more reticent on the subject than the rest, but was secretly much troubled.

She recalled the expression of his face in the mirror, the forlorn sadness of his voice. Had he gone away with some desperate intent, through the loss of her esteem or shame at the exposure that had been made? This frightful charge of Castelbarco's,—it could not be true. Why had not Hyson known it? Why, indeed, had it never interfered with the apparent friendliness of Castelbarco himself? Was it possible that one so delicate, so high-minded, so devoted to all that was beautiful and noble as Detmold, was involved in shameful connections,—was perhaps himself a criminal? She would never believe it. But then—his emotion—his own admission?

She was possessed by no absorbing affection ready to go to any lengths for its object, to share with him not only adversity but disgrace, if disgrace there were. Yet her interest in Detmold had grown with every moment of their pleasant intercourse at Verona, and she had been touched by his foolish verses. If it had been necessary to define her feeling towards him in these last days, it could have taken no other name than love. This was not forgotten nor abandoned, but if this that was told were true—of course—she was hopelessly puzzled. What could she think? There was something to be explained. He would write to her. There must be some

favorable explanation. Yes, undoubtedly he would at once write to her, and the mystery would be dispelled. She looked impatiently for letters. The first mail brought none, nor the second; day after day and week after week went by, as she pursued her journeys, and no letters came.

In the morning, at the hour of starting, Castelbarco was much as usual, and showed little trace of his indisposition of the previous day.

The white post-road to Vicenza skirts the lower spurs of the Tyrolean Alps. It stretches between rows of fig and mulberry trees garlanded with vines, as if for a perpetual festival. The terraced hill-sides climb to ruddy Scaligerian castles. There are blue mountain planes always in sight. The vegetation here is not as dense as farther to the west and south, where Lombardy is a jungle of maize, vines, and fig-trees. The great canals are replaced by others smaller and less complete. The water in them runs more rapidly, and, though full of silt, has not the marshy aspect noticeable elsewhere. In an endless net-work of subsidiary canals and ditches it percolates merrily about the roots of the flax and Indian corn, crosses the *marcite* meadows in thin sheets, and collects in the stagnant pools of the rice marshes. Stalwart *acquaiooli*, or water bailiffs, are seen striding away in the fields to see that all is secure.

The travelers passed through many a pretty village with its campanile, its red roofs, and its bold saint poised upon the domè of the church. Here and there small valleys, stretching into the hills horizontal to their course, reminded Hyson of his own distant territory. Castelbarco spoke to him of the country to the northeast, towards Bassano, as even more pleasing, and he promised himself to see it. They made a diversion to the battle-field of Arcola, over the narrow causeway which leads to it through marshes in which the Little Corporal, in the morning of his fame, floundered to his waist under the fire of Austrian grenadiers.

When in sight of the square castles of

Montecchio upon the slopes of the Monti Berici, they turned off by a less traveled road, crossed the swift Bacchiglione below Vicenza, and towards night-fall arrived at the domain of Signor Niccolo.

During the day Castelbarco was of strangely variable humor. His mood swung like a pendulum; it was always dangerously beyond the point of equilibrium; he was gay to excess, then gloomy. He indulged in boisterous merriment, then sat abstracted, drew heavy sighs, and once Hyson thought he saw a tear steal down his cheek. He endeavored to rally him, but the effort was poorly received. He enlarged upon the capabilities of the Paradise Valley; drew comparisons; found here a mountain, there a gully or a stream, that recalled some of its features; and avowed his purpose of incorporating in it, at no distant day, all the attractive circumstances they saw about them, and more. At last Hyson begged to know if it might not be a relief — unless it were of a character that ought not to be disclosed — to state what it was that so troubled him.

"It is nothing that could be explained," said Castelbarco. "I am dissatisfied with myself a little."

"So are all the rest of us," said Hyson, reassuringly, "but it does not pay to feel so. One must get in the habit of considering that although he is not altogether what he would like to be, he is a very fine fellow compared with a great many others. But has it not something to do with the breaking of the mirror?"

"Partly that. I have apprehensions, almost a presentiment, of evil. But you must understand I am a skeptic, — I do not believe in trivial signs. Our ancestor who made such an inscription knew nothing about the destiny of his race, nor could it be in any way connected with the integrity of a material object. He must have been a superstitious man, strangely imposed upon by others."

"You reason as clearly as clock-work. I was quite certain that a straight-up, handsome fellow like you was not to be annoyed by a picayune, old woman's tradition. As to presentiments, I have had scores of them. They never come

true. Once, when I had a presentiment that I was going to meet with a railroad accident, I traveled to California and back in perfect safety. Another time, when I had none at all, I was smashed up on the Harlem road, and had to go on crutches for six months."

Signor Niccolo greeted the son of his wealthy customer and his friend with effusion. "Welcome," said he; "come in. * Ah, you are in season; the wheat has stalks like pipe-stems. It is a poor place, this of ours, but you shall have the best there is in it. I have been ill, but Heaven be praised! — Come with me. You are tired. Run, Giacomo, — lazy-bones, — some cool water from the spring! and you, Taddea, a flask of the Breganze wine! You shall dine, and then Emilia shall sing you some of her pretty songs."

The house of Signor Niccolo was of rubble-stone covered with coarse stucco, tinted, and here and there painted with a madonna or a view of souls toasting in purgatory, in faded fresco. It was preceded by a court-yard and a wall, on the gate-posts of which were grotesque plaster figures. The rooms were floored with brick, except the best one, which had tiling of blue and white china. The ground rose in the rear, and then descended. At the top was a little terrace and an arbor of vines resting on piers of whitewashed brick. It was a prosperous-looking farm, with full barns and numerous cattle.

The Signora Niccolo, dark, buxom, and bright-eyed, was twenty years her husband's junior. A blooming child played about the room with chairs and strings, pretending to run a train of cars to Venice. Hyson took passage, and was soon upon such intimate terms with the engineer that he could have had a free pass upon the road indefinitely.

When the family assembled at the hospitable supper board, there joined them a young lady of eighteen, who had lightish-brown hair, a slight figure of medium height, and demure manners. It was the pretty Emilia, a niece and adopted daughter, engaged in musical studies at Milan, but now spending a va-

cation at home. She had American and English fellow students, and had learned a good deal of the language, which she spoke with a quick, soft pronunciation. Taddea, a servant in a half-contadina costume, waited at table.

"If you do not all eat a great deal," said Niccolo, "you will have Emilia to settle with. She has attended to the preparation of the dishes herself."

When the cloth was removed, the old gentleman, after adjusting to his eyes a more accurate pair of spectacles, and making a great show of clearing for action, spread upon the table his maps, his plans, his parchments, his authorities upon the water rights, — a system of jurisprudence which is the growth of nearly a thousand years. At the basis is the principle that the water is indissolubly joined to the land, and can by no means be transferred separately.

"This preliminary survey we must take," said Niccolo, "to understand the design of the whole. To-morrow we shall see how the theory is perfectly put in practice."

He showed the location of his different crops, and the method of treating those to which the water is applied. He talked learnedly of the carbonates of lime, the salts of iron, the gypsum, held in suspension by the water in its course from the mountains, and brought down to be infiltrated about the roots of the vegetation. He explained the methods of payment of rent by the peasants who sub-let from the farmers, — the *affitto a mezzadria*, or payment in miscellaneous crops, the *affitto a grano*, or payment in wheat alone.

"And here is my lease," said he, spreading out a roll, "which I receive from my landlord. It runs for nineteen years. At its commencement there was made an inventory of everything on the place, down to the last mulberry-tree. When the time expires we must make another inventory, showing how everything stands then. If something is lacking, very well; I pay for it. If, on the other hand, I have added something of value, a proper allowance is made to me for it. Here," he went on, "is the plan

of my windmill. Do you see how it works in cleaning the rice? The wheels raise by cogs the heavy beam A, which at the height C is let loose and falls forty-five times a minute into a granite mortar below. There are some things I shall change; I am applying my mind to it now. I have also other attachments, by which I make it grind and do various work. Do you notice how it is located? It is but a few steps down the lane from my barns, and at my time of life every step counts, I can tell you."

Whether it was the good Breganze wine or only a return oscillation of the pendulum, Castelbarco was for the moment as cheerful as the rest. He interpreted the rapid talk of the farmer, marred by a *patois* which was mainly unintelligible to Hyson. Emilia sat by, and took a lively interest in the proceedings. She helped the *padrone* arrange his papers, or read a name or a letter for him which his old eyes were not sharp enough to pick out. Her frilled sleeves fell back, as she rested both elbows upon the table, and showed a pair of round, shapely arms. At them and into her bright eyes the student of irrigation looked, and asked her questions about music and Milan, to the detriment of the weighty matters spread out for his inspection. She said to him, in an undertone, smiling, "I fear you are not paying sufficient attention to the *padrone*."

"It is true," he replied; "but we have a saying that blood runs thicker than water."

The family retired at a good hour. Before they went Emilia sang for them some of her songs in a very sweet and flexible voice.

"When you are a great *prima donna* you must come to America, and we will give you an immense ovation," said Hyson. "I will see to it myself. You will grow very wealthy, besides."

"When I do," said she, "I shall buy an immense farm, ever so much larger than this, and have orchards and vineyards and flowers, — especially all kinds of animals. I like animals so much."

"She might be a customer for the Paradise Valley," thought Hyson.

He tossed about uncomfortably for some time, prevented from sleeping by a warm atmosphere. He heard Castelbarco, whose apartment adjoined his own, pacing the floor. He slept, and dreamed of the pretty ways of Emilia. He awoke late in the night, and heard Castelbarco still pacing. He arose and went to expostulate with him. His candle had burnt out, but it could be seen that he had not undressed. Hyson rested lightly upon the side of the bed.

"I hope you are not keeping up those disagreeable feelings still, — presentiments and so on," said he.

"I cannot free myself from them," said the other, throwing himself down also.

"This comes of belonging to an old family. In our country, where it makes no difference what family you belong to, as long as you are presentable and have money in your pocket, such a thing could never happen. It is only one more argument for our free institutions."

"It is not that alone, but its coincidence with other circumstances. Would that I dared to tell you. If one had failed in a dearly cherished project, and not only failed but incurred hatred where he most wished esteem, that would justify such a feeling, would it not?"

"It was not my intention to intrude upon your confidence," said Hyson; "but if there is any way in which I can be of the least service, I hope you will do me the favor to command me."

"Well, I will tell you all," said the miserable young man, commencing again to walk. "You shall be the judge; you shall see that I did not act with deliberation, that it was not my purpose to say the words I did. But no, — what do I promise? To speak of it is to extend the injury. You can do nothing. What is done is done."

Hyson was of a sympathetic nature, and would gladly have done anything in his power to alleviate the trouble of his friend. But this is one of the mysterious things of life, that pain constitutes a vast loneliness. No matter how close the proximity and warm the compassion of anxious hearts, the sufferer must

writhe and twist alone, while they can only marvel at what is so near yet so impervious to help.

He essayed a word or two further of cheer, and then left him, hoping sleep would produce a beneficial change. A light breeze stirred the heavy air. He looked from his window and saw the arms of the Signor Niccolo's windmill, rising from behind a row of pollarded trees, barred against the sky like a great cross.

XIV.

THE BLOW OF A SHADOW.

In his brick-floored chamber, with its bedstead tipped with brass, its porcelain stove, and its vine-shaded windows, down in the heart of the Italian country, Hyson heard all night long slight purling noises, like the whistle of birds, as the water rippled over obstructions in its onward course. Of all sizes, down to the miniature channels that run in a plowed furrow, the canals are woven throughout the plain of Lombardy like threads of silver in a rich tissue. They give it an almost cloying fertility. They pass over, under, and through each other by sluices, bridges, and siphons without end. The smallest differences of level are taken advantage of in drawing off the water and returning it to its channels. Over and under a single canal are counted three hundred and forty bridges and passages, five of which are aqueducts across mountain torrents.

The young man dreamed of Emilia; of the Paradise Valley, which now seemed to be teeming with people and running with streams like this; of Castelbarco stalking up and down interminably in the midst of it; of Detmold, and of the dark windmill. He was awakened at day-break by the hoarse cooing of pigeons.

The coming heats of the day were presaged by a perfect hush, in which one could fancy he detected the hum of the illimitable mechanism of growth,—the opening of petals, the spreading of roots, the movement of sap, and the as-

similation of chlorophyl. The unfamiliar objects outside had an exaggerated strangeness in the gray light. He arose, made copious ablutions, and looking in at the apartment of Castelbarco found it vacant. The bed had been occupied, however. Doubtless he had gone out to stroll and refresh himself in the coolness of the morning. Unable to sleep longer, he thought he could do no better than to follow the example.

He passed quietly down the stairs and out at the rear door, which stood ajar, to the terrace. The air was soft and grateful. Fine cobwebs strung with beads of dew were spun among the grass blades. He watched from the arbor the gradual bloom of the morning. Peasants came out of the buildings and began to busy themselves about the work of the day; the clinking milk-cans were filled; the stock was driven to pasture; the fowls cackled lustily in the barnyard. Everything was astir early, to accomplish as much as possible before the lassitude of the afternoon heats. Castelbarco was seen at a long distance, disappearing behind some shrubbery.

Hyson followed and sauntered at ease in the plantations. His meditations were mainly cheerful. If he had any preoccupation, it was with the singular conduct of Castelbarco, and perhaps for an instant a puzzled speculation about Detmold. Of a bright, airy nature, the world had gone well with him, yet not so well as to stagnate an active mind, or to destroy his sense of the value of the good things he enjoyed. He seized not only the day, but the hour and the minute. He was enabled by his own excellent temper to extract whatever contentment there was from the most adverse surroundings. If he had his periods of depression also, they were brief, like overcloudings in April, and left no permanent trace.

He noticed everything in his walk amongst the vegetation of the Italian farm, drew comparisons, and sanguinely forecast the greatness of his American valley when it should have blossomed into a garden like this. The sun was high in a heaven of unclouded blue when

he overtook Castelbarco. The latter was walking slowly, with his hands behind him, and crossed by a path at right angles to his own. It led by the rice marshes at the end of the estate.

"Well met!" said Hyson, cheerily. "I shall not ask after your state of mind. No one could be melancholy on such a morning, if he tried. We do right — you and I — to come out and enjoy it while the rest are sleeping. I have to attribute my pleasant walk to you. I did not think of it until I discovered your absence."

"I was oppressed almost to suffocation," said Castelbarco, "and came forth for relief."

"Oh, come, come, my boy! you must not mope again to-day. Trouble is nothing only in thinking of it. Try to turn your thoughts away, and then it no longer exists. It is your liver that is out of order, or perhaps you are overworked."

"Call it what you will, never have I been so weighed upon by uneasiness and foreboding. Perhaps — how suddenly he" —

"You must keep quiet and rest to-day instead of joining in the lively tramp of exploration I intend to lead our friendly host. The pretty Emilia will entertain you while we are gone. We shall see what effect that will have. It will be melancholy indeed if she does not dissipate it with her music."

They followed the path by the rice marshes in single file. Low mud walls, from fifteen to eighteen inches high, with outlets, surrounded the growing crop. The thick, needle-like blades, kept most of the time flooded, showed just above the surface of the water. These fields, from which every vestige of shade is removed as hurtful to the crop, lie festering in the sun, and breed malarial poison. Too wet to plow, they must be broken up with the spade, and at the proper season the sower wades in the soft mud to scatter the seed.

"I will have no rice culture in the Paradise Valley," said Hyson. "Perhaps I could not if I would. Labor is too dear in our country to let us mix

lives freely with our products, as you Europeans, who have so large a surplus of them, can afford to."

"Yes, it seems that there is a flavor of calamity and death even in the innocent vegetables," said Castelbarco, with a sigh.

But now they were met by a domestic, who had come to find them, with a pair of excellent saddle-horses. The Signor Niccolo had observed them from his lookout point, and desired that they would mount, in order to have them try the horses, which he had lately bought, that they might not be too fatigued for the further rambles of the day, and also that they might not be late for the good breakfast which was awaiting them. This exercise and the company of Hyson exerted a beneficial effect upon the spirits of Castelbarco. Another of his sudden changes of demeanor — in which, however, after the experience of the preceding day, Hyson put no confidence as a permanent recovery — ensued. He sat erect in his saddle and his eye brightened over the surrounding landscape, as they rode side by side up the hill. He apologized for his past moroseness, which, he said, was a reminiscence of an unhappy disposition too much indulged in his youth. He had exaggerated certain circumstances. He hoped that any words he might have inadvertently let fall would not be misconstrued. Then, in a flow of volubility, he talked of current light topics at Verona and elsewhere, referred to his life in America, and made plans for further expeditions and pleasures, in which Hyson was to engage with him. His hilarity, contrasted with his recent gloom, had a dash of wildness in it, and jarred a little upon Hyson's nerves. He even made clumsily humorous suggestions as to what Hyson should do in his Paradise Valley. "You Americans are fond of doing things on a great scale," said he. "Now, you must get your government to import the Monti Berici, and set them up in your valley bodily. The proceeds will help us pay our national debt. We need it badly. Taxes are very heavy, and we will do anything for money."

"We do not lack mountains," said Hyson. "The little Monti Berici are very well, but I can show you my Sierra Nevada peaks, eight and nine thousand feet high. What I *would* like, if it were practicable, would be a sprinkling of your antiquities,—ruins, and so on. You are ahead of us in your old *bric-à-brac*,—that is all. No matter how well we are • provided in other respects, I do not see how we are ever going to be very picturesque. There seems to be no purpose now, as formerly, that requires becoming structures to be set up on all the crags and inaccessible lookout points, to accent them and show the domination of the human race. We have no faith to make us build mountain convents and rock-cut chapels, and castles we shall have no need of if we live a hundred thousand years. Since we are secure and no longer fear sudden raids by unscrupulous neighbors with arms in their hands, and since gas and water connections are of so much importance, life has come down into the low places where commercial business can be transacted with neatness and dispatch."

The horses ambled easily up the incline, which was scored with the wheel-tracks of the wains used in harvesting the crops. The domestic buildings were near at hand. Signor Niccolo could be seen waving a salutation from his terrace. Emilia, in a wide hat and long gloves with gauntlets, was coming over the edge of the hill with the robust child to meet them. The manner of Castelbarco was now blithe and open, and his countenance was free from a trace of trouble.

His gayety had supervened, apparently, only to make the contrast of a dreadful termination the more appalling. He was to be destroyed by a shadow out of that beautiful bright morning, hardly more startling and fatal than that which by his agency had stricken down Detmold in the perfumed brightness of the fête. As the riders paced along by the row of dark trees which Hyson had seen from his window, the arms of the great windmill were suddenly loosed, and began with a sharp creak their first rev-

olutions for the day. The broad, deep bars of their whirling shadows swept out from an opening, and diagonally down upon them across the road. The new horses, not yet sufficiently broken, as it appeared, to the strange appearances, winced and quivered a moment as if under an actual blow. That upon which Hyson was mounted bore him away in an uncontrollable gallop, nearly riding down Emilia, who clung to the hedge for safety. The young Italian's animal, the more spirited of the two, bolted furiously into the air, and threw the rider from his seat with a wrench that seemed to dislocate every joint.

When Hyson could control his movements and return, Castelbarco lay in the road with his head unnaturally bent forward under his breast. A stream of blood from his mouth mingled with the dust. His neck was broken.

Signor Niccolo was seen running from the terrace, and peasants from the mill. Emilia was standing by, her face white with awe. The child, who held her hand, was regarding the limp body curiously.

XV.

DETMOLD AT TRASIMENE.

Where, in the mean time, was Detmold? Had he indeed sought refuge in the dreadful resource of suicide, as vividly imagined by the unfortunate Antonio, and even vaguely dreaded by Alice? No; his mind at the last rested upon too solid a basis of moderation and sterling common sense. He had a conception of a sturdy courage which endures the slings and arrows of adversity to the end, and esteems the attempt to escape by self-destruction cowardly and degrading. He had been schooled in unhappiness, too, and lapsed not unnatural into a condition of which he knew well most of the dolorous phases. Yet what misery was ever so sharp as this? All that he had known of seemed trivial in comparison. To have been cast down so utterly from the very pinnacle of success! The white-sailed bark of rescue had

passed him by, as he tossed upon his spar, and left him to perish.

But short of the final point of suicide, on that night Detmold trod all the successive steps of despair. He wandered about the city, sometimes walking rapidly, then slowly, with his eyes fixed as if in a stupor. He might have been seen at Santa Anastasia, at the Castel Vecchio, or haunting the Amphitheatre like an uneasy ghost. He went out upon the Ponte Navi, and, planting his elbows on the parapet, remained gazing down into the stream. It twisted under the arches in snake-like eddies. The reflection of a red lantern, somewhere down in the obscurity of the margins, surged upon the surface as if it were a liquid flame bubbling up from below. From under this rugged bridge which she had brightened with her presence, that should be forever dissociated from darkness and suffering, should he now be taken out swollen, half-decomposed, drowned at night? He dallied sullenly with the thought. The gloom and the swift water were full of oblivion and fatal sweetness. They called to him, and the tugging at his heart was hard to resist.

The first gray of daylight found him still there. He turned away homeward cold and dazed, and almost forgetting what had happened. But the implements of his labor, the accessories of his daily life, about his chamber, all permeated with memories of her, renewed his pain intolerably. His disappointment was all-pervading and absolute, like that of a child which has longed with a desire that admits of no alternative. He rested his head against the wall for a moment. "Oh, why," he cried, "could it not be?"

He tore to pieces the sketches that came in his way. The picture which he had fancied to make of her upon a golden background, over which he had struggled so valiantly with his ignorance of the painter's technicalities, he dashed savagely down, and stamped upon it. Then, in a sudden exhaustion, he threw himself upon the bed, and slept dreamlessly for a time. His heart was heavier than lead in his bosom even before he awoke.

He resolved, the moment he opened his eyes, to go away. It was still time for the early train to the eastward. He threw a few things into a satchel, notified the servant, and was gone. At Padua he bought a ticket for the south, and plunged into the interminable tunnels of the Apennines that debouch finally above the smiling prospect of Florence. Their roaring seemed to try to out-Herod his grief. He would have liked to go on endlessly in these resounding caverns. From Florence he sped, without intermission, towards Rome, finding in the whirling succession of objects a stupefying distraction. Half-way down, in the heart of ancient Etruria, the fancy took him to alight at one of the small walled cities near the shore of lake Trasimene. A shabby conveyance took him across the plain and up the height, and he rested at the poor inn in the small, unevenly paved square.

Without, and from a distance, the castellated hill city was as fair to see as those that figure in the backgrounds of the pictures of the early masters. Within it was rough and sordid, but everywhere picturesque. Thick-walled gray houses, with windows that were scarcely more than loop-holes, grew out of the gray rock, and the misty green of olive orchards softened its rugged slopes.

Here Detmold drank the red wine of the country, — perhaps something too much of it, — and wandered aimlessly about. He saw in his walks the contadinas, with their white bodices and blue and scarlet aprons, in the tawny grain, or holding mild heifers by the horns; or the brown, red-capped men plowing with the sacred white oxen of the classics. He poked out bits of broken antiquities with his stick. He traced the course of the conqueror Hannibal, and followed down to its junction with the lake the brook Sanguinetto, which ran fuller of blood than ever of water the day it sluiced the shambles of the butchered consul Flaminius and his Romans.

Amid these classic surroundings, as time went on, reminiscences of his school days, long forgotten, came back, a sense of the quaint incongruity between the

pictures presented of them in the dry and plodding discourse of pedagogues and the glowing charm of the originals. The low hills and neighboring mountains were of crude browns, greens, and purples, as the changing hours of the day went over their bold lines, softened by little of the atmospheric subtlety of the north. The sky above them was as opaque as the ungradated blues of the mosaics in the churches.

Detmold saw the trains sweep by to Rome, or heard them rattling afar when distant among the hills. They were full of travelers from the ends of the earth; among them, perhaps, acquaintances of his own. He had but to stretch out his hand to touch this full artery of the world's life; yet how remote did he seem from it, and from all the interests of the vast circulation of force and purpose of which it formed a part.

In the evening, at times, he took the skiff of some half-savage fisherman on the shore and pulled out upon the water. Adrift in the dusk, in the strange country, upon the lonely lake, he listened to the cry of the bittern. He could almost persuade himself that he had passed into another state, for the moment painless, like that devised by the old theologians for infants dead without baptism. He made by degrees such acquaintances as enabled him to inspect at ease numbers of blackened old pictures of ancestors, saints, and mythological personages, which constituted part of the treasures of the place. He found himself drawn to them by the sympathy of a certain analogy. They had once been beautiful, and the light had gone out of them as it had out of his own life. He, like them, was to go on henceforth into an ever-deepening gloom.

At last, one day, a notion that was often in his head, and as often rejected as idle and worse than useless, since it could not result in putting a better face upon the matter than it already had, and might bear an appearance of pusillanimity, was allowed to have its way. It was the idea of writing to Alice. There was even a gleam of hope in it, — a gleam as pale as that of the daylight which catches

upon the damp wall of a tunnel at a little distance from its mouth. He had believed her noble and generous. He had endowed her with all conceivable perfections, without having seen in her the exercise of any except those lighter ones that play upon the surface of an untroubled life. Might it not be that she would display them now? Perhaps, perhaps — wild and far-off supposition — she would cleave to him even in disgrace. But why should *she* make sacrifices? Was he worthy of sacrifices, indeed? On his side, he would have gloried in them for her, and believed himself none the more meritorious. But she was a lovely creation, not to be theorized about on equal terms. Even in the view that she was incapable of self-abnegation for such an object, he had scarcely a shade of disparagement for her. Weakened by the consciousness of what he knew, and what she now knew as well, it was a faint heart truly that had pursued this fair lady from the first.

He set himself to present to her the details of the story as it was, to bid her a final farewell, and to extend his wishes for her future welfare. It caused from time to time the renewal of his pain in its first violence. To pluck forth the baneful secret and lay it before the eyes of her from whom it should have been forever hidden, oh, cruel task!

Days were spent in preparing statements full of qualifications, of fine analyses, of rhetoric, to palliate or throw the most favorable light upon his own conduct and that of his father, in order to retain a shadow of a hold upon her sympathies. One after another he tore them up and wrote anew. The letter as it reached Alice at last was as follows : —

“ A month has passed since the hope of happiness I had had the temerity to cherish was shattered. I do not know with what mysterious infamy I have been credited in the mean time. The effect of the disclosure was sufficiently pictured upon your face, and my admissions and my flight gave color to the worst surmises. In the bitterness of the moment, and in recognition of it as a fitting payment for my duplicity, I conceded everything. I

saw only the one consequence, the loss of your esteem and the ruin of my hopes. For any trifling offsets I cared nothing. But now, in a frame of mind which is calmer, I desire to make you a brief communication. If it overstep the bounds of conventional propriety, I beg for it the indulgence of the last that will probably ever pass between us.

"The story was told to you in a bald and malignant form by an enemy. I hid it from you, and would always have done so, because I loved you. But since concealment is no longer possible, I wish myself to lay before you the miserable circumstances in the existence of which our separation is involved. There is no other who could present to you, even if disposed, the few redeeming features of the case. I do not hope to change the judgment you have already arrived at, nor is your sympathy demanded. Only the history may, at some unoccupied moment, be the occasion of a passing reflection upon the strange inequality with which happiness is meted out, and serve to enhance by its contrast the untroubled serenity of your own lot.

"It was said to you that my father was a convict, and that I first saw the light within prison walls. With a slight modification this is true. My father was a convict. I was born to a heritage of shame, not within the prison walls, but close under their heavy shadow, which has scarcely ever for a moment lifted.

"My father was a prosperous trader in one of the smaller cities of Illinois in the early days of its settlement. Associated with him was a partner, James Belford. They were both young men of good Eastern families, and educated in the best Eastern counting-rooms. They went to the West separately, in quest of more favorable opportunities than were afforded at home. After various experiments they met and formed a copartnership. The locality was favored with a rapid growth, and they reaped the benefit of it. They became the foremost merchants of the place. The society about them was not rude, but bold and unencumbered with many of the conventionalisms of the older sections from which

it had been gathered. All was dash and activity. The partners thrived so well that they were shortly enabled to return to the East and bring back young wives, who had been their sweethearts before they started out into the world.

"Both weddings were celebrated in the season of reckless profusion preceding the panic of 1847. This crash found the store of Belford & Detmold almost bare of goods. Everything was sold upon credit in the period of extravagance immediately preceding. Debts due them on all sides were worthless, and their own obligations were maturing. There was no means of replenishing their stock. They saw themselves upon the verge of bankruptcy. Their young wives, the sweeping away of the accumulations of their years of labor, the dissipation of the fair hopes they had entertained, made the idea unbearable.

"They were met by a terrible temptation, and yielded to it. They endeavored to save themselves by the shameful expedient of a robbery. It was so foreign to the record and characters of both, and planned, besides, with so little judgment, that they seem to have been stricken with sudden madness. The burdens of the most abject poverty would have been infinitely lighter than the consequences which they brought upon themselves.

"It happened that there stood on a side track of the railway passing through the place, very near to their warehouse, two car-loads of goods from the East which had by some means strayed from their destination, and awaited an owner. It afterwards appeared in evidence that the merchant of a neighboring city, who had purchased and forwarded them, had died at the East during the transaction of his business. The markings were improperly made, his heirs knew little of his affairs, communications were slow, and it was a considerable time before the property was traced and looked for. The station agent at Marburg had shown the goods to them among others, and speculation was rife as to their ownership.

"It was not by my father, as I have

learned from him, that the desperate idea of retrieving their fortunes by the seizure of these goods was first broached, — though that makes little difference. Nor was it adopted without long hesitation and argument. It was resolved upon one dark night when the partners sat late over their books, casting about in vain for some means of escape, and it was put in execution at once. They persuaded themselves that it was but a species of informal loan, — of a piece with the dash and enterprise of the driving community. The property as it lay benefited no one, but it could do them an incalculable service. They were to seek out the owner afterwards, — this was the method in which they reconciled themselves to it, — and restore the full value of everything. The goods were a general assortment selected for an establishment similar to their own, and could be sold without detection. They were transferred, partly to the shelves of the store, and partly to receptacles planned in the walls of their warehouse. The cars, externally made good, showed no evidence of the robbery. A considerable time passed before it was discovered. There was no clue to the depredators. It was not until the arrival of proper inventories and descriptions from the East that the goods could have been identified even if discovered. Then the country was scoured for common malefactors. Belford & Detmold were as far above suspicion as the officers of justice themselves.

“But a detective who came from a great city to work up the case, with a full experience of the darker aspects of human character, omitted nothing from his search. The criminals were unskilled. They construed the first semblance of investigation as discovery. They abandoned the specious theory by which they had defended the act and in a complete breaking down of self-possession confessed all. It was at first deemed incredible by the community; then the industrious young merchants, who had enjoyed so fair a repute, sank to the lowest depths of infamy.

“By the connivance of officials who

were softened at the spectacle of such a devastation, one of the firm was allowed to assume in court the burden of the crime, and declare the innocence of the other. The latter was to remain at large to provide for the support of the families of both. The choice between themselves was to be determined by lot. The lot to bear the penalty for both fell upon my father. He stood forth, and obtained a momentary shade of sympathy in proclaiming, ‘I alone am guilty.’

“My mother would not receive the aid of Belford. Indeed he was too broken to be capable of rendering aid. He removed to the East, and never afterwards returned. It was said that he had changed his name and succeeded well in the world; again, that he had sunk to a mere wreck and died by his own hand. We never knew which, if either, of these accounts was true, or if indeed he be not still living. My mother would have gone any lengths rather than acquaint her family with what had befallen her. She removed to the prison town, and eked out a subsistence during the three long years of the sentence, extending to my father what scanty comfort she could. It was here and thus that I was born into the world, — I who have aspired to mingle the dark strand of my life with the pleasant brightness of yours.

“But the story is not yet finished. The future of its principal actor was not that of an ordinary criminal. You will never see my father, and any opinion you may entertain of him can have no effect upon his well-being; but I would have you know something of — as it seems to me — his bravery, his effort at reparation. And yet, in every word in which I praise him I convict myself of selfishness and cowardice.

“I should have stood with him against a censorious world, and aided him to bear his heavy burdens. Instead of doing so I have sought refuge in flight and concealment. Alas, that such a course has no longer any motive!

“My father was broken down by his prison life and his acute sense of disgrace. At its close he was ill, and lay at the point of death; but he recovered,

and his character, as I have heard, was changed. He had been impetuous, exacting, self-indulgent. He became patient, self-denying, and, above all, conscientious to the last degree. He returned to his home, and added to the completed sentence of the law a lifetime of voluntary expiation. He was once more successful. Commencing at the lowest round of the ladder, he rose to prominence; but it is a prominence clouded by a stigma which the lapse of time has not effaced. For years his life was a martyrdom. He endured scoffs and insults, but with unflinching resolution, and lived them down. He has relieved much suffering and caused none, and his honesty is a proverb. He won back his commercial standing, but never that which opened freely to us the avenues of social life. Such is my story.

"Now you know all. You know the lie my life has been to avoid the shame of the disclosure which I have at last been forced to make to you. I said to myself, 'The guilt was not mine, and I will not bear its punishment.' I tried to escape the decree of an inevitable destiny. Never was I so wholly impressed with the necessity of concealment as when I first knew you and began to cherish my illusive hopes. I knew that so proud a family as yours could not stoop, not merely to one of less station and fortune, but to one on a lower than any social plane,—that of crime.

I tried to persuade myself at times that the importance of this secret was created by a morbid imagination; that the world, if it knew, would not visit ignominy upon me who was innocent. I feared I had lost the faculty of judging. But how well I judged appeared in your remorseless words upon the hill-side of Torri. Fate seemed on that day to bring the currents of our lives to the point of contact, only to sweep them forever apart.

"I bid you with this a final farewell. In doing so, in spite of the humiliation and disappointment in which I am involved, I cannot bring myself to say that if our relations were to be lived over again I should act differently. The hours I spent with you were almost the only happy hours of my life. Had I not deceived you I should not have known them. The prospect of your love seemed to me something subtle and exquisite beyond words. I will not say that I could ever have let the dictates of duty weigh for a moment against it.

"I beg that you will not suffer yourself to be annoyed at this. It is a presumption that is wholly of the past. Henceforth I can occupy no place in your thoughts, nor do I deserve to do so. As for me, I can never forget you. I shall live in the hope that, though unseen and unheard of, it may be my fortune to be able to add some fragment of happiness to the full share which I trust is always in store for you."

W. H. Bishop.

EVOLUTION.

I.

BROAD were the bases of all being laid,
 On pillars sunk in the unfathomed deep
 Of universal void and primal sleep.
 Some mighty will, in sooth, there was that swayed
 The misty atoms which inhabited
 The barren, unilluminated fields of space;

A breath, perchance, that whirled the mists apace,
 And shook the heavy indolence that weighed
 Upon the moveless vapors. Oh, what vast,
 Resounding undulations of effect
 Awoke that breath! What dizzying æons passed
 Ere yet a lichen patch the bare rock flecked!
 Thus rolls with boom of elemental strife
 The ancestry e'en of the meanest life.

II.

I am the child of earth and air and sea!
 My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
 Was chanted; and, through endless changing forms
 Of plant and bird and beast, unceasingly
 The toiling ages wrought to fashion me.
 Lo, these large ancestors have left a breath
 Of their strong souls in mine, defying death
 And change. I grow and blossom as the tree,
 And ever feel deep-delving, earthy roots
 Binding me daily to the common clay.
 But with its airy impulse upward shoots
 My life into the realms of light and day;
 And thou, O Sea, stern mother of my soul,
 Thy tempests sing in me, thy billows roll!

III.

A sacred kinship I would not forego
 Binds me to all that breathes; through endless strife
 The calm and deathless dignity of life
 Unites each bleeding victim to its foe.
 What life is in its essence, who doth know?
 The iron chain that all creation girds,
 Encompassing myself and beasts and birds,
 Forges its bond unceasing from below, —
 From water, stones, and plants, e'en unto man.
 Within the rose a pulse that answered mine
 (Though hushed and silently its life-tide ran)
 I oft have felt; but when with joy divine
 I hear the song-thrush warbling in my brain,
 I glory in this vast creation's chain.

IV.

I stood and gazed in wonder blent with awe
 Upon the giant foot-prints Nature left
 Of her large march in yonder rocky cleft:
 A fern-leaf's airy woof, a reptile's claw,
 In their eternal slumber there I saw,
 In deftly-wrought sarcophagi of stone.
 What humid tempests from rank forests blown
 Whirled from its parent stem yon slender straw?
 What scaly creature of a monstrous breed
 Bore yonder web-foot through the tepid tide?

Oh, what wide vistas, thronged with mighty deed
 And mightier thought, have here mine eyes descried!
 Come, a fraternal grasp, thou hand of stone!
 The flesh that once was thine is now mine own.

v.

Sublime is life, though in beginnings base
 At first enkindled! In this clod of mold
 Beats with faint spirit pulse the heart of gold
 That warms the lily's cheek; its silent grace
 Dwells unborn 'neath this sod. Fain would I trace
 The potent mystery which, like Midas' hand,
 Thrills the mean clay into refulgence grand;
 For, gazing down the misty aisles of space
 And time, upon my sight vast visions throng
 Of the imperial destiny of man.
 The life that throbbed in plant and beast erelong
 Will break still wider orbits in its van, —
 A race of peace-robed conquerors and kings,
 Achieving evermore diviner things.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

MAY DAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

MAY 1, 1841. Life in gardens and parlors is unpalatable to me. It wants rudeness and necessity to give it relish. I would at least strike my spade into the earth with as good-will as the woodpecker his bill into a tree.

May 1, 1851. Khaled would have his weary soldiers vigilant still. Apprehending a midnight sally from the enemy, "Let no man sleep," said he; "we shall have rest enough after death."

May 1, 1852. Five A. M. To Cliffs. A smart frost in the night. The plowed ground and platforms white with it. I hear the little forked-tailed chipping-sparrow (*Fringilla socialis*) shaking out his rapid "tchi-tchi-tchi-tchi-tchi-tchi," — a little jingle from the oak behind the depot. I hear the note of that plump bird with a dark streaked breast, that runs and hides in the grass, whose note sounds so like a cricket's in the grass. I used

to hear it when I walked by moonlight last summer. I hear it now from deep in the sod, for there is hardly grass yet. The bird keeps so low you do not see it. You do not suspect how many there are till their heads appear. The word *seringo* reminds me of its note, as if it were produced by some kind of fine metallic spring. It is an earth sound.

It is a moist, lowering morning for the Mayers. The sun now shines under a cloud in the horizon, and his still yellow light falls on the western fields as sometimes on the eastern after a shower in a summer afternoon. Nuttall says the note of the chipping-sparrow is "given from time to time in the night, like the reverie of a dream." Have I not heard it when spearing? Found the first violet which would open to day, *V. sagittata* var. *ovata*, — or *cucullata*? for the leaves are not toothed at base nor arrow-shaped

as in the first, yet they are hairy, and, I should say, petiole-margined; still, like the latter, they are rolled in at base, and the scape is four-angled. . . . The woods have a damp smell this morning. I hear a robin amid them. Yet there are fewer singers to be heard than on a very pleasant morning some weeks ago. The low early blueberry (June berry) is well budded. The grass ground — low ground, at least — wears a good green tinge; there are no leaves on the woods; the river is high over the meadows. There is a thin, gauze-like veil over the village (I am on Fairhaven Hill), probably formed of the smokes. As yet we have had no morning fogs, to my knowledge. I hear the first to-wee finch; he says, "to-wee-to-wee;" and another, much farther off than I supposed when I went in search of him, says, "whip your chr-r-r-r-r-r," with a metallic ring. I hear the first cat-bird, also, mewing, and the wood-thrush, which still thrills me, — a sound to be heard in a new country from one side of a clearing. I heard a black and white creeper just now, "wicher-wicher-wicher-wich." I am on the Cliff. It is about six. The flicker cackles. I hear a woodpecker tapping. The tinkle of the huckleberry bird comes up from the shrub-oak plain. He commonly lives away from the habitations of men, in retired bushy fields and sprout lands. We have thus flowers and the song of birds before the woods leave out, like poetry. When leaving the woods I heard the hooting of an owl, which sounded very much like a clown calling to his team. Saw two large woodpeckers on an oak. I am tempted to say that they were other and larger than the flicker; but I have been deceived in him before. . . .

The little peeping frogs which I got last night resemble the description of the *Hylodes Pickeringii*, and in some respects the peeping hyla; but they are probably the former, though every way considerably smaller. Mine are about three fourths of an inch long as they sit, seven eighths if stretched; four-fingered and five-toed, with small tubercles on the ends of them. Some difference in their color. One is like a pale oak leaf at

this season, streaked with brown. Two others more ashy. Two have crosses on back, of dark brown, with transverse bands on the legs. I keep them in a tumbler. They peep at twilight and evening; occasionally at other times. One that got out in the evening on to the carpet was found soon after, by his peeping, on the piano. They easily ascend the glass of the window. Jump eighteen inches or more. When they peep, the loose, wrinkled skin of the throat is swelled up into a globular bubble, very large and transparent, and quite round, except on the throat side, behind which their little heads are lost, mere protuberances on the side of this sphere. The peeping wholly absorbs them, their mouths being shut, or apparently so. Will sit half a day on the side of a smooth tumbler. Made that trilling note in the house. Remain many hours at the bottom of the water in the tumbler, or sit as long on the leaves above. A pulse in the throat always, except in one for an hour or two, apparently asleep. They change their color to a darker or lighter shade, chameleon-like.

May 1, 1853. To Cliffs. The oak leaves on the plain are fallen. The colors are now light blue above (where is my cyanometer? Saussure invented one, and Humboldt used it in his travels); the landscape russet and greenish, spotted with fawn-colored plowed lands, with green pine and gray or reddish oak woods intermixed, and dark-blue or slate-colored water here and there. It is greenest in the meadows and where water has lately stood, and a strong, invigorating scent comes up from the fresh meadows. It is like the greenness of an apple faintly or dimly appearing through the russet.

May 1, 1854. Early starlight by river-side. The water smooth and broad. I hear the loud and incessant cackling of probably the pigeon woodpecker, what some time since I thought to be a different kind. Thousands of robins are filling the air with their trills, mingling with the peeping of hylodes and ringing of frogs; and now the snipes have just begun their winnowing sounds and squeaks.

May 1, 1855. P. M. By boat with S—— to Conantum a-maying.

The myrtle bird is one of the commonest and tamest birds now. It catches insects like a pewee, darting off from its perch and returning to it, and sings something like "a-chill chill, chill chill, chill chill, a-twear, twill twill twee," or it may be all *tw* (not loud, a little like the *Fringilla hiemalis*, or more like the pine warbler), rapid, and more and more intense as it advances. There is an unaccountable sweetness as of flowers in the air. A true May day, — raw and drizzling in the morning. The grackle still. What various brilliant and evanescent colors on the surface of this agitated water, — now, as we are crossing Willow Bay, looking toward the half-concealed sun over the foam-spotted flood! It reminds me of the sea. . . .

Went to G——'s for the hawk of yesterday. It was nailed to the barn in *terrorem*, and as a trophy. He gave it to me, with an egg. He called it the female, and probably was right, it was so large. He tried in vain to shoot the male, which I saw circling about just out of gunshot, and screaming, while he robbed the nest. He climbed the tree when I was there yesterday P. M., and found two young, which he thought not more than a fortnight old, with only down, at least no feathers, and one addled egg; also three or four white-bellied or deer mice (*Mus leucopus*), a perch and a sucker, and a gray rabbit's skin. I think they must have found the fish dead. They were now stale. I found the remains of a partridge under the tree. G—— had seen squirrels, etc., in other nests.

May 1, 1857. Two P. M. First notice the ring of the toad as I am crossing the common in front of the meeting-house. There is a cool and breezy south wind, and the ring of the first toad leaks into the general stream of sound unnoticed by most, as the mill brook empties into the river, and the voyager cannot tell if he is above or below its mouth. The bell was ringing for town meeting, and every one heard it, but none heard this older and more universal bell, rung by

more native Americans all the land over. It is a sound from amid the waves of the aerial sea, that breaks on our ears with the surf of the air, — a sound that is almost breathed with the wind, taken into the lungs instead of being heard by the ears. It comes from far over and through the troughs of the aerial sea, like a petrel; and who can guess by what pool the singer sits? — whether behind the meeting-house sheds, or over the burying-ground hill, or by the river-side. A new reign has commenced. Bufo the first has ascended his throne, the surface of the earth, marshaled into office by the south wind. Bufo, the double-chinned, inflates his throat. Attend to his message. Take off your great coats, swains, and prepare for the summer campaign. Hop a few paces farther toward your goals. The measures which I shall advocate are warmth, moisture, and low-flying insects. . . .

It is foolish for a man to accumulate material wealth chiefly, houses and lands. Our stock in life, our real estate, is that amount of thought which we have had, which we have thought out. The ground we have thus created is forever pasturage for our thoughts. I fall back on to visions which I have had. What else adds to my possessions, and makes me rich in all lands? If you have ever done any work with those finest tools, the Imagination and Fancy and Reason, it is a new creation, independent of the world, and a possession forever. You have laid up something against a rainy day. You have, to that extent, cleared the wilderness.

May 1, 1859. We accuse savages of worshiping only the bad spirit or devil. Though they may distinguish both a good and a bad, they regard only that one which they fear, worship the devil only. We too are savages in this, doing precisely the same thing. This occurred to me yesterday, as I sat in the woods admiring the beauty of the blue butterfly. We are not chiefly interested in birds and insects, for example, as they are ornamental to the earth and cheering to man, but we spare the lives of the former only on condition that they eat more

grubs than they do cherries, and the only account of the insects which the State encourages is of the insects injurious to vegetation. We too admit both a good and bad spirit, but we worship chiefly the bad spirit whom we fear. We do not think first of the good, but of the harm things will do us. The catechism says that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever, which of course is applicable mainly to God as seen in his works. Yet the only account of the beautiful insects, butterflies, etc., which God has made and set before us, which the State ever thinks of spending any money on is the account of those which are injurious to vegetation! This is the way we glorify God and enjoy him forever. . . .

We have attended to the evil, and said nothing about the good. This is looking a gift horse in the mouth, with a vengeance. Children are attracted by the beauty of butterflies, but their parents and legislators deem it an idle pursuit. The parents remind one of the devil, but the children of God. Though God may have pronounced his work good, we ask, Is it not poisonous?

Science is *inhuman*. Things seen with a microscope begin to be insignificant. So described, they are monstrous, as if they should be magnified a thousand diameters. Suppose I should see and describe men and horses and trees and birds as if they were a thousand times larger than they are. With our prying instruments we disturb the harmony and balance of nature.

May 2, 1852. Reptiles must not be omitted, especially frogs. Their croaking is the most earthy sound now, a rustling of the scurf of the earth, not to be overlooked in the awakening of the year. . . .

The commonplaces of one age or nation make the poetry of another. . . .

The handsome, blood-red, lacquered marks on the edge and under the edge of the painted tortoise's shell, like the marks on a waiter, concentric. Few colors like it in nature. This tortoise, too, like the guttata, painted on thin

parts of the shell, and on legs and tail in this style, but on throat bright yellow stripes. Sternum dull yellowish or buff. It hisses like the spotted tortoise. Is the male the larger and flatter, with depressed sternum? There is *some* regularity in the guttata's spots, generally a straight row on back. Some of the spots are orange sometimes on the head. . . .

If you would obtain insight, avoid anatomy. . . .

May 2, 1855. The anemone is well named, for see now the nemorosa amid the fallen brush and leaves, trembling in the wind, so fragile.

May 2, 1859. A peewee and its mate. The river seems really inhabited when the peewee is back. This bird does not return to our stream until the weather is decidedly pleasant and warm. He is perched on the accustoming rock. His note peoples the river like the prattle of children once more in the yard of a house that has stood empty. . . .

I am surprised by the tender yellowish green of the aspen leaves, just expanded suddenly, even like a fire, seen in the sun against the dark brown twigs of the wood, though these leaflets are yet but thinly dispersed. It is very enlivening.

I feel no desire to go to California or Pike's Peak, but I often think at night, with inexpressible satisfaction and yearning, of the arrow-headiferous sands of Concord. I have often spent whole afternoons, especially in the spring, pacing back and forth over a sandy field, looking for these relics of a race. This is the gold which our sands yield. The soil of that rocky spot of Simon Brown's land is quite ash-colored (now that the sod is turned up) from Indian fires, with numerous pieces of coal in it. There is a great deal of this ash-colored soil in the country. We do literally plow up the hearths of a people, and plant in their ashes. The ashes of their fires colors much of our soil.

May 2, 1860. I observed on the 29th that the clams had not only been moving much, furrowing the sandy bottom near the shore, but generally, or almost

invariably, had moved toward the middle of the river. Perhaps it had something to do with the low stage of the water. I saw one making his way, — or perhaps it had rested since morning, — over that sawdust bar just below Turtle Bar, toward the river, the surface of the bar being an inch or two higher than the water. Probably the water falling left it thus on moist land.

A crowd of men seems to generate vermin even of the human kind. In great towns there is degradation undreamed of elsewhere, gamblers, dog-killers, rag-pickers. Some live by robbing or by luck. There was the Concord muster of last September. I see still a well-dressed man carefully and methodically searching for money on the muster field far off across the river. I turn my glass upon him and notice how he proceeds. (I saw them searching in the fall till the snow came.) He walks, regularly and slowly, back and forth over the ground where the soldiers had their tents, still marked by the straw, with his head prone, and picking in the straw with a stick, now and then turning back or aside to examine something more closely. He is dressed, methinks, better than the average man whom you meet in the streets. How can he pay for his board thus? He dreams of finding a few coppers, or perchance half a dime, which have fallen from the soldiers' pockets, and no doubt he will find something of the kind, having dreamed of it. Having knocked, this door will be opened to him.

May 3, 1841. We are all pilots of the most intricate Bahama channels. Beauty may be the sky overhead, but duty is the water underneath. When I see a man with serene countenance in garden or parlor, it looks like a great inward leisure that he enjoys, but in reality he sails on no summer's sea. This steady sailing comes of a heavy hand on the tiller. We do not attend to larks and bluebirds so leisurely but that conscience is as erect as the attitude of the listener. The man of principle gets never a holiday. Our true character underlies all our words and actions, as

the granite underlies the other strata. Its steady pulse does not cease for any deed of ours, as the sap is still ascending in the stalk of the fairest flower.

May 3, 1852. Five A. M. To Cliffs. A great brassy moon going down in the west. . . . Looking from the Cliff, now about six A. M., the landscape is as if seen in a mirage, the Cliff being in shadow, and that in the cool sunlight. The earth and water smell fresh and new, and the latter is marked by a few smooth streaks. The atmosphere suits the grayish-brown landscape, the still, ashy maple swamps, and now nearly bare shrub oaks. The white pine, left here and there over the sprout land, is never more beautiful than with the morning light, before the water is rippled and the morning song of the birds is quenched.

Hear the first brown thrasher, two of them. They drown all the rest. He says, "cherruwit, cherruwit, go ahead, go ahead, give it to him, give it to him," etc. Plenty of birds in the woods this morning. The huckleberry birds and the chickadees are as numerous, if not as loud, as any. The flicker taps a dead tree somewhat as one uses a knocker on a door in the village street. In his note he begins low, rising higher and higher.

Anursnack looks green three miles off. This is an important epoch, when the distant bare hills begin to show green or verdurous to the eye. The earth wears a new aspect. Not tawny or russet now, but green are such bare hills. Some of the notes, the trills of the lark sitting amid the tussucks and stubble, are like the notes of my seringo bird. May these birds that live so low in the grass be called the cricket birds? and does their song resemble that of the cricket, an earth song?

Evening. The moon is full. The air is filled with a certain luminous, liquid white light. You can see the moonlight, as it were reflected from the atmosphere, which some might mistake for a haze, — a glow of mellow light, somewhat like the light I saw in the afternoon sky some weeks ago, as if the air were a very thin but transparent liquid, not dry as in winter, nor gross as in

summer. The sky has depth and not merely distance. Going through the depot field, I hear the dream frog at a distance. The little peeping frogs make a background of sound in the horizon, which you do not hear unless you attend. The former is a trembling note, some higher, some lower, along the edge of the earth, — an all-pervading sound. Nearer, it is a blubbering or rather bubbling sound, such as children, who stand nearer to nature, can and do often make. . . . The little peeper prefers a pool on the edge of a wood, which mostly dries up at midsummer, whose shore is covered with leaves, and where there are twigs in the water, as where choppers have worked. Theirs is a clear, sharp, ear-piercing peep, not shrill, sometimes a squeak from one whose pipe is out of order. . . . They have much the greatest apparatus for peeping of any frogs that I know. . . . I go along the side of Fairhaven Hill. The clock strikes distinctly, showing the wind is easterly. There is a grand, rich, musical echo trembling in the air long after the clock has ceased to strike, like a vast organ, filling the air with a trembling music, like a flower of sound. Nature adopts it. The water is so calm, the woods and single trees are doubled by the reflection, and in this light you cannot divide them as you walk along the river. See the spearer's lights, one northeast, one southwest, toward Sudbury, beyond Lee's Bridge, — scarlet-colored fires. From the hill, the river is a broad blue stream exactly the color of the heavens which it reflects. Sit on the Cliff with comfort in great-coat. All the tawny and russet earth (for no green is seen upon the ground at this hour) sending only this faint, multitudinous sound (of frogs) to heaven. The vast, wild earth. The first whip-poor-will startles me; I hear three. Summer is coming apace. Within three or four days the birds have come so fast I can hardly keep the run of them, — much faster than the flowers.

Sunday, May 3, 1857. A remarkably warm and pleasant morning. A. M. To battle ground by river. I heard the

ring of toads at six A. M. The flood on the meadows, still high, is quite smooth, and many are out this still and suddenly very warm morning, pushing about in boats. Now, thinks many a one, is the time to paddle or push gently far up or down the river, along the still, warm meadow's edge, and perhaps we may see some large turtles, or musk-rats, or otter, or rare fish or fowl. It will be a grand forenoon for a cruise, to explore these meadow shores and inundated maple swamps which we have never explored. Now we shall be recompensed for the week's confinement in shop or garden. We will spend our Sabbath exploring these smooth, warm vernal waters. Up or down shall we go, — to Fairhaven Bay and the Sudbury meadows, or to Ball's Hill and Carlisle Bridge? Along the meadow's edge, lined with willows and alders and maples; underneath the catkins of the early willow, and brushing those of the sweet-gale with our prow; where the sloping pasture and the plowed ground submerged are fast drinking up the flood, what fair isles, what remote coast, shall we explore? what San Salvador or Bay of All Saints arrive at? All are tempted forth, like flies into the sun. All isles seem Fortunate and blessed to-day, all capes are of Good Hope. The same sun and calm that tempt the turtles out tempt the voyagers. It is an opportunity to explore their own natures, to float along their own shores. The woodpecker cackles and the crow blackbird utters his jarring chatter from the oaks and maples. All well men and women who are not restrained by superstitious custom come abroad this morning, by land or water, and such as have boats launch them and put forth in search of adventure. Others, less free or it may be less fortunate, take their station on bridges, watching the rush of waters through them and the motions of the departing voyagers, and listening to the note of blackbirds from over the smooth water. Perhaps they see a swimming snake or a musk-rat dive, — airing and sunning themselves there till the first bell rings. Up and down the town men and boys

that are under subjection are polishing their shoes and brushing their go-to-meeting clothes.

I sympathize not to-day with those who go to church in newest clothes, and sit quietly in straight-backed pews. I sympathize rather with the boy who has none to look after him, who borrows a boat and paddle, and in common clothes sets out to explore these temporary vernal lakes. I meet one paddling along under a sunny bank, with bare feet and his pants rolled up above his knees, ready to leap into the water at a moment's warning. Better for him to read Robinson Crusoe than Baxter's Saint's Rest. . . .

The pine-warbler is perhaps the commonest bird heard now from the wood sides. It seems left to it almost alone to fill the empty aisles.

May 4, 1852. This excitement about Kossuth is not interesting to me, it is so superficial. . . . Men are making speeches to him all over the country, but each expresses only the thought or the want of thought of the multitude. No man stands on truth. They are merely banded together as usual, one leaning on another, and all together on nothing, as the Hindoos made the world rest on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, and had nothing to put under the tortoise. You can pass your hand under the largest mob, a nation in revolution even, and however solid a bulk they may make, like a hail cloud in the atmosphere, you may not meet so much as a cobweb of support. They may not rest, even by a point, on eternal foundations. But an individual standing on truth you cannot pass your hand under, for his foundations reach to the centre of the universe. So superficial these men and their doings. It is life on a leaf, or a chip, which has nothing but air or water beneath. I love to see a man with a tap-root, though it make him difficult to transplant. It is unimportant what these men do. Let them try forever, they can effect nothing. Of what significance are the things you can forget?

May 4, 1853. Cattle are going up country. Hear the "tull-lull" of the white-throated sparrow.

Eight A. M. To Walden and Cliffs. The sound of the oven-bird. . . . The woods and fields next the Cliffs now ring with the silver jingle of the field sparrow, the medley of the brown thrasher, the honest *qui vive* of the chewink, or his jingle from the top of a low cope tree, while his mate scratches in the dry leaves beneath. The black and white creeper is hopping along the oak boughs, head downward, pausing from time to time to utter its note, like a fine, delicate saw sharpening, and ever and anon rises, clear over all, the smooth rich melody of the wood-thrush. Could that have been a jay? I think it was some large, uncommon woodpecker that uttered that very loud, strange, cackling note. The dry woods have the smell of fragrant everlasting. I am surprised by the cool drops which now at ten o'clock fall from the flowers of the amelanchier, while other plants are dry, as if these had attracted more moisture. The white pines have started. The indigo bird and its mate, dark throat, light beneath, white spot on wings which is not described, a hoarse note and rapid, the first two or three syllables "twe, twe, twee," the last being dwelt upon, or "twe, twe, twee," or as if there were an *r* in it, "tre," etc., not musical. . . .

It is stated in the Life of Humboldt that he proved "that the expression, 'The ocean reflects the sky,' was a purely poetical, not a scientifically correct one, as the sea is often blue when the sky is almost totally covered with light, white clouds." He used Saussure's cyanometer even to measure the color of the sea. This might probably be used to measure the intensity of blue flowers, like lupines, at a distance.

May 4, 1855. A robin sings, when I in the house cannot distinguish the earliest dawning from the full moonlight. His song first advertises me of the day-break when I thought it was night, as I lay looking out into the full moonlight. I heard a robin begin his strain, and yielded the point to him, believing that

he was better acquainted with the signs of day than I.

May 4, 1858. P. M. By boat to Holden swamp. To go among the willows now and hear the bees hum is equal to going some hundreds of miles southward toward summer.

Go into Holden swamp to hear warblers. See a little blue butterfly (or moth) (saw one yesterday) fluttering about on the dry brown leaves in a warm place by the swamp side, making a pleasant contrast. From time to time have seen the large *Vanessa antiopa* resting on the black willows, like a leaf still adhering. As I sit by the swamp side this warm summery afternoon I hear the crows cawing hoarsely, and from time to time see one flying toward the top of a tall white pine. At length I distinguish a hen-hawk perched on the top. The crow repeatedly stoops toward him, now from this side, now from that, passing near his head each time, but he pays not the least attention to it.

I hear the "veer-e, ver-e, ver-e" of the creeper continually in the swamp. It is the prevailing note there, and methought I heard a redstart's note, but oftener than the last the tweezer or screeper note of the party-colored warbler, bluish above, throat and breast yellow or orange, white on wings, and neck above yellowish, going restlessly over the trees (maples, etc.) by the swamp, in creeper fashion; and as you may hear at the same time the true creeper's note without seeing it, you might think this bird uttered the creeper's note also.

The redwings, though here and there in flocks, are apparently beginning to build. I infer this from their shyness and alarm in the bushes along the river, and their richer solitary warbling.

May 4, 1859. P. M. To Lee's Cliff on foot. . . . Crossing the first Conan-tum field I perceive a peculiar fragrance in the air (not the meadow fragrance), like that of vernal flowers or of expanding buds. The ground is covered with the mouse-ear in full bloom, and it may be that in part. It is a temperate southwest breeze, and this is a scent of willows (flowers and leaflets), bluets,

violets, shad-bush, mouse-ear, etc., combined, or perhaps the last chiefly. At any rate, it is very perceptible. The air is more genial, laden with the fragrance of spring flowers. I, sailing on the spring ocean, getting in from my winter voyage, begin to smell the land. Such a scent perceived by a mariner would be very exciting. I not only smell the land breeze, but I perceive in it the fragrance of spring flowers. I come out expecting to see the redstart or the party-colored warbler, and as soon as I get within a dozen rods of the Holden wood I hear the screeper note of the tweezer bird, that is, the party-colored warbler, which also I see, but not distinctly. Two or three are flitting from tree-top to tree-top about the swamp there, and you have only to sit still on one side and wait for them to come round. The water has what you may call a summer ripple and sparkle on it; that is, the ripple does not suggest coldness in the breeze that raises it. It is a hazy day; the air is made hazy, you might fancy, with a myriad expanding buds. After crossing the arrow-head fields, we see a woodchuck run along and climb to the top of a wall and sit erect there, — our first. It is almost exactly the color of the ground, the wall, and the bare brown twigs altogether. When in the Miles swamp field we see two, one chasing the other, coming very fast down the lilac-field hill, straight toward us, while we squat still in the middle of the field. The foremost is a small gray or slaty-colored one; the other, two or three times as heavy, and a warm tawny, decidedly yellowish in the sun, a very large and fat one, pursuing the first. . . . Suddenly the foremost, when thirty or forty rods off, perceives us, and tries, as it were, to sink into the earth, and finally gets behind a low tuft of grass and peeps out. Also the other (which at first appears to fondle the earth, inclining his cheek to it and dragging his body a little along it) tries to hide himself, and at length gets behind an apple-tree and peeps out on one side in an amusing manner. This makes three that we see. They are clumsy runners, with their short legs and heavy bodies, — run with an un-

dulating or wabbling motion, jerking up their hind quarters. They can run pretty fast, however. Their tails were dark-tipped. They are low when the animal is running.

Looking up through this soft and warm southwest wind I notice the conspicuous shadow of mid-Conantum Cliff, now at three P. M., and elsewhere the shade of a few apple-trees, trunks and boughs. Through this warm and hazy air the sheeny surface of the hill, now considerably greened, looks soft as velvet, and June is suggested to my mind. It is remarkable that shadow should only be noticed now when decidedly warm weather comes, though before the leaves have expanded, that is, when it begins to be grateful to our senses. The shadow of the Cliff is like a dark pupil on the side of the hill. The first shadow is as noticeable and memorable as a flower. I observe annually the first shadow of this cliff, when we begin to pass from sunshine into shade for our refreshment; when we look on shade with yearning, as on a friend. That cliff and its shade suggest dark eyes and eyelashes, and overhanging brows. Few things are more suggestive of heat than this first shade, though now we see only the tracery of tree boughs on the greening grass and the sandy street. This I notice at the same time with the first humble-bee; when the *Rana palustris* purrs in the meadow generally; when the white willow and the aspen display their tender green, full of yellow light; when the party-colored warbler is first heard over the swamp; the woodchuck, who loves warmth, is out on the hill-sides in numbers; the jingle of the chipbird and the song of the thrasher are heard incessantly; the first cricket is heard in a warm, rocky place; and that scent of vernal flowers is in the air. This is an intenser expression of that same influence or aspect of nature which I began to perceive ten days ago, the same *Lieferung*.

These days we begin to think in earnest of bathing in the river and to sit at an open window. Life out-of-doors begins.

It would require a good deal of time

and patience to study the habits of woodchucks, they are so shy and watchful. They hear the least sound of a footstep on the ground, and are quick to see also. One should go clad in a suit somewhat like their own, the warp of tawny and the woof of green, and then with painted or well-tanned face he might lie out on a sunny bank till they appeared.

We hear a thrasher sing for half an hour steadily, a very rich singer, and heard one fourth of a mile off very distinctly. This is first heard commonly at planting time. He sings as if conscious of his power.

May 4, 1860. P. M. To Great Meadows by boat. . . . Walking over the river meadows to examine the pools and see how much dried up they are, I notice, as usual, the track of the musquash, some five inches wide always, and always exactly in the lowest part of the muddy hollows connecting one pool with another, winding as they wind, as if loath to raise itself above the lowest mud. At first he swam there, and now as the water goes down he follows it steadily, and at length travels on the bare mud, but as low and close to the water as he can get. Thus he first traces the channel of the future brook and river, and deepens it by dragging his belly along it. He lays out and engineers its road. As our roads are said to follow the track of the cow, so rivers in another period follow the trail of the musquash. They are perfect rats to look at, and swim fast against the stream. When I am talking on a high bank, I often see one swimming along within half a dozen rods, and land openly, as if regardless of us. Probably, being under water at first, he did not notice us.

Looking across the peninsula toward Ball's Hill, I am struck by the bright blue of the river (a deeper blue than the sky) contrasting with the fresh yellow-green of the meadow (that is, of coarse sedges just starting), and between them a darker or greener green, next the edge of the river, especially where that small sand-bar island is, the green of that early rank river-grass. This is the first painting or coloring in the meadows. These

several colors are, as it were, daubed on, as on china-ware, or as distinct and simple as in a child's painting. I was struck by the amount and variety of color after so much brown.

As I stood there I heard a thumping sound, which I referred to P—, three fourths of a mile off over the meadow.

But it was a pigeon woodpecker excavating its nest inside a maple within a rod of me. Though I had just landed and made a noise with my boat, he was too busy to hear me, but now he hears my tread, and I see him put out his head and then withdraw it warily, and keep still while I stay there.

THE DANCIN' PARTY AT HARRISON'S COVE.

"**FUR** you see, Mis' Darley, them Harrison folks over yander to the Cove hev determined on a dancin' party."

The drawing tones fell unheeded on old Mr. Kenyon's ear, as he sat on the broad hotel piazza of the New Helvetia Springs, and gazed with meditative eyes at the fair August sky. An early moon was riding, clear and full, over this wild spur of the Alleghanies; the stars were few and very faint; even the great Scorpio lurked, vaguely outlined, above the wooded ranges; and the white mist, that filled the long, deep, narrow valley between the parallel lines of mountains, shimmered with opalescent gleams.

All the world of the watering-place had converged to that focus, the ball-room, and the cool, moon-lit piazzas were nearly deserted. The fell determination of the "Harrison folks" to give a dancing party made no impression on the preoccupied old gentleman. Another voice broke his reverie, — a soft, clear, well-modulated voice, — and he started and turned his head as his own name was called, and his niece, Mrs. Darley, came to the window.

"Uncle Ambrose, — are you there? So glad! I was afraid you were down at the summer-house, where I hear the children singing. Do come here a moment, please. This is Mrs. Johns, who brings the Indian peaches to sell, — you know the Indian peaches?"

Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches, the dark crimson fruit streaked with still

darker lines, and full of blood-red juice, which he had meditatively munched that very afternoon. Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches right well. He wondered, however, what had brought Mrs. Johns back in so short a time, for although the principal industry of the mountain people about the New Helvetia Springs is selling fruit to the summer sojourners, it is not customary to come twice on the same day, nor to appear at all after night-fall.

Mrs. Darley proceeded to explain. "Mrs. John's husband is ill and wants us to send him some medicine."

Mr. Kenyon rose, threw away the stump of his cigar, and entered the room. "How long has he been ill, Mrs. Johns?" he asked, dismally.

Mr. Kenyon always spoke lugubriously, and he was a dismal-looking old man. Not more cheerful was Mrs. Johns; she was tall and lank, and with such a face as one never sees except in these mountains, — elongated, sallow, thin, with pathetic, deeply sunken eyes, and high cheek-bones, and so settled an expression of hopeless melancholy that it must be that naught but care and suffering had fallen to her lot; holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass, holding them out always and always empty. She wore a shabby, faded calico, and spoke with the peculiar expressionless drawl of the mountaineer. She was a wonderful contrast to Mrs. Darley, all furbelows and flounces, with her fresh,

smooth face and soft hair, and plump, round arms half-revealed by the flowing sleeves of her thin, black dress. Mrs. Darley was in mourning, and therefore did not affect the ball-room. At this moment, on benevolent thoughts intent, she was engaged in uncorking sundry small phials, gazing inquiringly at their labels, and shaking their contents.

In reply to Mr. Kenyon's question, Mrs. Johns, sitting on the extreme edge of a chair and fanning herself with a pink calico sun-bonnet, talked about her husband, and a misery in his side and in his back, and how he felt it "a-comin' on nigh on ter a week ago." Mr. Kenyon expressed his sympathy, and was surprised by the announcement that Mrs. Johns considered her husband's illness "a blessin', 'kase ef he war able ter git out 'n his bed, he 'lowed ter go down ter Harrison's Cove ter the dancin'-party, 'kase Rick Pearson war a-goin' ter be thar, an' hed' said as how none o' the Johnses should come."

"What, Rick Pearson, that terrible outlaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, with wide open blue eyes. She had read in the newspapers sundry thrilling accounts of a noted horse thief and outlaw, who with a gang of kindred spirits defied justice and roamed certain sparsely-populated mountainous counties at his own wild will, and she was not altogether without a feeling of fear as she heard of his proximity to the New Helvetia Springs, — not fear for life or limb, because she was practical-minded enough to reflect that the sojourners and employes of the watering-place would far outnumber the outlaw's troop, but fear that a pair of shiny bay ponies, Castor and Pollux, would inevitably fall victims to the crafty wiles of the expert horse thief.

"I think I have heard something of a difficulty between your people and Rick Pearson," said old Mr. Kenyon. "Has a peace never been patched up between them?"

"No-o," drawled Mrs. Johns; "same as it always war. My old man 'll never believe but what Rick Pearson stole that thar bay filly we lost 'bout five year

ago. But I don't believe he done it; plenty other folks around is as mean as Rick — leastways mos' as mean; plenty mean enough ter steal a horse, ennyhow. Rick say he never tuk the filly; say he war a-goin' ter shoot off the nex' man's head as say so. Rick say he 'd ruther give two bay fillies than hev a man say he tuk a horse as he never tuk. Rick say as how he kin stand up ter what he does do, but it's these hyar lies on him what kills him out. But you know, Mis' Darley, you know yerself, he never give nobody two bay fillies in this world, an' what's more he's never goin' ter. My old man an' my boy Kossute talks on 'bout that thar bay filly like she war stole yestiddy, an' 't war five year ago an' better; an' when they hearn as how Rick Pearson had showed that red head o' his'n on this hyar mounting las' week, they war fightin' mad, an' would hev lit out fur the gang sure, 'ceptin' they hed been gone down the mounting fur two days. An' my son Kossute, he sent Rick word that he had better keep out 'n gun-shot o' these hyar woods; that he did n't want no better mark than that red head o' his'n, an' he could hit it two mile off. An' Rick Pearson, he sent Kossute word that he would kill him fur his sass the very nex' time he see him, an' ef he don't want a bullet in that pumpkin head o' his'n he had better keep away from that dancin' party what the Harrisons hev laid off ter give, 'kase Rick say he's a-goin' to it hisself, an' is a-goin' ter dance too; he ain't been invited, Mis' Darley, but Rick don't keer fur that. He is a-goin' ennyhow, an' he say as how he ain't a-goin' ter let Kossute come, 'count o' Kossute's sass an' the fuss they 've all made 'bout that bay filly that war stole five year ago, — 't war five year an' better. But Rick say as how he is goin', fur all he ain't got no invite, an' is a-goin' ter dance too, 'kase you know, Mis' Darley, it's a-goin' ter be a dancin' party; the Harrisons hev determined on that. Them gals of theirn air mos' crazed 'bout a dancin' party. They ain't been a bit of account sence they went down ter Cheatham's Cross-Roads

ter see their gran'mother, an' picked up all them queer new notions. So the Harrisons hev determined on a dancin' party; an' Rick say as how he is goin' ter dance too; but Jule, *she* say as how she know thar ain't a gal on the mounting as would dance with him; but I ain't so sure 'bout that, Mis' Darley; gals is cur'ous critters, you know yerself; there's no sort o' countin' on 'em; they 'll do one thing one time, and another thing nex' time; you can't put no dependence in 'em. But Jule say ef he kin git Mandy Tyler ter dance with him, it's the mos' he kin do, an' the gang 'll be nowhar. Mebbe he kin git Mandy ter dance with him, 'kase the other boys say as how none o' them is a-goin' ter ask her ter dance, 'count of the trick she played on 'em down ter the Wilkins settlement — las' month, war it? — no, 't war two month ago, and better; but the boys ain't forgot how scandalous she done 'em, an' none of 'em is a-goin' ter ask her ter dance."

"Why, what did she do?" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, surprised. "She came here to sell peaches one day, and I thought her such a nice, pretty, well-behaved girl."

"Waal, she hev got mighty quiet say-nothin' sort 'n ways, Mis' Darley, but that thar gal do behave ridiculous. Down thar ter the Wilkins settlement, — you know it's 'bout two mile or two mile 'n a half from hyar, — waal, all the gals walked down thar ter the party an hour by sun, but when the boys went down they tuk their horses, ter give the gals a ride home behind 'em. Waal, every boy asked his gal ter ride while the party war goin' on, an' when 't war all over they all set out fur ter come home. Waal, this hyar Mandy Tyler is a mighty favorite 'mongst the boys, — they ain't got no sense, you know, Mis' Darley, — an' stiddier one of 'em askin' her ter ride home, thar war five of 'em asked her ter ride, ef you 'll believe me, an' what do you think she done, Mis' Darley? She tole all five of 'em yes; an' when the party war over, she war the last ter go, an' when she started out 'n the door, thar war all five of them

boys a-standin' thar waitin' fur her, an' every one a-holdin' his horse by the bridle, an' none of 'em knowed who the others war a-waitin' fur. An' this hyar Mandy Tyler, when she got ter the door an' seen 'em all a-standin' thar, never said one word, jest walked right through 'mongst 'em, an' set out fur the mounting on foot with all them five boys a-followin' an' a-leadin' their horses an' a-quarrelin' enough ter take off each others' heads 'bout which one war a-goin' ter ride with her; which none of 'em did, Mis' Darley, fur I hearn as how the whole lay-out footed it all the way ter New Helveshy. An' there would hev been a fight 'mongst 'em, 'ceptin' her brother, Jacob Tyler, went along with 'em, an' tried ter keep the peace atwixt 'em. An' Mis' Darley, all them married folks down thar at the party — them folks in the Wilkins settlement is the biggest fools sure — when all them married folks come out ter the door, an' see the way Mandy Tyler hed treated them boys, they jest hollered and laughed an' thought it war mighty smart an' funny in Mandy; but she never say a word till she come up the mounting, an' I never hearn as how she say ennything then. An' now the boys all say none of 'em is a-goin' ter ask her ter dance, ter pay her back fur them fool airs of hern. But Kossute say he 'll dance with her ef none the rest will. Kossute he thought 't war all mighty funny too, — he 's sech a fool 'bout gals, Kossute is, — but Jule, she thought as how 't war scandalous."

Mrs. Darley listened in amused surprise; that these Alleghany wilds could sustain a first-class coquette was an idea that had not hitherto entered her mind; however, "that thar Mandy" seemed, in Mrs. Johns' opinion at least, to merit the unenviable distinction, and the party at Wilkins settlement and the prospective gayety of Harrison's Cove awakened the same sentiments in her heart and mind as do the more ambitious Germans and kettledrums of the lowland cities in the heart and mind of Mrs. Grundy. Human nature is the same everywhere, and the Wilkins settlement is a microcosm. The metropoli-

tan centres, stripped of the civilization of wealth, fashion, and culture, would present only the bare skeleton of humanity outlined in Mrs. Johns' talk of Harrison's Cove, the Wilkins settlement, the enmities and scandals and sorrows and misfortunes of the mountain ridge. As the absurd resemblance developed, Mrs. Darley could not forbear a smile. Mrs. Johns looked up with a momentary expression of surprise; the story presented no humorous phase to her perceptions, but she too smiled a little as she repeated, "Scandalous, ain't it?" and proceeded in the same lack-lustre tone as before.

"Yes, — Kossute say as how he 'll dance with her ef none the rest will, fur Kossute say as how he hev laid off ter dance, Mis' Darley; an' when I ask him what he thinks will become of his soul ef he dances, he say the devil may crack away at it, an' ef he kin hit it he's welcome. Fur soul or no soul he's a-goin' ter dance. Kossute is a-fixin' of hisself this very minute ter go; but I am verily afeerd the boy 'll be slaughtered, Mis' Darley, 'kase thar is goin' ter be a fight, an' you never in all your life hearn sech sass as Kossute and Rick Pearson done sent word ter each other."

Mr. Kenyon expressed some surprise that she should fear for so young a fellow as Kossuth. "Surely," he said, "the man is not brute enough to injure a mere boy; your son is a mere child."

"That's so," Mrs. Johns drawled; "Kossute ain't more 'n twenty year old, an' Rick Pearson is double that ef he is a day; but you see it's the fire-arms as makes Kossute more 'n a match fur him, 'kase Kossute is the best shot on the mounting, an' Rick knows that in a shootin' fight Kossute's better able ter take keer of hisself an' hurt somebody else nor ennybody. Kossute's more likely ter hurt Rick nor Rick is ter hurt him in a shootin' fight; but ef Rick did n't hurt him, an' he war ter shoot Rick, the gang would tear him ter pieces in a minit; and 'mongst 'em I'm actially afeerd they 'll slaughter the boy."

Mr. Kenyon looked even graver than was his wont upon receiving this infor-

mation, but said no more; and after giving Mrs. Johns the febrifuge she wished for her husband, he returned to his seat on the piazza.

Mrs. Darley watched him with some little indignation as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. "How cold and unsympathetic uncle Ambrose is," she said to herself. And after condoling effusively with Mrs. Johns on her apprehensions for her son's safety, she returned to the gossips in the hotel parlor, and Mrs. Johns, with her pink calico sun-bonnet on her head, went her way in the brilliant summer moonlight.

The clear lustre shone white upon all the dark woods and chasms and flashing waters that lay between the New Helvetia Springs and the wide, deep ravine called Harrison's Cove, where from a rude log hut the vibrations of a violin, and the quick throb of dancing feet, already mingled with the impetuous rush of a mountain stream close by and the weird night-sounds of the hills, — the cry of birds among the tall trees, the stir of the wind, the monotonous chanting of frogs at the water-side, the long, drowsy drone of the nocturnal insects, the sudden faint blast of a distant hunter's horn, and the far baying of hounds.

Mr. Harrison had four marriageable daughters, and had arrived at the conclusion that something must be done for the girls; for, strange as it may seem, the prudent father exists even among the "mounting folks." Men there realize the importance of providing suitable homes for their daughters as men do elsewhere, and the eligible youth is as highly esteemed in those wilds as is the much scarcer animal at a fashionable watering-place. Thus it was that Mr. Harrison had "determined on a dancin' party." True, he stood in bodily fear of the judgment day and the circuit-rider; but the dancing party was a rarity eminently calculated to please the young hunters of the settlements round about, so he swallowed his qualms, tr indulged at a more convenient season, and threw himself into the voracious preparation with an ardor very unusual in the four young ladies,

become imbued with sophistication at Cheatham's Cross-Roads.

Not so Mrs. Harrison; she almost expected the house to fall and crush them, as a judgment on the wickedness of a dancing party; for so heinous a sin, in the estimation of the greater part of the mountain people, had not been committed among them for many a day. Such trifles as killing a man in a quarrel, or on suspicion of stealing a horse, or wash-tub, or anything that came handy, of course, does not count; but a dancing party! Mrs. Harrison could only hold her idle hands, and dread the heavy penalty that must surely follow so terrible a crime.

It certainly had not the gay and light-some aspect supposed to be characteristic of such a scene of sin: the awkward young mountaineers clogged heavily about in their uncouth clothes and rough shoes, with the stolid-looking, lack-lustre maids of the hill, to the violin's monotonous iteration of *The Chicken in the Bread-Trough*, or *The Rabbit in the Pea-Patch*, — all their grave faces as grave as ever. The music now and then changed suddenly to one of those wild, melancholy strains sometimes heard in old-fashioned dancing tunes, and the strange pathetic cadences seemed more attuned to the rhythmical dash of the waters rushing over their stone barricades out in the moonlight yonder, or to the plaintive sighs of the winds among the great dark arches of the primeval forests, than to the movement of the heavy, coarse feet dancing a solemn measure in the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The elders, sitting in rush-bottomed chairs close to the walls, and looking on at the merriment, well-pleased despite their religious doubts, were somewhat more lively; every now and then a guffaw mingled with the violin's resonant strains and the dancers' well-marked pace; the women talked to each other with somewhat more animation than was their wont, under the stress of the unusual excitement of a dancing party, and from out the shed-room adjoining came an anticipative odor of a more substantial sin than the fiddle or

the grave jiggling up and down the rough floor. A little more cider too, and a very bad article of illegally-distilled whisky, was ever and anon circulated among the pious abstainers from the dance; but the sinful votaries of *Terpsichore* could brook no pause nor delay, and jogged up and down quite intoxicated with the mirthfulness of the plaintive old airs and the pleasure of other motion than following the plow or hoeing the corn.

And the moon smiled right royally on her dominion: on the long, dark ranges of mountains and mist-filled valleys between; on the woods and streams, and on all the half-dormant creatures either amongst the shadow-flecked foliage or under the crystal waters; on the long, white, dusty road winding in and out through the forest; on the frowning crags of the wild ravine; on the little bridge at the entrance of the gorge, across which a party of eight men, heavily armed and gallantly mounted, rode swiftly and disappeared amid the gloom of the shadows.

The sound of the galloping of horses broke suddenly on the music and the noise of the dancing; a moment's interval, and the door gently opened and the gigantic form of Rick Pearson appeared in the aperture. He was dressed, like the other mountaineers, in a coarse suit of brown jeans somewhat the worse for wear, the trowsers stuffed in the legs of his thick-soled boots; he wore an old soft felt hat, which he did not remove immediately on entering, and a pair of formidable pistols at his belt conspicuously challenged attention. He had auburn hair, and a long full beard of a lighter tint reaching almost to his waist; his complexion was much tanned by the sun, and roughened by exposure to the inclement mountain weather; his eyes were brown, deep-set, and from under his heavy brows they looked out with quick, sharp glances, and occasionally with a roguish mischievous twinkle; the expression of his countenance was rather good-humored, — a sort of imperious good-humor, however, — the expression of a man accustomed to have his own

way and not to be trifled with, but able to afford some amiability since his power is undisputed.

He stepped slowly into the apartment, placed his gun against the wall, turned, and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his example. As the eight guns, one by one, rattled against the wall, there was a startled silence among the pious elders of the assemblage, and a sudden disappearance of the animation that had characterized their intercourse during the evening. Mrs. Harrison, who by reason of flurry and a housewifely pride in the still unrevealed treasures of the shed-room had well-nigh forgotten her fears, felt that the anticipated judgment had even now descended, and in what terrible and unexpected guise! The men turned the quids of tobacco in their cheeks and looked at each other in uncertainty; but the dancers bestowed not a glance upon the new-comers, and the musician in the corner, with his eyes half-closed, his head bent low upon the instrument, his hard, horny hand moving the bow back and forth over the strings of the crazy old fiddle, was utterly rapt by his own melody. At the supreme moment when the great red beard had appeared portentously in the doorway and fear had frozen the heart of Mrs. Harrison within her at the ill-omened apparition, the host was in the shed-room filling a broken-nosed pitcher from the cider barrel. When he re-entered, and caught sight of the grave sun-burned face with its long red beard and sharp brown eyes, he too was dismayed for an instant, and stood silent at the opposite door with the pitcher in his hand. The pleasure and the possible profit of the dancing party, for which he had expended so much of his scanty store of this world's goods and risked the eternal treasures laid up in heaven, were a mere phantasm; for, with Rick Pearson come among them, in an ill frame of mind and at odds with half the men in the room, there would certainly be a fight, and in all probability some one would be killed, and the dancing party at Harrison's Cove would be a

text for the bloody-minded sermons of the circuit-rider for all time to come. However, the father of four marriageable daughters is apt to become crafty and worldly-wise; only for a moment did he stand in indecision; then, catching suddenly the small brown eyes, he held up the pitcher with a grin of invitation. "Rick!" he called out above the scraping of the violin and the clatter of the dancing feet, "slip round hyar ef yer kin, I've got somethin' fur ye;" and he shook the pitcher significantly.

Not that Mr. Harrison would for a moment have thought of Rick Pearson in a matrimonial point of view, for even the sophistication of the Cross-Roads had not yet brought him to the state of mind to consider such a half loaf as this better than no bread, but he felt it imperative from every point of view to keep that set of young mountaineers dancing in peace and quiet, and their guns idle and out of mischief against the wall. The great red beard disappeared and reappeared at intervals, as Rick Pearson slipped along the gun-lined wall to join his host and the cider-pitcher, and after he had disposed of the refreshment, in which the gang joined, he relapsed into silently watching the dancing and meditating a participation in that festivity.

Now, it so happened that the only young girl unprovided with a partner was "that thar Mandy Tyler," of Wilkins settlement renown; the young men had rigidly adhered to their resolution to ignore her in their invitations to dance, and she had been sitting since the beginning of the festivities quite neglected among the married people, looking on at the amusement which she had been debarred sharing by that unpopular bit of coquetry at Wilkins settlement. Nothing of disappointment or mortification was expressed in her countenance; she felt the slight of course, — even a "mounting" woman is susceptible of the sting of wounded pride; all her long-anticipated enjoyment had come to naught by this infliction of penance for her ill-timed jest at the expense of those five young fellows dancing with their triumphant partners and bestowing upon

her not even a glance; but she looked the express image of immobility as she sat in her clean pink calico, so carefully gotten up for the occasion, her short black hair curling about her ears, and watched the unending reel with slow, dark eyes. Rick's glance fell upon her, and without further hesitation he strode over to where she was sitting and proffered his hand for the dance. She did not reply immediately, but looked timidly about her at the shocked pious ones on either side, who were ready but for mortal fear to aver that "dancin' ennyhow war bad enough, the Lord knew, but dancin' with a horse thief war jest scandalous!" Then, for there is something of defiance to established law and prejudice in the born flirt everywhere, with a sudden daring spirit shining in her brightening eyes, she responded, "Don't keer ef I do," with a dimpling half-laugh; and the next minute the two outlaws were flying down the middle together.

While Rick was according grave attention to the intricacies of the mazy dance and keeping punctilious time to the scraping of the old fiddle, finding it all a much more difficult feat than galloping from Minersville to the "Snake's Mouth" on some other man's horse with the sheriff hard at his heels, the solitary figure of a tall gaunt man had traversed the long winding path leading deep into the woods, and now began the steep descent to Harrison's Cove. Of what was old Mr. Kenyon thinking, as he walked on in the mingled shadow and sheen? Of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks, probably, and what they found in Britain. The young men of his acquaintance would gladly have laid you any odds that he could think of nothing but his antique hobby, the ancient church. Mr. Kenyon was the most prominent man in St. Martin's church in the city of B—, not excepting the rector. He was a lay-reader, and officiated upon occasions of "clerical sore-throat," as we profane denominate the ministerial summer exodus from heated cities. This summer, however, Mr. Kenyon's own health had succumbed, and

he was having a little "sore-throat" in the Alleghanies on his own account. Very devout was Mr. Kenyon. Many people wondered that he had never taken orders. Many people warmly congratulated themselves that he never had; for drier sermons than those he selected were surely never heard, and a shuddering imagination shrinks appalled from the problematic mental drought of his ideal original discourse. But he was an integral part of St. Martin's; much of his piety, materialized into contributions, was built up in its walls and shone before men in the costliness of its decorations. Indeed, the ancient name had been conferred upon the building as a sort of tribute to Mr. Kenyon's well-known idiosyncrasy concerning apostolic succession and kindred doctrines.

Dull and dismal was Mr. Kenyon, and therefore it may be considered a little strange that he should be a notable favorite with men. They were of many different types, but with one invariable bond of union: they had all at one time served as soldiers; for the war, now ten years passed by, its bitterness almost forgotten, had left some traces that time can never obliterate. What a friend was the droning old churchman in those days of battle and bloodshed and suffering and death! Not a man sat within the walls of St. Martin's who had not received some signal benefit from the hand stretched forth to impress the claims of certain ante-Augustine British clergy to consideration and credibility; not a man who did not remember stricken fields where a good Samaritan went about under shot and shell, binding up the wounded and comforting the dying; not a man who did not applaud the indomitable spirit and courage that cut his way from surrender and safety, through solid barriers of enemies, with the dispatches on which the fate of an army depended; not a man whose memory did not harbor fatiguing recollections of long, dull sermons read for the souls' health of the soldiery. And through it all, — by the camp-fires at night, on the long white country-roads in the sunshiny mornings; in the mountains

and the morasses; in hilarious advance and in cheerless retreat; in the heats of summer and by the side of frozen rivers, the ancient British clergy went through it all. And, whether the old churchman's premises and reasoning were false, whether his tracings of the succession were faulty, whether he dropped a link here or took in one there, he had caught the spirit of those staunch old martyrs, if not their falling churchly mantle.

The mountaineers about the New Helvetia Springs supposed that Mr. Kenyon was a regularly ordained preacher, and that the sermons which they had heard him read were, to use the vernacular, out of his own head. For many of them were accustomed on Sunday mornings to occupy humble back benches in the ball-room, where on week-day evenings the butterflies sojourning at New Helvetia danced, and on the Sabbath metaphorically beat their breasts, and literally avowed that they were "miserable sinners," following Mr. Kenyon's lugubrious lead.

The conclusion of the mountaineers was not unnatural, therefore, and when the door of Mr. Harrison's house opened and another uninvited guest entered, the music suddenly ceased. The half-closed eyes of the fiddler had fallen upon Mr. Kenyon at the threshold, and, supposing him a clergyman, he immediately imagined that the man of God had come all the way from the New Helvetia Springs to stop the dancing and snatch the revelers from the jaws of hell. The rapturous bow paused shuddering on the string, the dancing feet were palsied, the pious about the walls were racking their slow brains to excuse their apparent conniving at sin and bargaining with Satan, and Mr. Harrison felt that this was indeed an unlucky party and would undoubtedly be dispersed by the direct interposition of Providence before the shed-room was opened and the supper eaten. As to his soul — poor man! these constantly recurring social anxieties were making him callous to immortality; this life was about to prove too much for him, for the fortitude and tact even of a father of four marriageable

young ladies has a limit. Mr. Kenyon, too, seemed dumb as he hesitated in the door-way, but as the host, partially recovering himself, came forward and offered a chair, he said with one of his dismal smiles that he hoped Mr. Harrison had no objection to his coming in and looking at the dancing for a while. "Don't let me interrupt the young people, I beg," he added, as he seated himself. The astounded silence was unbroken for a few moments. To be sure he was not a circuit-rider, but even the sophistication of Cheatham's Cross-Roads had never heard of a preacher who did not object to dancing. Mr. Harrison could not believe his ears, and asked for a more explicit expression of opinion.

"Yer say yer don't keer ef the boys and gals dance?" he inquired. "Yer don't think it 's sinful?"

And after Mr. Kenyon's reply, in which the astonished "mounting folks" caught only the surprising statement that dancing if properly conducted was an innocent, cheerful, and healthful amusement, supplemented by something about dancing in the fear of the Lord, and that in all charity he was disposed to consider objections to such harmless recreations a tithing of mint and anise and cummin, whereby might ensue a neglect of weightier matters of the law; that clean hands and clean hearts — hands clean of blood and ill-gotten goods, and hearts free from falsehood and cruel intention — these were the things well-pleasing to God, — after his somewhat prolix reply, the gayety recommenced. The fiddle quavered tremulously at first, but soon resounded with its former vigorous tones, and the joy of the dance was again exemplified in the grave joggling back and forth.

Meanwhile Mr. Harrison sat beside this strange new guest and asked him questions concerning his church, being instantly, it is needless to say, informed of its great antiquity, of the journeying of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks to Britain, of the church they found already planted there, of its retreat to the hills of Wales under its oppressors' tyr-

anny, of many cognate themes, side issues of the main branch of the subject, into which the talk naturally drifted, the like of which Mr. Harrison had never heard in all his days. And as he watched the figures dancing to the violin's strains, and beheld as in a mental vision the solemn gyrations of those renowned Forty Monks to the monotone of old Mr. Kenyon's voice, he abstractedly hoped that the double dance would continue without interference till a peaceable dawn.

His hopes were vain. It so chanced that Kossuth Johns, who had by no means relinquished all idea of dancing at Harrison's Cove and defying Rick Pearson, had hitherto been detained by his mother's persistent entreaties, some necessary attentions to his father, and the many trials which beset a man dressing for a party who has very few clothes, and those very old and worn. Jule, his sister-in-law, had been most kind and complaisant, putting on a button here, sewing up a slit there, darning a refractory elbow, and lending him the one bright ribbon she possessed as a necktie. But all these things take time, and the moon did not light Kossuth down the gorge until she was shining almost vertically from the sky and the Harrison Cove people and the Forty Monks were dancing together in high feather. The ecclesiastic dance halted suddenly, and a watchful light gleamed in old Mr. Kenyon's eyes as he became silent and the boy stepped into the room. The moonlight and the lamp-light fell mingled on the calm, inexpressive features and tall, slender form of the young mountaineer. "Hy're, Kossute!" A cheerful greeting from many voices met him. The next moment the music ceased once again, and the dancing came to a stand-still, for as the name fell on Pearson's ear he turned, glanced sharply toward the door, and drawing one of his long pistols from his belt advanced to the middle of the room. The men fell back; so did the frightened women, without screaming, however, for that indication of feminine sensibility had not yet penetrated to Cheatham's Cross-Roads, to say nothing of the mountains.

"I told you that you warn't ter come hyar," said Rick Pearson imperiously, "and you've got ter go home ter your mammy, right off, or you'll never git thar no more, youngster."

"I've come hyar ter put *you* out, yer cussed red-headed horse thief!" retorted Kossuth, angrily; "yer hed better tell me whar that thar bay filly is, or put out, one."

It is not the habit in the mountains to parley long on these occasions. Kossuth had raised his gun to his shoulder as Rick, with his pistol at full cock, advanced a step nearer. The outlaw's weapon was struck upward by a quick, strong hand, the little log cabin was filled with flash, roar, and smoke, and the stars looked in through a hole in the roof from which Rick's bullet had sent the shingles flying. He turned in mortal terror and caught the hand that had struck his pistol, — in mortal terror, for Kossuth was the crack shot of the mountains and he felt he was a dead man. The room was somewhat obscured by smoke, but as he turned upon the man who had disarmed him, for the force of the blow had thrown the pistol to the floor, he saw that the other hand was over the muzzle of young Johns' gun, and Kossuth was swearing loudly that by the Lord A'mighty ef he did n't take it off he would shoot it off.

"My young friend," Mr. Kenyon began, with the calmness appropriate to a devout member of the one catholic and apostolic church; but then, the old Adam suddenly getting the upper-hand, he shouted out in irate tones, "If you don't stop that noise, I'll break your head! Well, Mr. Pearson," he continued, as he stood between the combatants, one hand still over the muzzle of young Johns' gun, the other, long, lean, and sinewy, holding Pearson's powerful right arm with a vise-like grip, "well, Mr. Pearson, you are not as good a soldier as you used to be; you did n't fight boys in the old times."

Rick Pearson's enraged expression suddenly gave way to a surprised recognition. "You may drag me through hell and beat me with a soot-bag ef hyar

ain't the old fightin' preacher agin!" he cried.

"I have only one thing to say to you," said Mr. Kenyon. "You must go. I will not have you here shooting boys and breaking up a party."

Rick demurred. "See hyar, now," he said, "you've got no business meddlin'."

"You must go," Mr. Kenyon reiterated.

"Preachin' 's your business," Rick continued; "'pears like you don't 'tend to it, though."

"You must go."

"S'pose I say I won't," said Rick, good-humoredly; "I s'pose you'd say you'd make me."

"You must go," repeated Mr. Kenyon. "I am going to take the boy home with me, but I intend to see you off first."

Mr. Kenyon had prevented the hot-headed Kossuth from firing by keeping his hand persistently over the muzzle of the gun; and young Johns had feared to try to wrench it away lest it should discharge in the effort. Had it done so, Mr. Kenyon would have been in sweet converse with the Forty Monks in about a minute and a quarter. Kossuth had finally let go the gun, and made frantic attempts to borrow a weapon from some of his friends, but the stern authoritative mandate of the belligerent peace-maker had prevented them from gratifying him, and he now stood empty-handed beside Mr. Kenyon, who had shouldered the old rifle in a matter-of-fact, much-at-home sort of manner, implying long habitude in carrying a similar weapon in a similar soldierly style.

"Waal, Mr. Kinyon," said Rick at length, "I'll go, jest ter pleasure you. You see, I ain't forgot Shiloh."

"I am not talking about Shiloh now," said the old man. "You must get off at once,—all of you," indicating the gang, who had been so whelmed in astonishment that they had not lifted a finger to aid their chief.

"You say you'll take that—that"—Rick looked hard at Kossuth while he racked his brains for an injurious epi-

thet—"that sassy child home ter his mammy?"

"Come, I am tired of this talk," said Mr. Kenyon; "you must go."

Rick walked heavily to the door and out into the moonlight. "Them was good old times," he said to Mr. Kenyon, with a regretful cadence in his peculiar drawl; "good old times, them war days. I wish they was back agin,—I wish they was back agin. I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, though, and I ain't a-goin' ter. But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Kinyon," he added, his mind reverting from ten years ago to the scene just past, as he untied his horse and carefully examined the saddle-girth and stirrups, "you're a mighty queer preacher, you air, a-sittin' up and lookin' at sinners dance and then gittin' in a fight that don't consarn you,—you're a mighty queer preacher! You ought ter be in my gang, that's whar you ought to be," he exclaimed with a guffaw, as he put his foot in the stirrup; "you've got a damned deal too much grit fur a preacher. But I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, and I don't mean ter, nuther."

A shout of laughter from the gang, an oath or two, the quick tread of horses' hoofs pressing into a gallop, and the outlaw's troop were speeding along the narrow paths that led deep into the vistas of the moonlit summer woods.

As the old churchman, with the boy at his side and the gun still on his shoulder, ascended the rocky, precipitous slope on the opposite side of the ravine above the foaming waters of the wild mountain stream, he said but little of admonition to his companion; with the disappearance of the flame and smoke and the dangerous ruffian his martial spirit had cooled; the last words of the outlaw, the highest praise Rick Pearson could accord to the highest qualities Rick Pearson could imagine—he had grit enough to belong to the gang—had smitten a tender conscience. He, at his age, using none of the means rightfully at his command, the gentle suasion of religion, must needs rush between armed men, wrench their weapons from their hands, threatening with such violence

that an outlaw and desperado, recognizing a reflex of his own belligerent and lawless spirit, should say that he ought to belong to the gang! And the heaviest scourge of the sin-laden conscience was the perception that, so far as the unsubdued old Adam went, he ought indeed.

He was not so tortured, though, that he did not think of others. He paused when they had reached the summit of the ascent, and looked back at the little house nestling in the ravine, the lamplight streaming through its open doors and windows across the path among the laurel bushes, where Rick's gang had tied their horses.

"I wonder," said the old man, "if they are quiet and peaceable again; can you hear the music and dancing?"

"Not now," said Kossuth. Then, after a moment, "Now, I kin," he added, as the wind brought to their ears the

oft-told tale of the rabbit's gallopade in the pea-patch. "They 're a-dancin' now, and all right agin."

As they walked along, Mr. Kenyon's racked conscience might have been in a slight degree comforted had he known that he was in some sort a revelation to the impressible lad at his side, that Kossuth had begun dimly to comprehend that a Christian may be a man of spirit also, and that bravado does not constitute bravery. Now that the heat of anger was over, the young fellow was glad that the fearless interposition of the warlike peace-maker had prevented any killing, "'kase ef the old man had n't hung on ter my gun like he done, I'd have been a murderer like he said, an' Rick would hev been dead. An' the bay filly ain't sech a killin' matter no-how; ef it war the roan three-year-old now, 't would be different."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

RECENT FLORENCE.

I HAVE never known Florence more charming than I found her for a week in this brilliant October. She sat in the sunshine beside her yellow river like the little treasure-city that she has always seemed, without commerce, without other industry than the manufacture of mosaic paper-weights and alabaster Cupids, without actuality, or energy, or earnestness, or any of those rugged virtues which in most cases are deemed indispensable for civic robustness; with nothing but the little unaugmented stock of her mediæval memories, her tender-colored mountains, her churches and palaces, pictures and statues. There were very few strangers; one's detested fellow sight-seer was infrequent; the native population itself seemed scanty; the sound of wheels in the streets was but occasional; by eight o'clock at night, apparently, every one had gone to bed,

and the wandering tourist, still wandering, had the place to himself, — had the thick shadow-masses of the great palaces, and the shafts of moonlight striking the polygonal paving-stones, and the empty bridges, and the silvered yellow of the Arno, and the stillness broken only by a homeward step, accompanied by a snatch of song from a warm Italian voice. My room at the inn looked out on the river, and was flooded all day with sunshine. There was an absurd orange-colored paper on the walls; the Arno, of a hue not altogether different, flowed beneath, and on the other side of it rose a line of swallow-fronted houses, of extreme antiquity, crumbling and moldering, bulging and protruding over the stream. (I talk of their fronts; but what I saw was their shabby backs, which were exposed to the cheerful flicker of the river, while the fronts stood forever

in the deep, damp shadow of a narrow mediæval street.) All this brightness and yellowness was a perpetual delight; it was a part of that indefinably charming color which Florence always seems to wear as you look up and down at it from the river, from the bridges and quays. This is a kind of grave brilliancy — a harmony of high tints — which I am at a loss to describe. There are yellow walls and green blinds and red roofs, and intervals of brilliant brown and natural-looking blue; but the picture is not spotty or gaudy, thanks to the colors being distributed in large and comfortable masses, and to its being washed over, as it were, by I cannot say what happy softness of sunshine. The river-front of Florence is, in short, a delightful composition. Part of its charm comes, of course, from the generous aspect of those high-based old Tuscan palaces which a renewal of acquaintance with them has again commended to me as the most dignified dwellings in the world. Nothing can be finer than that look of giving up the whole immense area and elevation of the ground-floor to simple purposes of vestibule and staircase, of court and high-arched entrance; as if this were all but a massive pedestal for the real habitation, and people were not properly housed unless, to begin with, they should be lifted fifty feet above the pavement. The great blocks of the basement, the great intervals, horizontally and vertically, from window to window (telling of the height and breadth of the rooms within); the armorial shield hung forward at one of the angles; the wide-brimmed roof, overshadowing the narrow street; the rich old browns and yellows of the walls, — these simple elements are put together with admirable art.

Take one of these noble structures out of its oblique situation in town; call it no longer a palace, but a villa; set it down upon a terrace, on one of the hills that encircle Florence, with a row of high-waisted cypresses beside it, a grassy court-yard, and a view of the Florentine towers and the valley of the Arno, and you will think it perhaps

even more impressive and picturesque. It was a Sunday noon, and brilliantly warm, when I arrived in Florence; and after I had looked from my windows awhile at that quietly-basking river-front I have spoken of, I took my way across one of the bridges and then out of one of the gates, — that immensely tall old Roman Gate, whereof the space from the top of the arch to the cornice (except that there is scarcely a cornice, it is all a plain, massive piece of wall) is as great (or seems to be) as that from the ground to the former point. Then I climbed a steep and winding way — much of it a little dull, if one likes, being bounded by mottled, mossy garden walls — to a villa on a hill-top, where I found various things that seemed to resolve my journey into a sort of pilgrimage of admiration and envy. Seeing them again, often, for a week, both by sunlight and moonshine, I never quite learned not to covet them; not to feel that not being a part of them was somehow to miss a particular little chance of felicity. What a tranquil, contented life it seemed, with exquisite beauty as a part of its daily texture! — the sunny terrace, with its tangled *podere* beneath it; the bright gray olives against the bright blue sky; the long, serene, horizontal lines of other villas, flanked by their upward cypresses, disposed upon the neighboring hills; the richest little city in the world in a softly-scooped hollow at one's feet, and beyond it the most beautiful of views, changing color, shifting shadows, and through all its changes remaining grandly familiar. Within the villa was a great love of art and a painting-room full of successful work, so that if human life there seemed very tranquil, the tranquillity meant simply contentment and devoted occupation. A beautiful occupation in that beautiful position, what could possibly be better? That is what I spoke just now of envying, a way of life that is not afraid of a little isolation and tolerably quiet days. When such a life presents itself in a dull or an ugly place, we esteem it, we admire it, but we do not feel it to be the ideal of good fortune. When, however,

the people who lead it move as figures in an ancient, noble landscape, and their walks and contemplations are like a turning of the leaves of history, we seem to be witnessing an admirable case of virtue made easy; meaning here by virtue, contentment and concentration, the love of privacy and of study. One need not be exacting if one lives among local conditions that are of themselves constantly suggestive. It is true, indeed, that I might, after a certain time, grow weary of a regular afternoon stroll among the Florentine lanes; of the sitting on low parapets, in intervals of flower-topped wall, and looking across at Fiesole, or down the rich-hued valley of the Arno towards Pisa and the sea; of pausing at the open gates of villas and wondering at the height of cypresses and the depth of loggias; of walking home in the fading light and noting on a dozen westward-looking surfaces the glow of the opposite sunset. But for a week or so all this was a charming entertainment. The villas are innumerable, and, if one is a stranger, half the talk is about villas. This one has a story; that one has another; they all look as if they had stories. Most of them are offered to rent (many of them for sale) at prices unnaturally low; you may have a tower and a garden, a chapel and a stretch of thirty windows, for three or four hundred dollars a year. In imagination, you hire three or four; you take possession, and settle, and live there. About the finest there is something very grave and stately; about two or three of the best there is something even solemn and tragic. From what does this latter impression come? You gather it as you stand there in the early dusk, looking at the long, pale-brown façade, the enormous windows, the iron cages fastened upon the lower ones. Part of the sadness of aspect of these great houses comes, even when they have not fallen into decay, from their look of having outlived their original use. Their extraordinary largeness and massiveness are a satire upon their present fate. They were not built with such a thickness of wall and depth of embrasure,

such a solidity of staircase and superfluity of stone, simply to afford an economical winter residence to English and American families. I don't know whether it was the appearance of these strong old villas, which seemed so dumbly conscious of a change of manners, that threw a tinge of melancholy over the general prospect; certain it is that, having always found this plaintive note in the beautiful harmony of the view, it seemed to me now particularly distinct. "Lovely, lovely, but oh, how sad!" the fanciful stranger could not but murmur to himself as, in the late afternoon, he looked at the view from over one of the low parapets, and then, with his hands in his pockets, turned away indoors to candles and dinner.

Below, in the city, in wandering about in the streets and churches and museums, it was impossible not to have a good deal of the same feeling; but here the impression was more easy to analyze. It came from a sense of the perfect separateness of all the artistic beauty that formed the shrine of one's pilgrimage from the present and the future of the place, from the actual life and manners, the native ideal. I have already spoken of the way in which the great aggregation of beautiful works of art in the Italian cities strikes the visitor nowadays (so far as present Italy is concerned) as the mere stock in trade of an impecunious but thrifty people. It is this metaphysical desertedness and loneliness of the great works of architecture and sculpture that deposits a certain weight upon the heart; when we see a great tradition broken we feel something of the pain with which we hear a stifled cry. But feeling sad is one thing and feeling angry is another. Seeing one morning, in a shop-window, the series of *Mornings in Florence* published a few years since by Mr. Ruskin, I made haste to enter and purchase these amusing little books, some passages of which I remembered formerly to have read. I could not turn over many of their pages without observing that that "separateness" of the new and old which I just mentioned had produced in their author

the liveliest irritation. With the more acute phases of this sentiment it was difficult to sympathize, for the simple reason, it seems to me, that it savors of arrogance to demand of any people, as a right, that they shall be artistic. "Be artistic yourselves!" is the very natural reply that young Italy has at hand for English critics and censors. When a people produces beautiful statues and pictures it gives us something more than is set down in the bond, and we must thank it for its generosity; and when it stops producing them or caring for them we may cease thanking, but we hardly have a right to begin and abuse it. The wreck of Florence, says Mr. Ruskin, "is now too ghastly and heart-breaking to any human soul that remembers the days of old;" and these desperate words are an allusion to the fact that the little square in front of the cathedral, at the foot of Giotto's Tower, with the grand Baptistery on the other side, is now the resort of a number of hackney-coaches and omnibuses. This fact is doubtless regrettable, and it would be a hundred times more agreeable to see among people who have been made the heirs of so priceless a work of art as that sublime campanile some such feeling about it as would keep it free from even the shadow of defilement. A cab-stand is a very ugly and dirty place, and Giotto's Tower should have nothing in common with such conveniences. But there is more than one way of taking such things, and a quiet traveler, who has been walking about for a week with his mind full of the sweetness and suggestiveness of a hundred Florentine places, may feel at last, in looking into Mr. Ruskin's little tracts that, discord for discord, there is not much to choose between the importunity of the author's personal ill-humor and the incongruity of horse-pails and bundles of hay. And one may say this without being at all a partisan of the doctrine of the *inevitableness* of modern desecration and injury. For my own part, I believe there are few things in this line that the new Italian spirit is not capable of, and not many, indeed, that we are not destined to see. Pictures

and buildings will not be completely destroyed, because in that case foreigners with full pockets would cease to visit the country, and the turn-stiles at the doors of the old palaces and convents, with the little patented slit for absorbing your half franc, would grow quite rusty, and creak with disuse. But it is safe to say that the new Italy, growing into an old Italy again, will continue to take her elbow-room wherever she finds it.

I am almost ashamed to say what I did with Mr. Ruskin's little books. I put them into my pocket and betook myself to Santa Maria Novella. There I sat down, and after I had looked about for a while at the beautiful church (in which I had often sat before), I drew them forth, one by one, and read the greater part of them. Occupying one's self with light literature in a great religious edifice is perhaps as bad a piece of profanation as any of those rude dealings which Mr. Ruskin justly deploras; but a traveler has to make the most of odd moments, and I was waiting for a friend in whose company I was to go and look at Giotto's beautiful frescoes in the cloister of the church. My friend was a long time coming, so that I had an hour with Mr. Ruskin, whom I called just now a light *littérateur* because in these little Mornings in Florence he is forever making his readers laugh. I remembered, of course, where I was; and, in spite of my smiles, I felt that I had rarely got such a snubbing. I had really been enjoying the good old city of Florence; but I now learned from Mr. Ruskin that this was a scandalous waste of good humor. I should have gone about with an imprecation on my lips, clad in a voluminous suit of sackcloth and ashes. I had taken great pleasure in certain frescoes by Ghirlandaio, in the choir of that very church; but it appeared from one of the little books that these frescoes were but a narrow escape from being rubbish. I had greatly admired Santa Croce, and I had thought the Duomo a very noble affair; but I had now the most positive assurance I was all wrong. After a while, if it was only ill-humor that was needed for doing honor to the

city of the Medici, I felt that I had risen to a proper level, only now it was Mr. Ruskin himself I had lost patience with, and not the stupid Brunelleschi or the flimsy Ghirlandaio. Indeed, I lost patience altogether, and asked myself by what right this garrulous cynic pretended to run riot through a quiet traveler's relish for the noblest of pleasures,—his wholesome enjoyment of the loveliest of cities. The little books seemed invidious and insane, and it was only when I remembered that I had been under no obligation to buy them that I checked myself in repenting of having done so. Then, at last, my friend arrived, and we passed together out of the church, and through the first cloister beside it into a smaller inclosure, where we stood a while to look at the tomb of the Marchesa Strozzi-Ridolfi, upon which the great Giotto has painted four superb little pictures. It was easy to see the pictures were superb; but I drew forth one of my little books again, for I had observed that Mr. Ruskin spoke of them. Hereupon I was all smiles again; for what could be better, in this case, I asked myself, than Mr. Ruskin's remarks? They are, in fact, excellent and charming, and full of appreciation of the deep and simple beauty of the great painter's work. I read them aloud to my companion; but my companion was rather, as the phrase is, "put off" by them. One of the frescoes (it is a picture of the birth of the Virgin) contains a figure coming through a door. "Of ornament," I quote, "there is only the entirely simple outline of the vase which the servant carries; of color two or three masses of sober red and pure white, with brown and gray. That is all," Mr. Ruskin continues. "And if you are pleased with this you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it." *You can never see it.* This seemed to my friend insufferable, and I had to shuffle away the book again, so that we might look at the fresco with the unruffled geniality it deserves. We agreed afterwards, when in a more convenient

place I read aloud a good many more passages from Mr. Ruskin's tracts, that there are a great many ways of seeing Florence, as there are of seeing most beautiful and interesting things, and that it is very dry and pedantic to say that the happy vision depends upon our squaring our toes with a certain particular chalk-mark. We see Florence wherever and whenever we enjoy it, and for enjoying it we find a great many more pretexts than Mr. Ruskin seems inclined to allow. My friend and I agreed also, however, that the little books were an excellent purchase, on account of the great charm and felicity of much of their incidental criticism; to say nothing, as I hinted just now, of their being extremely amusing. Nothing, in fact, is more comical than the familiar asperity of the author's style and the pedagogic fashion in which he pushes and pulls about his unhappy pupils; jerking their heads toward this, rapping their knuckles for that, sending them to stand in corners, and giving them Latin verses to copy. But it is not either the felicities or the aberrations of detail, in Mr. Ruskin's writings, that are the main affair for most readers; it is the general tone that, as I have said, puts them off or draws them on. For many persons he will never bear the test of being read in this rich old Italy, where art, so long as it really lived at all, was spontaneous, joyous, irresponsible. If the reader is in daily contact with those beautiful Florentine works which do still, in a way, force themselves into notice through the vulgarity and cruelty of modern profanation, it will seem to him that Mr. Ruskin's little books are pitched in the strangest falsetto key. "One may read a hundred pages of this sort of thing," said my friend, "without ever dreaming that he is talking about *art*. You can say nothing worse about it than that." And that is very true. Art is the one corner of human life in which we may absolutely take our ease. To justify our presence there the only thing that is demanded of us is that we shall have a great deal of vivacity. In other places our vivacity is conditioned and embarrassed; we are

allowed to have only so much as is consistent with that of our neighbors; with their convenience and well-being, with their convictions and prejudices, their rules and regulations. Art means an escape from all this. Wherever her brilliant standard floats the need for apologies and justifications is suspended; there it is enough simply that we please or that we are pleased. There the tree is judged only by its fruits. If these are sweet, one is welcome to shake them down.

One may read a great many pages of Mr. Ruskin without getting a hint of this delightful truth; a hint of the not unimportant fact that art, after all, is made for us, and not we for art. This idea of the value of a work of art being the amount of entertainment it yields is conspicuous by its absence. And as for Mr. Ruskin's world of art being a place where we may take life easily, woe to the luckless mortal who enters it with any such disposition. Instead of a garden of delight, he finds a sort of assize court, in perpetual session. Instead of a place in which human responsibilities are lightened and suspended, he finds a region governed by a kind of Draconic legislation. His responsibilities, indeed, are tenfold increased; the gulf between truth and error is forever yawning at his feet; the pains and penalties of this same error are advertised, in scriptural terminology, upon a thousand sign-posts; and the poor wanderer soon begins to look back with infinite longing to the kindlier aspect of common duty. There can be no greater want of tact in dealing with those things with which men attempt to ornament life than to be perpetually talking about "error." A truce to all rigidities is the law of the place; the only thing that is absolute there is sensible charm. The grim old bearer of the scales begs off; she feels that this is not her province. Differences here are not iniquity and righteousness; they are simply notes in the scale of inventiveness. We are not under theological government.

It was very charming, in the bright, warm days, to wander from one corner

of Florence to another, paying one's respects again to remembered masterpieces. It was pleasant also to find that memory had played no tricks, and that the beautiful things of an earlier year were as beautiful as ever. To enumerate these beautiful things would take a great deal of space; for I never had been more struck with the mere quantity of brilliant Florentine work. Even giving up the Duomo and Santa Croce to Mr. Ruskin as very ill-arranged edifices, — though it is surprising what an amount of incidental pleasure an ill-arranged edifice, of a great fashion, can bestow, — the list of the Florentine treasures is well-nigh inexhaustible. Those long outer galleries of the Uffizi had never seemed to me more picturesque; sometimes there were not more than two or three figures standing there, Baedeker in hand, to break the charming perspective. One side of this gallery, it will be remembered, is entirely composed of glass; a continuity of old-fashioned windows, draped with white curtains of rather primitive fashion, which hang there till they grow picturesquely yellow. The light, passing through them, is softly filtered and diffused; it rests mildly upon the old marbles — chiefly antique Roman busts — which stand in the narrow intervals of the casements. It is projected upon the numerous pictures that cover the opposite wall, and that are not by any means, as a general thing, the gems of the great collection; it imparts a faded brightness to the old ornamental arabesques upon the painted wooden ceiling, and it makes a great, soft shining upon the marble floor, in which, as you look up and down, you see the strolling tourists and the motionless copyists almost reflected. I don't know why I should find an extreme entertainment in so humble a *mise en scène*; but, in fact, I have seldom gone into the Uffizi without walking the length of this third-story cloister, between the (for the most part) third-rate pictures and the faded cotton window curtains. Why is it that in Italy we see a charm in things which in other countries we should consign to the populous limbo of the vul-

garities? If, in the city of New York, a great museum of the arts were to be provided, by way of decoration, with a species of veranda inclosed on one side by a series of small-paned casements, draped in dirty linen, and furnished on the other with an array of pictorial feebleness, the place being surmounted by a thinly-painted wooden roof, strongly suggestive of summer heat, of winter cold, of frequent leakage, those amateurs who had had the advantage of foreign travel would be at small pains to conceal their contempt. Contemptible or respectable, to the judicial mind, this quaint old loggia of the Uffizi admitted me into twenty chambers where I found as great a number of ancient favorites. I do not know that I had a warmer greeting for any old friend than for Andrea del Sarto, that most beautiful of painters who is not one of the first. But it was on the other side of the Arno that I found him in force, in those great dusky drawing-rooms of the Pitti Palace, to which you take your way along the aerial tunnel that wanders through the houses of Florence and is supported by the little goldsmith's booths on the Ponte Vecchio. In the rich, insufficient light of these beautiful rooms, where, to look at the pictures, you sit in damask chairs and rest your elbows on tables of malachite, Andrea del Sarto becomes peculiarly effective. Before long you find yourself loving him as a brother. But the great pleasure, after all, was to revisit the earlier geniuses, in those specimens of them especially that bloom so tenderly upon the big, plain walls of the Academy. Fra Angelico and Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, and Lorenzo di Credi are the sweetest and best of all painters; as I sat for an hour in their company, in the cold, great hall of the institution I have mentioned, — there are shabby rafters above and an immense expanse of brick tiles below, and many bad pictures as well as good ones, — it seemed to me more than ever that, if one really had to choose, one could not do better than choose here. You may sit very quietly and comfortably at the Academy, in this big first room, — at the upper end, espe-

cially, on the left, — because, more than many other places, it savors of old Florence. More for instance, in reality, than the Bargello, though the Bargello makes great pretensions. Beautiful and picturesque as the Bargello is, it smells too strongly of "restoration," and, much of old Italy as still lurks in its furbished and renovated chambers, it speaks even more distinctly of the ill-mannered young kingdom that has (as unavoidably as you please) lifted down a hundred delicate works of sculpture from the convent walls where their pious authors placed them. If the early Tuscan painters are exquisite, I can think of no praise positive enough for the sculptors of the same period, Donatello and Luca della Robbia, Matteo Civitate and Mino da Fiesole, who, as I refreshed my memory of them, seemed to me to leave absolutely nothing to be desired in the way of purity of inspiration and grace of invention. The Bargello is full of early Tuscan sculpture, most of the pieces of which have come from suppressed convents; and even if the visitor is an ardent liberal, he is uncomfortably conscious of the rather brutal process by which it has been collected. One can hardly envy young Italy the number of disagreeable things she has had to do.

The railway journey from Florence to Rome has been altered both for the better and for the worse: for the better, in that it has been shortened for a couple of hours; for the worse, inasmuch as, when about half the distance has been traversed, the train deflects to the westward and leaves the beautiful old cities of Assisi and Perugia, Terni and Narni, unvisited. Of old, it was possible to visit these places, in a manner, from the window of the train; even if you did not stop, as you probably could not, every time you passed, the picturesque fashion in which, like a loosened belt on an aged and shrunken person, their old red walls held them easily together was something well worth noting. Now, however, by way of compensation, the express train to Rome stops at Orvieto, and in consequence . . . In consequence what? What is the consequence

of an express train stopping at Orvieto? As I glibly wrote the above sentence I suddenly paused, with a sense of the queer stuff I was uttering. That an express train would graze the base of the horrid purple mountain from the apex of which this dark old Catholic city uplifts the glittering front of its cathedral—that might have been foretold by a keen observer of our manners. But that it would really have the grossness to stop there, this is a fact over which, as he records it, a sentimental chronicler may well make what is vulgarly called an ado. The train does stop at Orvieto, not very long, it is true, but long enough to let you get out. The same phenomenon takes place on the following day, when, having visited the city, you get in again. I availed myself of both of these occasions, having formerly neglected the more harmonious opportunities of the posting method. And really, the railway station being in the plain, and the town on the summit of an extraordinary hill, you have time to forget all about the triumphs of steam while you wind upwards to the city gate. The position of Orvieto is superb; it is worthy of the “middle-distance” of a last century landscape. But, as every one knows, the beautiful cathedral is the proper attraction of the place, which, indeed, save for this fine monument, and

for its craggy and crumbling ramparts, is a meanly arranged and, as Italian cities go, not particularly impressive little town. I spent a beautiful Sunday there, and I looked at the charming church. I looked at it a great deal,—a great deal considering that on the whole I found it inferior to its fame. Intensely brilliant, however, is the densely carved front; densely covered with the freshest looking mosaics. The old white marble of the sculptured portions is as softly yellow as ancient ivory; the large, exceedingly bright pictures above them flashed and twinkled in the splendid weather. Very beautiful and interesting are the theological frescoes of Luca Signorelli within; though I have seen pictures I can imagine myself growing fonder of. Very enchanting, finally, are the clear-faced saints and seraphs, in robes of pink and azure, whom Fra Angelico has painted upon the ceiling of the great chapel, along with a noble sitting figure—more expressive of movement than most of the creations of this pictorial peace-maker—of Christ in judgment. But the interest of the cathedral of Orvieto is mainly not the visible result, but the historical process that lies behind it; those three hundred years of devoted popular labor of which an American scholar has written an admirable account.¹

Henry James, Jr.

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM.

ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT, APRIL, 1775.

In Pilgrim land, one Sabbath-day,
 The winter lay like sheep about
 The ragged pastures mullein gray;
 The April sun shone in and out,
 The showers swept by in fitful flocks,
 And eaves ticked fast like mantel clocks;

¹ Charles Eliot Norton : *Study and Travel in Italy*.

And now and then a wealthy cloud
Would wear a ribbon broad and bright,
And now and then a winged crowd
Of shivering azure flash in sight.
So rainbows bend and bluebirds fly
And violets show their bits of sky.

To Enfield church throng all the town,
In quilted hood and bombazine,
In beaver hat with flaring crown,
And quaint vandyke and victorine;
And buttoned boys in roundabout
From calyx collars blossom out;

Bandanas wave their feeble fire,
And foot-stoves tinkle up the aisle;
A gray-haired elder leads the choir,
And girls in linsey-woolsey smile.
So back to life the beings glide
Whose very graves have ebbed and died.

One hundred years have waned, and yet
We call the roll, and not in vain,
For one whose flint-lock musket set
The echoes wild round Fort Duquesne,
And smelled the battle's powder smoke
Ere Revolution's thunders woke.

Lo, Thomas Abbe answers, " Here!"
Within the dull long-metre place.
That day, upon the parson's ear,
And trampling down his words of grace,
A horseman's gallop rudely beat
Along the splashed and empty street.

The rider drew his dripping rein,
And then a letter, wasp-nest gray,
That ran: " The Concord minute-men
And red-coats had a fight to-day!
To Captain Abbe this with speed."
Twelve little words to tell the deed.

The captain read, struck out for home
The old quickstep of battle born,
Slung on once more a battered drum
That bore a painted unicorn,
Then right-about, as whirls a torch,
He stood before the sacred porch.

And then a murmuring of bees
Broke in upon the house of prayer;
And then a wind-song swept the trees,
And then a snarl from wolfish lair;

And then a charge of grenadiers,
And then a flight of drum-beat cheers.

So drum and doctrine rudely blent,
The casements rattled strange accord;
No mortal knew what either meant;
'T was double-drag and Holy Word,
Thus saith the drum, and thus the Lord.
The captain raised so wild a rout
He drummed the congregation out.

The people gathered round amazed;
The soldier bared his head and spoke,
And every sentence burned and blazed,
As trenchant as a sabre stroke:
" 'T is time to pick the flint to-day,
To sling the knapsack, and away!

" The green of Lexington is red
With British red-coats, brothers' blood!
In rightful cause the earliest dead
Are always best beloved of God.
Mark time! Now let the march begin!
All bound for Boston fall right in!"

Then rub-a-dub the drum jarred on,
The throbbing roll of battle beat;
" Fall in, my men!" and one by one
They rhymed the tune with heart and feet.
And so they made a Sabbath march
To glory 'neath the elm-tree arch.

The Continental line unwound
Along the church-yard's breathless sod,
And holier grew the hallowed ground
Where Virtue slept and Valor trod.
Two hundred strong that April day
They rallied out and marched away.

Brigaded there at Bunker Hill,
Their names are writ on Glory's page.
The brave old captain's Sunday drill
Has drummed its way across the age.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH.

I.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

IN a previous paper¹ belonging to this series, I landed the reader on the shores of the Old World without giving him the slightest intimation as to how he got there. It is the purpose of the present chapter briefly to atone for that discourtesy.

On every steamer plowing its way across the Atlantic there are always several passengers who never miss a single one of the five meals served each day. In the interim between breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, they smoke heavy black cigars — *cabañas*, I think — on the upper deck. They throw seafaring glances aloft, — for these folks are nothing if not nautical; they indulge in bets on how many knots an hour; it is never twelve o'clock or six o'clock with them, but so many bells. They even know the binnacle by sight. At night, in the grand saloon, they laugh and talk and play cards with a sort of unholy glee. If one of them chances to pass your open state-room door just before breakfast, you are immediately conscious of a penetrating aromatic odor in the air. You vaguely recognize it as the odor of a morning beverage which you knew in happier days, but do not greatly care for now.

I did not make the personal acquaintance of any of these abnormal beings on board her majesty's Cunard steamship *Abyssinia*, for, though I had been used to the sea all my life, — had, in fact, barely escaped being born on it, — I lay deathly sick in my berth from the time we left Sandy Hook Light until we sighted the Irish coast. Let me hope that in the mean while the reader was happy on deck and had suffered no sea change.

A conversation which I happened to

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxxix., page 19.

overhear one night in the state-room adjoining mine is the only detail I can give of that voyage across the Atlantic; but it is a detail not without significance. Indeed, it presents the whole situation in a nutshell.

For the first three days out the sea had been remarkably smooth, — “as smooth as glass,” Captain Haines observed. With the exception of an occasional impromptu plunge into a brother passenger, you could pace the deck quite comfortably, — provided you could pace it at all. Out of politeness to the pleasant weather the sky-light of the main saloon had not been closed. Taking advantage of this circumstance, a heavy sea broke over the stern-rail one midnight and deposited about fifty gallons of ocean wave in the cabin. The hurried shuffling of feet on deck and the shrieks from the inundated berths on the port side awakened everybody. Presently I heard a feeble voice uplifted in the state-room next to mine, — evidently the voice of a Briton: —

“Fwedwick — aw — I say — what’s up?”

“Nothing at all, my boy. We only shipped a sea.”

“What a beastly ideah!”

“Go to sleep.”

“Aw — yes — but I carn’t, you know.”

“Carn’t you take a bit of sherry, then?”

Silence. The wind had sensibly freshened, and the ship began pitching in a most disagreeable fashion, now and then giving a roll to leeward to show what it could do in that line. In one of those careenings the ponderous screw, missing its grip on the water, quivered convulsively through all its length, and for an instant the great iron-plated hulk seemed to be seized by a death spasm. The sudden calm which followed, as the bronze fins were again submerged, was almost oppressive.

Once more the feeble voice lifted its head, so to speak:—

“Fwedwick—aw—I say—are we sinking?”

“Sinking? No! What blarsted rub-bish!”

“Aw—I’m devilish sorry!”

II.

ON A BALCONY.

I hate—if it is not using too strong language to say that one hates—a balcony. A balcony is a humiliating architectural link between in-doors and out-of-doors. To be on a balcony is to be nowhere in particular: you are not exactly at home, and yet cannot be described as out; your privacy and your freedom are alike sacrificed. The approaching bore can draw a bead on you with his rifled eye, and wing you at a thousand paces. You may gaze abstractedly at a cloud, or turn your back, but you cannot escape him,—though the chance is always open to you to drop a bureau on him as he lifts his hand to the bell-knob. One could fill a volume with a condensed catalogue of the inconveniences of an average balcony. But when the balcony hangs from the third-story window of an Old World palace, and when the façade of that Old World palace looks upon the Bay of Naples, you had better think twice before you speak disparagingly of balconies. With that sheet of mysteriously blue water in front of you; with Mount Vesuvius moodily smoking his perpetual calumet on your left; with the indented shore sweeping towards Pozzuoli and Baiæ on your right; with Capri and Ischia notching the ashen gray line of the horizon; with the tender heaven of May bending over all,—with these accessories, I say, it must be conceded that one might be very much worse off in this world than on a balcony.

I know that I came to regard the narrow iron-grilled shelf suspended from my bed-room window in the hotel on the Strada Chiatamone as the choicest

spot in all Naples. After a ramble through the unsavory streets it was always a pleasure to get back to it, and I think I never in my life did a more sensible thing in the department of pure idleness than when I resolved to spend an entire day on that balcony. One morning, after an early breakfast, I established myself there in an arm-chair placed beside a small table holding a couple of books, a paper of cigarettes, and a field-glass. My companions had gone to explore the picture-galleries; but I had my picture-gallery *chez moi*,—in the busy *strada* below, in the villa-fringed bay, in the cluster of yellow-roofed little towns clinging to the purple slopes of Mount Vesuvius and patiently awaiting annihilation. The beauty of Naples lies along its water-front, and from my coigne of vantage I had nothing to desire.

If the Bay of Naples had not been described a million times during the present century, I should still not attempt to describe it: I have made a discovery which no other traveler seems to have made,—that its loveliness is untranslatable. Moreover, enthusiasm is not permitted to the modern tourist. He may be æsthetic, or historic, or scientific, or analytic, or didactic, or any kind of ic, except enthusiastic. He may be Meissonier-like in his detail; he may give you the very tint and texture of a honey-combed frieze over a Byzantine gate-way, or lay bare the yet faintly palpitating heart of some old-time tragedy, but he must do it in a nonchalant, pulseless manner, with a semi-supercilious elevation of nostril. He would lose his self-respect if he were to be deeply moved by anything, or really interested in anything.

“All that he sees in Bagdad
Is the Tigris to float him away.”

He is the very antipode of his elder brother of fifty years syne, who used to go about filling his note-book with Thoughts on Standing at the Tomb of Marcus Antoninus, Emotions on Finding a Flea on my Shirt Collar in the Vald’Arno. The latter-day tourist is a great deal less innocent, but is he more

amusing than those old-fashioned sentimental travelers who had at least freshness of sympathies and never dreamed of trying to pass themselves off as cynics? Dear, ingenuous, impressible souls, — peace to your books of travel! May they line none but trunks destined to prolonged foreign tours, or those thrice happy trunks which go on bridal journeys!

At the risk of being relegated to the footing of those emotional ancients, I am going to confess to an unrequited passion for Mount Vesuvius. Never was passion less regarded by its object. I did not aspire to be received with the warmth of manner that characterized its reception of the elder Pliny in the year 79, but I did want Mount Vesuvius to pay me a little attention, which it might easily have done, — without putting itself out. On arriving in town I had called on Mount Vesuvius. The acquaintance rested there. Every night after my candle was extinguished I stood a while at the open window and glanced half-expectantly across the bay; but the sullen monster made no sign. That slender spiral column of smoke, spreading out like a toad-stool on attaining a certain height, but neither increasing nor diminishing in volume, lifted itself into the starlight. Sometimes I fancied that the smoke had taken a deeper lurid tinge; but it was only fancy. How I longed for a sudden burst of flame and scorix from those yawning jaws! — for one awful instant's illumination of the bay and the shipping and the picturesque villages asleep at the foot of the mountain! I did not care to have the spectacle last more than four or five heart-beats at the longest; but it was a thing worth wishing for.

I do not believe that even the most hardened traveler is able wholly to throw off the grim fascination of Mount Vesuvius so long as he is near it; and I quite understand the potency of the spell which has led the poor people of Resina to set up their Lares and Penates on cinder-buried Herculaneum. Bide your time, O Resina, and Portici, and Torre del Greco! The doom of Pom-

peii and Herculaneum shall yet be yours. "If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it *will* come."

Indeed, these villages have suffered repeatedly in ancient and modern times. In the eruption of 1631 seven torrents of lava swept down the mountain, taking in their course Bosco, Torre dell' Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, and destroying three thousand lives. That calamity and later though not so terrible catastrophes have not prevented the people from rebuilding on the old sites. The singular fertility of the soil around the base of the volcanic pile lures them back, — or is it that they are under the influence of that nameless glamour I have hinted at? Perhaps those half-indistinguishable shapes of petrified gnome and satyr and glyptodon which lie tumbled in heaps all about this region have something to do with it. It would be easy to believe that some of the nightmare figures and landscapes in Doré's illustrations of *The Wandering Jew* were suggested to the artist by the fantastic forms in which the lava streams have cooled along the flanks of Vesuvius.

A man might spend a busy life in studying the phenomena of this terrible mountain. It is undergoing constant changes. The paths to the crater have to be varied from month to month, so it is never safe to make the ascent without a guide. There is a notable sympathy existing between the volcanoes of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, although seventy miles apart; when one is in a period of unusual activity, the other, as a rule, remains quiescent. May be the imprisoned giant Enceladus works both forges. I never think of either mountain without recalling Longfellow's poem: —

"Under Mount *Ætna* he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

"The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

" And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
' To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise! '

" And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, ' At length! '

" Ah me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

" Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

" See, see! the red light shines!
' T is the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines,
Of Alps and of Apennines,
' Enceladus, arise! ' "

For the first half hour after I had stationed myself on the balcony, that morning, I kept my glass turned pretty constantly in the direction of Mount Vesuvius, trying to make out the *osteria* at the Hermitage, where we had halted one noon to drink some doubtful *Lachryma Christi* and eat a mysterious sort of ragout, composed — as one of our party suggested — of missing link. Whether or not the small inn had shifted its position over night, I was unable to get a focus upon it. In the mean while I myself, in my oriole nest overhanging the strada, had become an object of burning interest to sundry persons congregated below. I was suddenly aware that three human beings were standing in the middle of the carriage-way with their faces turned up to the balcony. The first was a slender, hideous girl, with large eyes and little clothing, who held out a tambourine, the rattlesnake-like clatter of which had attracted my attention; next to her stood a fellow with canes and palm-leaf fans; then came a youth loaded down with diminutive osier baskets of Naples strawberries, which look, and as for that matter taste, like tufts of red worsted. This select trio was speedily turned into a quartette by the appearance of a sea-faring gentleman, who bore

on his head a tray of boiled crabs, sea-urchins, and small fried fish, — *frutti di mare*. As a fifth personage approached, with possibly the arithmetical intention of adding himself to the line, I sent the whole party off with a wave of the hand; that is to say, I waved to them to go, but they merely retired to the curb-stone opposite the hotel, and sat down.

The last comer, perhaps disdaining to associate himself too closely with vulgar persons engaged in trade, leaned indolently against the sea-wall behind them, and stared at me in a vacant, dreamy fashion. He was a handsome wretch, physically. Praxiteles might have carved him. I have no doubt that his red Phrygian cap concealed a pair of pointed furry ears; but his tattered habiliments and the strips of gay cloth wound, brigand-like, about his calves were not able to hide the ungyved grace of his limbs. The upturned face was for the moment as empty of expression as a cipher, but I felt that it was capable, on occasion, of expressing almost any depth of cunning and dare-devil ferocity. I dismissed the idea of the Dancing Faun. It was Masaniello, — Masaniello ruined by good government and the dearth of despots.

The girl with the tambourine was not in business by herself; she was the familiar of a dark-browed organ-man, who now made his advent, holding in one hand a long fishing-line baited with monkey. On observing that this line was too short to reach me, the glance of despair and reproach which the pirate cast up at the balcony was comical. Nevertheless he proceeded to turn the crank of his music-mill, while the girl — whose age I estimated at anywhere between sixteen and sixty — executed the tarantella in a disinterested manner on the sidewalk. I had always wished to see the tarantella danced, and now I had seen it I wished never to see it more. I was so well satisfied that I hastened to drop a few *soldi* into the outstretched tambourine; one of the coins rebounded and fell into the girl's parchment bosom, which would not have made a bad tambourine itself.

My gratuity had the anticipated effect; the musician took himself off instantly. But he was only the *avant courier* of his detestable tribe. To dispose at once of this feature of Neapolitan street life, I will state that in the course of that morning and afternoon one hundred and seven organ-men and *zambognari* (bagpipe players) paid their respects to me. It is odd, or not, as you choose to look at it, that the city which has the eminence of being the first school of music in the world should be a city of hand-organs. I think it explains the constant irritability and the occasional outbreaks of wrath on the part of Mount Vesuvius.

The youth with strawberries, and his two companions, the fan-man and the seller of sea fruit, remained on the curb-stone for an hour or more, waiting for me to relent. In most lands, when you inform a trafficker in nicknacks of your indisposition to purchase his wares, he departs with more or less philosophy; but in Naples he sometimes attaches himself to you for the day. One morning our friend J——, who is almost morbidly diffident, returned to the hotel attended by an individual with a guitar, two venders of lava carvings, a leper in the final stages of decomposition, and a young lady costumed *en négligé* with a bunch of violets. J—— had picked up these charming acquaintances in one of the principal streets at the remote end of the town. The perspiration stood nearly an inch deep on J——'s forehead. He had vainly done everything to get rid of them: he had heaped gifts of money on the leper, bought wildly of cameos and violets, and even offered to purchase the guitar. But no; they clung to him. An American of this complexion was not caught every day on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

I was so secure from annoyance up there on my balcony that I did not allow the three merchants arranged on the curb-stone to disturb me. Occupied with the lively, many-colored life of the street and the shore, I failed even to notice when they went away. Glancing in their direction somewhat later, I saw

that they had gone. But Masaniello remained, resting the hollow of his back and his two elbows on the coping of the wall, and becoming a part of the gracious landscape. He remained there all day. Why, I shall never know. He made no demand on my purse, or any overture towards my acquaintance, but stood there, statuesque, hour after hour, scarcely changing his attitude, — *insouciant*, imperturbable, never for an instant relapsing from that indolent reserve which had marked him at first, except once, when he smiled (rather sarcastically, I thought) as I fell victim to an aged beggar whose bandaged legs gave me the fancy that they had died early and been embalmed, and were only waiting for the rest of the man to die in order to be buried. Then Masaniello smiled — at my softness? I shall never be able to explain that man.

Though the Chiatamone is a quiet street for Naples, it would be considered a bustling thoroughfare anywhere else. As the morning wore on, I found entertainment enough in the constantly increasing stream of foot-passengers, — soldiers, sailors, monks, peddlers, paupers, and donkeys. Now and then a couple of acrobats in soiled tights and tarnished spangles would spread out their square of carpet in front of the hotel, and go through some innocent feats; or it was a juggler who came along with a sword trick, or a man with *fantoccini*, among which Signor Punchinello was a prominent character, as he invariably is in Italian puppet-shows. This, with the soft Neapolitan laugh and chatter, the cry of orange-girls, the braying of donkeys, and the strident strain of the hand-organ, which interposed itself ever and anon, like a Greek chorus, was doing very well for a quiet little street of no pretensions whatever.

For a din to test the tympanum of your ear, and a restless swarming of life to turn you dizzy, you should go to the Strada Santa Lucia of a pleasant morning. The houses in this quarter of the city are narrow and tall, many of them seven or eight stories high, and packed like bee-hives, which they further re-

semble in point of gloominess and stickiness. Here the lower classes live, and if they live chiefly on the sidewalks it is not to be wondered at. In front of the dingy door-ways and arches the women make their soups and their toilets with equal *naïveté* of disregard to passing criticism. The baby is washed, dressed, nursed, and put to sleep, and all the domestic duties performed, *al fresco*. Glancing up the sunny street at some particularly fretful moment of the day, you may chance to catch an instantaneous glimpse of the whole neighborhood spanking its child.

In the Strada Santa Lucia the clattering donkey cart has solved the problem of perpetual motion. Not less noisy and crowded are those contiguous hill-side lanes and alleys (*gradoni*) where you go up and down stone steps, and can almost touch the buildings on both sides. No wheeled vehicle ever makes its way here, though sometimes a donkey, with panniers stuffed full of vegetables, may be seen gravely mounting or descending the slippery staircase, directed by the yells and ingenious blasphemies of his driver, who is always assisted in this matter by sympathetic compatriots standing in door-ways, or leaning perilously out of seventh story windows. Some of the streets in this section are entirely given over to the manufacture of macaroni. On interminable clothes-lines stretched along the sidewalks at the height of a man's head the flabby threads of paste are hung to dry, forming a continuous sheet which sways like heavy satin drapery and nearly trails on the ground; but the dogs run in and out through the dripping fringe without the least inconvenience to themselves. Now and then one will thoughtfully turn back and lap it. Macaroni was formerly a favorite dish of mine. Day and night the hum of human voices rises from these shabby streets. As to the smells which infest them, — "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." Here Squalor reigns, seated on his throne of mud. But it is happy squalor. In Naples misery laughs and sings, and plays the Pandean pipe, and enjoys

itself. Poverty gayly throws its bit of rag over the left shoulder, and does not seem to perceive the difference between that and a cloak of Genoese velvet. Neither the cruel past nor the fateful present has crushed the joyousness out of Naples. It is the very Mark Tapley of cities, — and that, perhaps, is what makes it the most pathetic. But to get back to our balcony.

I am told that the lower classes — always excepting the sixty or seventy thousand *lazzaroni*, who have ceased to exist as a body, but continue, as individuals, very effectively to prey upon the stranger — are remarkable for their frugal and industrious habits. I suppose this is so, though the visible results which elsewhere usually follow the thriftiness of a population are absent from Naples. However, my personal observation of the workingman was limited to watching some masons employed on a building in process of erection a little higher up on the opposite side of the strada. I was first attracted by the fact that the men were planing the blocks of fawn-colored stone, and readily shaping them with knives, as if the stone had been cheese or soap. It was, in effect, a kind of calcareous tufa, which is soft when newly quarried, and gradually hardens on exposure. It was not a difficult material to work in, but the masons set to the task with that deliberate care not to strain themselves which I had admired in the horny-handed laboring man in various parts of Italy. At intervals of two or three minutes the stone-cutters — there were seven of them — would suddenly suspend operations, and without any perceptible provocation fall into a violent dispute. It looked as if they were coming to blows; but they were only engaged in amicable gossip. Perhaps it was a question of the weather, or of the price of macaroni, or of that heartless trick which Cattarina played upon poor Giuseppe night before last. "*Cospetto!* but she was a saucy baggage, that Cattarina!" There was something very cheerful in their chatter, of which I caught only the eye flashes and the vivacious southern gestures that

accompanied it. It was pleasant to see them standing there with crossed legs, in the midst of their honorable toil, leisurely indulging in graceful banter at Heaven only knows how many francs per day. At about half past ten o'clock they abruptly knocked off work altogether (I knew it was coming to that), and, stretching themselves out comfortably under an adjacent shed, went to sleep. Presently a person — presumably the foreman — appeared on the scene, and proceeded energetically to kick the seven sleepers, who arose and returned to their tools. After straightening out this matter the foreman departed, and the masons, dropping saw, chisel, and fore-plane, crawled in under the shed again. I smiled, and a glow came over me as I reflected that perhaps I had discovered the identical branch of the Latin race from which the American plumber has descended to us.

There is one class, forming a very large portion of the seedy population of Naples, and the most estimable portion, to whose industry, integrity, and intelligence I can unreservedly testify. This class, which, so far as I saw, does all the hard work that is done and receives nothing but persecution in return, is to be met everywhere in Italy, but nowhere in so great force as in Naples. I mean those patient, wise little donkeys, which are as barbarously used by their masters as ever their masters were by the Bourbons. In witnessing the senseless cruelty with which a Neapolitan treats his inarticulate superior, one is almost disposed to condone the outrages of Spanish rule. I have frequently seen a fellow beat one of the poor animals with a club nearly as large round as the little creature's body. As a donkey is generally its owner's sole source of income, it seems a rather near-sighted policy to knock the breath out of it. But, mercifully, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the donkey is pachydermatous. A blow that would kill a horse likely enough merely impresses a donkey with the idea that somebody is going to hit him. Under the old order of things in Naples his insensibility was

sometimes outflanked by removing a strip of his hide, thus laying bare a responsive spot for the whip-lash; but that stratagem is now prohibited by law, I believe. A donkey with a particularly sensitive place on him anywhere naturally fetches a high price at present.

The disproportionate burdens which are imposed upon and stoically accepted by the Neapolitan donkey constantly excite one's wonder and pity. As I sat there on the balcony a tiny cart went by so piled with furniture that the pigmy which drew it was entirely hidden from sight. The cumbersome mass had the appearance of being propelled by some piece of internal machinery. This was followed by another cart, containing the family, I suppose, — five or six stupid persons drawn by a creature no larger than a St. Bernard dog. I fell into a train of serious reflection on donkeys in general, chiefly suggested, I rather fancy, by Masaniello, who was still standing with his back against the sea-wall and his eyes fixed on my balcony as I went into lunch.

When I returned to my post of observation, half an hour later, I found the street nearly deserted. Naples was taking its siesta. A fierce, hot light quivered on the bay and beat down on the silent villas along shore, making the mellow-tinted pilasters and porticoes gleam like snow against the dull green of the olive-trees. The two cones of Mount Vesuvius, now wrapped in a transparent violet haze, which brought them strangely near, had for background a fathomless sky of unclouded azure. Here and there, upon a hill-side in the distance, small white houses, with verandas and balconies

"Close latticed to the brooding heat," seemed scorching among their dusty vines. The reflection of the water was almost intolerable.

As I reached up to lower the awning overhead, I had a clairvoyant consciousness that some one was watching me from below. Whether Masaniello had brought his noonday meal of roasted chestnuts with him, or, during my ab-

sence, had stolen to some low *trattoria* in the vicinity to refresh himself, I could not tell; but there he was, in the act now of lighting one of those long pipe-stem cigars called Garibaldis.

Since he wanted neither my purse nor my person, what was his design in hanging about the hotel? Perhaps it *was* my person he wanted; perhaps he was an emissary of the police; but no, the lowest government official in Italy always wears enough gold-lace for a Yankee major-general. Besides, I was innocent; I had n't done it, whatever it was. Possibly Masaniello mistook me for somebody else, and was meditating a neat stiletto stroke or two if I ventured out after night-fall. Indeed, I intended to go to the theatre of San Carlo that night. A rush—a flash of steel in the moonlight—and all would be over before any one could explain anything. Masaniello was becoming monotonous.

I turned away from him to look at the Castel dell' Ovo, within rifle range at my left, on a small island connected by an arched breakwater with the main-land at the foot of the Pizzofalcone. I tried to take in the fact that this wrinkled pile was begun by William I. in 1154, and completed a century later by Frederick II.; that here, in the reign of Robert the Wise, came the witty Giotto to decorate the chapel with those frescoes of which only the tradition remains; that here Charles III. of Durazzo held Queen Joanna a prisoner, and was here besieged by Louis of Anjou; that, finally, in 1495, Charles VIII. of France knocked over the old castle, and Pedro de Toledo set it up on its legs again in 1532. I tried, but rather unsuccessfully, to take in all this, for though the castle boasts of bastions and outworks, it lacks the heroic aspect. In fact, it is now used as a prison, and has the right hang-dog look of prisons. However, I put my fancy to work restoring the castle to the strength and dignity it wore in chronicler Froissart's day, and was about to attack the place with the assistance of Ferdinand II., when the heavy tramp of feet and the measured tap of a drum chimed in very prettily with my hostile

mood. A regiment of infantry was coming down the strada.

If I do not describe this regiment as the very poorest regiment in the world, it is because it was precisely like every other body of Italian soldiery that I have seen. The men were small, spindle-legged, and slouchy. One might have taken them for raw recruits if their badly-fitting white-duck uniforms had not shown signs of veteran service. As they wheeled into the Chiatamone, each man trudging along at his own gait, they looked like a flock of sheep. The bobbing mass recalled to my mind—by that law of contraries which makes one thing suggest another totally different—the compact, grand swing of the New York Seventh Regiment as it swept up Broadway the morning it returned from Pennsylvania at the close of the draft riots in '63. If the National Guard had shuffled by in the loose Garibaldian fashion, New York would not have slept with so keen a sense of security as it did that July night.

The room directly under mine was occupied by a young English lady, who, attracted by the roll of the drums, stepped out on her balcony just as the head of the column reached the hotel. In her innocent desire to witness a military display she probably had no anticipation of the tender fusillade she would have to undergo. That the colonel should give the fair stranger a half-furtive salute, in which he cut nothing in two with his sabre, was well enough; but that was no reason why every mother's son in each platoon should look up at the balcony as he passed, and then turn and glance back at her over his shoulder. Yet this singular military evolution, which I cannot find set down anywhere in Hardee's Tactics, was performed by every man in the regiment. That these ten or twelve hundred warriors refrained from kissing their hands to the blonde lady shows the severe discipline which prevails in the Italian army. Possibly there was not a man of them, from the colonel's *valet* down to the colonel himself, who did not march off with the conviction that he had pierced that blue muslin wrap-

per somewhere in the region of the left breast. I must say that the modest young Englishwoman stood this enfilading fire admirably, though it made white and red roses of her complexion.

The rear of the column was brought up, and emphasized, if I may say it, by an exclamation point in the shape of a personage so richly gilded and of such gorgeous plumage that I should instantly have accepted him as the king of Italy if I had not long ago discovered that fine feathers do not always make fine birds. It was only the regimental physician. Of course he tossed up a couple of pill-like eyes to the balcony as he straggled by, with his plume standing out horizontally, — like that thin line of black smoke which just then caught my attention in the offing.

This was the smoke from the pipe of the funny little steamer which runs from Naples to Sorrento, and thence to Capri, where it drops anchor for so brief a space that you are obliged to choose between a climb up the rocks to the villa of Tiberius and a visit in a small boat to the Blue Grotto. The steamer is supposed to leave the Chiaia at Naples every morning at a stated hour; but you need not set your heart on going to Capri by that steamer on any particular day. It goes or not just as the captain happens to feel about it when the time comes. A cinder in his eye, a cold in his head, a conjugal tiff over his *polenta*, — in fine, any insignificant thing is apparently sufficient to cause him to give up the trip. It is only moderate satisfaction you get out of him on these occasions. He throws his arms despairingly in the air, and making forked lightning with his fingers cries, "Ah, mercy of God! no, — we sail not this day!" Then wildly beating his forehead with his knuckles, "To-morrow, yes!" There is ever a pleasing repose of manner in an excited Italian.

I suspect the truth is that some of the directors of the steamboat company are mediæval saints, and that the anniversaries of their birthdays interfere with business. The captain is an excellent fellow of his sort, and extremely devout,

though that does not prevent him from now and then playing a very scurvy trick upon his passengers. One's main object in going to Capri is to see the Blue Grotto, the entrance to which is through a small arch scarcely three feet high in the face of the rock. With the sea perfectly tranquil, you are obliged to bow your head or lie down in the wherry while passing in; but with a north or a west wind breathing, it is impossible to enter at all. When this chance to be the case the captain is careful not to allude to the matter, but smilingly allows you to walk aboard, and pitilessly takes you out under a scorching sky to certain disappointment and a clam-bake, in which you perform the rôle of the clam.

Through my glass I could see the little egg-shell of a steamer, which for some reason had come to a stop in the middle of the bay, with a thread of smoke issuing from her funnel and embroidering itself in fanciful patterns on the sunny atmosphere. I knew how hot it was over there, and I knew that the light westerly breeze which crisped the water and became a suffocating breath before it reached shore had sealed up the grotto for that day. I pictured the pleasure-seekers scattered about the heated deck, each one dejectedly munching his Dead Sea apple of disappointment. The steamer was evidently getting under way again, for the thread of smoke had swollen into a black, knotted cable. Presently a faint whistle came across the water, — as if a ghost were whistling somewhere in the distance, — and the vessel went puffing away towards Castellamare. If the Emperor Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar could have looked down just then from the cloudy battlements of Capri, what would he have thought of that!

The great squares of shadow cast upon the street by the hotel and the adjoining buildings were deepening by degrees. Fitful puffs of air came up from the bay, — the early precursors of that refreshing breeze which the Mediterranean sends to make the summer twilights of Naples delicious. Now and then a

perfume was wafted to the balcony, as if the wind had stolen a handful of scents from some high-walled inclosure of orange-trees and acacias, and flung it at me. The white villas, set in their mosaic of vines on the distant hill-side, had a cooler look than they wore earlier in the day. The heat was now no longer oppressive, but it made one drowsy, — that and the sea air. An hour or more slipped away from me unawares. Meanwhile, the tide of existence had risen so imperceptibly at my feet that I was surprised, on looking down, suddenly to find the strada flooded with streams of carriages and horsemen and pedestrians. All the gay life of Naples, that had lain dormant through the heavy noon, had awakened, like the princess in the enchanted palace, to take up the laugh where it left off and order fresh ices at the cafés.

I had a feeling that Masaniello — he was still there — was somehow at the bottom of all this; that by some *diablerie* of his, may be with the narcotic fumes of that black cigar, he had thrown the city into the lethargy from which it was now recovering.

The crowd, which flowed in two opposing currents past the hotel, was a gayer and more smartly dressed throng than that of the morning. Certain shabby aspects, however, were not wanting, for donkey carts mingled themselves jauntily with the more haughty equipages on their way to the Riviera di Chiaia, the popular drive. There were beautiful brown women, with heavy-fringed eyes, in these carriages, and now and then a Neapolitan dandy — a creature *sui generis* — rode along-side on horseback. Every human thing that can scrape a vehicle together goes to the Riviera di Chiaia of a fine afternoon. It is a magnificent wide avenue, open on one side to the bay, and lined on the other with palaces and villas and hotels. The road leads to the Grotto of Posilippo, and on endless marvels beyond, — the tomb of Virgil, Lake Avernus, Baia, Cumæ, the Hellenic region among whose ruins vander the sorrowful shades of the gods. But the afternoon idler is not likely to

get so far; after a turn or two on the promenade, he is content to sit under the trees in the garden of the Villa Nazionale, sipping his sherbet dashed with snow, and listening to the band.

I saw more monks this day than I met in a week at Rome, their natural head-quarters; but in Naples, as in the Eternal City, they are generally not partial to busy thoroughfares. I think some religious festival must have been going on in a church near the Chiaia. A solemn, dark-robed figure gliding in and out among the merry crowd had a queer, pictorial effect, and gave me an incongruous twelfth-century sort of sensation. Once a file of monks — I do not remember ever seeing so many together outside a convent — passed swiftly under the balcony. I was near tumbling into the Middle Ages, when their tonsured heads reminded me of that row of venerable elderly gentlemen one always sees in the front orchestra chairs at the ballet, and I was thus happily dragged back into my own cycle.

It was a noisy, light-hearted, holiday people that streamed through the strada in the waning sunshine; they required no policeman, as a similar crowd in England or America would have done; their merriment was as harmless as that of so many birds, though no doubt there was in these laughing throngs plenty of the dangerous stuff out of which graceful brigands and picturesque assassins are made. But it was easier and pleasanter to discover here and there a face or a form such as the old masters loved to paint. I amused myself in selecting models for new pictures by Titian and Raphael and Carlo Dolce and Domenichino, to take the places of those madonnas and long-tressed mistresses of which nothing will remain in a few centuries. What will Italy be when she has lost her masterpieces, as she has lost the art that produced them? To-day she is the land of paintings, without any painters, — the empty cradle of poets.

I do not know that anything in the lively street entertained me more than the drivers of the public carriages. Like

all the common Neapolitans, the Jehus have a wonderful gift of telegraphing with their fingers. It is not a question of words laboriously spelled out, but of a detailed statement in a flash. They seem to be able to do half an hour's talking in a couple of seconds. A fillip of the finger-joint, and there's a sentence for you as long as one of Mr. Carlyle's. At least, that is my idea of it; it is merely conjecture on my part, for though I have frequently formed the topic of a conversation carried on in this style under my very nose, I never succeeded in overhearing anything. I have undoubtedly been anathematized, and, barely probable, been complimented; but in those instances, like Horatio, I took fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks. It is diverting to see two of these fellows meeting at a breakneck pace and exchanging verdicts on their respective passengers. May be one, with a gesture like lightning, says: "I've a rich English milord; he has n't asked for my tariff; I shall bleed him beautifully, *per Bacco!*" At the same instant the other possibly hurls back: "No such luck! A pair of foolish Americani, but they've a pig of a courier who pockets all the *buonamano* himself, the devil fly away with him!" Thus they meet, and indulge in their simple prattle, and are out of each other's sight, all in the twinkling of an eye.

The twilights in Southern Italy fall suddenly, and are of brief duration. While I was watching the darkening shadow of the hotel on the opposite seawall, the dusk closed in, and the street began rapidly to empty itself. A curtain of mist was stretched from headland to headland, shutting out the distant objects. Here and there on a jutting point a light blossomed, its duplicate glassed in the water, as if the fiery flower had dropped a petal. Presently there were a hundred lights, and then a thousand, fringing the crescented shore.

On our leaving Rome, the landlord had pathetically warned us of the fatal effects of the night air in Naples, just as our Neapolitan host, at a later date, let fall some disagreeable hints about the Roman malaria. They both were right. In this delicious land Death shrouds himself in the dew and lurks in all gentle things. The breeze from the bay had a sudden chill in it now; the dampness of the atmosphere was as heavy as a fine rain. I pushed back my chair on the balcony, and then I lingered a moment to see the moon rising over Capri. Then I saw how that bay, with its dreadful mountain, was lovelier than anything on earth. I turned from it reluctantly, and as I glanced into the silent street beneath, there was Masaniello, a black silhouette against the silvery moonlight.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

DAFFODILS.

THIS sunny day, so glad, so gay,
A song my blooming garden fills;
And she has come, the smiling May,
And strown her way with daffodils.

They nod to me, with glances free,
Till all my heart-complaining stills;
It is so good once more to see
My golden, golden daffodils.

A fairy ring, they sway, they swing,
Where'er the wayward west wind wills;
They time the melody of spring,
Those golden, golden daffodils.

Fair stars of May, they light the way,
Till I forget life's wintry ills,
For, oh, I see my darling stray
Adown among the daffodils.

Her hair is goldener than they,
Her laughter all my pulses thrills;
Ah, fleeting mirage of the May,
She wakes not with the daffodils!

Laura U. Feuling.

WHO PAYS PROTECTIVE DUTIES?

THE subject of Protection, in one form or another, for three generations has agitated the American mind and occupied the attention of the American Congress. Conflicting theories have met, not as abstractions, but in the field of practical legislation.

The statesman providing revenue to meet national expenditures must determine whether duties should be fixed at the lowest or at the highest rate that will give the necessary amount. Shall he consider revenue or protection as the principal object of tariff duties? Which shall be the chief purpose, and which the incident? A half century ago this began, and for many years continued, to be the absorbing thought and theme in American politics. The Northern enthusiasm during the free-soil campaigns, and the passions of the later war issues, aroused hardly less political excitement than when Henry Clay, the ablest champion of protection, vainly stirred the hearts of the people in its advocacy and defense. For brief periods his views controlled national legislation, but were never permanently established as the national policy.

Prior to the late war, the protective system received legislative recognition in only thirteen out of seventy-three years. Except during the periods from 1824 to 1833, and from 1842 to 1846, revenue was the chief object and protection the incident. In the memorable tariff contest of 1844, protection was signally overthrown, and in its place the tariff of 1846 established a revenue system that was vainly assailed for fifteen years, was changed only to satisfy the necessities of the treasury, and was further augmented to meet the enormous expenditures of the civil war. Nor even now can protection claim to have become the national policy. Most of the present excessive and in some cases prohibitory duties were not, when imposed, above the revenue rate.

Congress is again addressing itself to the revision of the tariff; the old strife is renewed; resistance, as heretofore, is made to any reduction of duties. It is urged that a protective tariff imposes no real taxation upon consumers, because, first, the duty is paid by the foreign producer seeking our market to compete with the domestic manufacturer; and sec-

ond, because prices are ultimately cheapened thereby, and the consumer gets his goods at a lower instead of an enhanced cost. It is further alleged that no industry is benefited at the expense of another, for by the diversification and employment of labor a better home market is afforded and the consumption of all products increases.

On the other hand, it is contended that the burdens of tariff taxation and the benefits of protection are unequally distributed to different sections and different industries; that in so far as a duty is protective, the prices of imported and of protected articles of the same kind are enhanced; and thus on the imports a tax, and on the domestic article a bounty, is collected from the consumer, only the former of which accrues to the treasury, while the latter goes to the domestic producer. These questions are to be determined after a careful examination of all the facts and logical consequences that must arise from them. It will not do to take an isolated instance; the whole field must be explored, and, if possible, causes that may have produced the given result must be ascertained and their effect estimated. Minds free from bias or unaffected by interest, it would seem, should come to the same harmonious conclusion. In such spirit let us array some facts exhibiting the effects of tariff laws upon the industry of the country.

Who receives the benefits of protection? How large are the interests, and how many receive the special fostering care of the government? The advocates of high duties claim to be the champions of national industry. How does their system affect the workers of the country?

AMERICAN LABOR.

The examination must not be confined to any selected narrow fields of industrial employment. American labor is not limited to special pursuits; it comprehends all the vocations which utilize and require the brain or muscle, skill or toil, of our people.

All employments, considered in their relations to foreign competition, may be classified into three divisions: one of these encounters foreign competition in the domestic market, another in the foreign market, while the third is unaffected by it in either.

In the first division will be found the so-called protected industries, which meet foreign products similar to their own in the home markets.

In the second are the producers of exportable commodities exchanged abroad for foreign products.

The third includes those engaged in local trades and industries, inland transportation, personal service, and professions.

Foreign and domestic labor cannot come in competition unless engaged in producing similar articles capable of transportation. The great body of workers whose pursuits require personal or local service, such as builders of all kinds, teachers, merchants, shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, clerks, porters, and house servants, and the long list of occupations and professions necessary for the business and convenience of every community, can have no direct foreign competition. They neither require protection nor can be protected, unless against foreign immigration. Neither can those engaged in producing articles exported in whole or in part be protected against competition in foreign markets. The competition abroad determines the price of the exported surplus, and lessens the price at home. The serfs of Russia, the peasantry of France, the coolies of India, compete with the American laborer, farmer, and planter, at the cattle, corn, and cotton exchanges of Great Britain and Europe. The benefits of protection, therefore, directly accrue to none but those engaged in the few industries meeting foreign competition, while the burdens imposed upon consumers must fall upon all classes, though not in equal degree.

The inequality and favoritism of this discrimination are exhibited by the census returns. There are three leading manufacturing industries which are de-

manding and now receiving protection to a greater or less extent. They numbered in 1870, as shown by the census reports, —

Manufactures.	Number employed.
Cotton manufactures	135,360
Iron and steel	139,982
Woolens and carpets	115,071
Total	380,422

Contrast their number with these non-protected employments: —

Blacksmiths	111,774
Carpenters and joiners	344,596
Boot and shoe makers	171,127
Railroad employees	154,027
Draymen, hackmen, and teamsters	120,756
Clerks in stores	222,504
Teachers	126,822
Masons	89,710
Painters	85,123
Carriage and wagon makers	42,000
Total	1,448,434

Take the aggregate of the whole number engaged in metals and textile fabrics, and note how small a proportion of all occupations are employed in these industries. The census again gives us their relative numbers as follows: —

Occupation.	Number employed.	Percentage.
All occupations	12,505,923	
Total agriculture	5,922,471	0.47
Total cotton, iron, steel, woolen, and worsted manufactures	380,422	0.03

In every division of labor each consumer will, if possible, fully compensate himself

for increased cost of material or expenses by a higher price for the product of his own labor; competition from those exempt from such burden will, however, prevent this, for the latter can afford to sell their products at the old price. The farmer and cotton-grower in vain attempt to reimburse themselves for the greater cost of their implements, clothing, and supplies. The general price in the markets of the world must determine the price of their cotton, grain, beef, pork, and other exports, and in part the value of the coarser farm products converted into these articles. They cannot throw off their tariff tax.

WHO PAYS PROTECTIVE TARIFF DUTIES?

In the early discussions it was admitted by intelligent and ingenious protectionists that the effect and purpose of protective duties were to give the domestic manufacturer a better price, and that the consumer of dutiable imports paid the duty imposed by a protective tariff.¹ But the system was defended on the ground that manufacturers needed aid while establishing their business, and then would take care of themselves and defy competition. This defense and these assurances were repeated from generation to generation.

Of late, however, it has been claimed for protection that it is not a tax upon one industry for the benefit of another industry; for its design is to impose taxes upon foreign producers, that do-

¹ John Quincy Adams, when a member of the house of representatives in 1832, in a report made by him as chairman of the committee on manufactures, discussed this question, and though himself a moderate protectionist said, —

“The doctrine that duties of import cheapen the price of the articles upon which they are levied seems to conflict with the first dictates of common sense. The duty constitutes a part of the price of the whole mass of the article in the market. It is substantially paid upon the article of domestic manufacture as well as upon that of foreign production. Upon one it is a bounty, upon the other a burden, and the repeal of the tax must operate as an equivalent reduction of the price of the article, whether foreign or domestic. We say, so long as the importation continues, the duty must be paid by the purchaser of the article. . . .

“The incidental effect of competition in the mar-

ket, excited, on the part of the domestic manufacturer, by the aggravation of duty upon the corresponding article imported from abroad, to reduce the price of the article, must be transient and momentary. The general and permanent effect must be to increase the price of the article to the extent of the additional duty, and it is then paid by the consumer. If it were not so, if the general effect of adding to a duty were to reduce the price of the article upon which it is levied, the converse of the proposition would also be true, and the operation for increasing the price of the domestic article would be to repeal the duty upon the same article imported, — an experiment which the friends of our internal industry will not be desirous of making. We cannot subscribe, therefore, to the doctrine that the duties of import protective of our own manufactures are paid by the foreign merchant or manufacturer.”

mestic consumers may obtain cheaper commodities, and this is its effect.¹ If this is true, the disinterested philanthropy of manufacturers is most remarkable. Since foreign producers pay the tariff tax, the manufacturers can secure no better prices thereby and have no pecuniary interest in the maintenance of the duty. Indeed, as through the tariff tax domestic consumers obtain cheaper commodities, it must be to the manufacturers' advantage to have no duty, so that commodities will not thereby be cheapened and their profits lessened by the lower price. But, either too generous to consider their own good, or ignorant of this great truth, they rush to Congress, and protest that the duties shall not be lowered on products similar to their own, and that there shall be no increase of duty on the material which they must use.

MANUFACTURERS' PROFITS.

If high duties lower prices, they necessarily lower profits. Yet the tabulated returns of dividends upon capital engaged in manufactures show that compared by tariff periods they increase and diminish with the rise and fall of tariff duties. If the consumer pays an enhanced price upon the import, the manufacturer can get a higher price for the similar domestic product, and consequently greater profits and higher dividends. The latter is the actual and logical result of higher prices. Some years ago a table was published, and by annual appendices has been continued, showing the yearly dividends of New England manufacturing companies. Grouped by tariff periods, they show the following average annual dividends: —

Year.	Average per cent. duty on dutiable imports.	Average dividends for periods.	Remarks.
1832	33.8	13.	Compromise tariff reduction one tenth biennially to 1841, thereafter 20 per cent.
1832 to 1834	32.8	11.40	
1835 to 1836	34.3	11.75	
1837 to 1838	31.6	7.25	
1839 to 1840	30.2	6.87	
1841 to 1842	26.6	5.	
1843 to 1846	32.5	12.44	High tariff.
1847 to 1857	24.1	6.36	Low tariff.
1858 to 1861	19.	6.71	Low tariff, 24 per cent
1862 to 1872	44.27	12.10	High tariff.
1873 to 1875	39.20	8.30	10 per cent. reduction

With reduction of duties profits diminish, increasing with the return of higher rates. The slender store of wealth of the infant industries our fathers consented to aid has swollen to nearly five hundred million dollars of invested capital. The census of 1870 gave as the value of the gross capital in

Iron and iron manufactures . . \$198,356,116
Textiles 265,084,095

To the demand for an abatement of the high tariff duties, the consumer is answered: You do not pay them, and you have no grievance. If these industries have grown strong and rich, it is not from your contributions. It is the foreign producer who pays the duty. He keeps up the revenues and relieves you from taxation. The duty is a tax upon

him, and not upon you. He ought to pay for the privilege of selling his goods in our markets.

LOSS THE PRODUCER MUST SUFFER IF HE PAYS DUTY.

If this be true, if by reason of the tariff foreign producers lower prices to the extent of the duty, which averages sixty per cent. on woollens and silks, forty per cent. on cottons, thirty-five per cent. on iron and steel, what enormous profits their business must have previously afforded to permit such reduction! The capital employed in manufacturing in this country is reported for 1870 at about one half the value of the annual product, and the dividends upon manufacturing capital have been annually from three

¹ Industrial Policies, page 59.

to fifteen per cent. in the New England States. In European countries, where the rate of interest is low, capitalists are satisfied with investments that return much lower dividends than here, and the dividends on manufacturing capital abroad probably do not average six per cent. The idea that to continue an unprofitable trade with a foreign country a manufacturer would not only forego all dividends, but actually sink from one fourth to one half of the capital employed in producing the exports to such country, is too preposterous for serious consideration. Out of \$2,000,000,000 of exports in 1874, France and Great Britain sent \$235,000,000 to the United States, upon which our tariff collected \$90,000,000 of duties. What sacrifices their manufacturers made! What losses they endured, if they paid the duty, to retain a footing in our markets! But the \$90,000,000 would be only a fraction of their loss. They have the world for a market and for customers. The concessions and decline in price to compete in our markets would compel a decline in price and entail a proportional loss upon all the exports and entire production of similar goods; for the competition of trade, and at the same time desire for profitable sales, would not long permit discrimination between purchasers, and a market price would be established for all customers.

FRENCH EXPORTS.

In 1872 France exported to the United States textile fabrics valued at \$45,042,959, upon which were paid in duties \$26,000,000. In the next year she exported to all countries goods of the same character, valued at \$193,078,859. Our tariff must, upon this theory, not only have exacted from her people \$26,000,000 in 1872, but have entailed upon them a loss in the succeeding year of nearly \$100,000,000.

BRITISH EXPORTS.

The total exports of Great Britain in 1874, to all countries, were valued at

\$1,098,702,180; to the United States, \$161,195,105. If the British manufacturers saved consumers here from paying the average forty per cent. duty by lowering their prices to that extent on all commodities, the annual loss would be over \$400,000,000. In 1873 the exports from the United Kingdom of manufactures of iron, steel, woolens and cottons to the United States and to all countries were valued as follows:—

	United States.	All countries.
Cottons . . .	\$26,093,731	\$386,318,060
Woolens . . .	48,016,959	153,716,855
Iron and steel	47,475,263	188,656,195
Total . . .	121,585,953	728,691,110

If, then, the British manufacturers reduce prices at home as much as the amount of the American duties on the cottons, woolens, and iron and steel exported to the United States, their loss would amount to more than twice the value of these exports sent to our market.

SCOTCH PIG-IRON.

The production and exportation of Scotch pig-iron will clearly exhibit the absurdity of this theory. According to the Bureau of Statistics, in 1870 there was produced 1,206,000 tons of pig-iron in Scotland.

	Tons.
The United States received of this . . .	97,170
Germany	87,101
Netherlands	68,606
France	40,000
All other foreign countries	132,232
England, Scotland, and Ireland	232,891
Local consumption	506,000

Is it reasonable to suppose that the Scotch iron - masters were selling pig-iron nine dollars less per ton than they would have sold it but for the American duty of nine dollars per ton? Their total loss, then, to place eight per cent. of their product upon the American market for that one year, was not only the \$874,530 duty on the 97,170 tons shipped to the United States, but nine dollars per ton on their entire production, amounting to a loss of \$10,854,000. To have

thrown the pig-iron exported to the United States into the sea would have saved them nearly \$8,000,000!

COMPARISON OF PRICES.

Doubtless the most reliable and satisfactory test is to compare average prices of staple commodities during successive tariff periods. Articles of variable demand or cost of production, and seasons of depression or activity, and particular instances or exceptional cases, cheapened or enhanced through newly discovered patented processes, establish no law and furnish no conclusion. Selected years can prove increase or reduction of price from the same duty. A late table of prices of rolled iron in Philadelphia give price

In 1864	\$146.46
In 1876	52.08
Reduction of price	94.38

but other years would show price

In 1860	\$58.75
In 1872	97.63
Increase of price from same duty	38.88

Actual experience, the real test, is found in the average of prices during successive periods. But in this investigation it must be again borne in mind that most commodities, especially manufactures, by means of new processes and inventions and the employing of natural forces and machinery, have progressively cheapened for more than a century. Then, the purchasing power of money is not constant, but rises and falls from decade to decade. A new process, protected by patents, unskillfully worked, producing an article in large demand, secures at first a high price, but the price falls with more skillful methods, and as the expiration of the patents occurs. An article like Bessemer steel might be taken, and the price when first made, under a newly discovered patent process, and during great demand, be compared with the price in later years, when continued improvements and further experiments had reduced the cost of manufacture to a minimum. To claim that such reduction of price is the result of

tariff protection is the height of absurdity and impudent assertion. In all comparison of prices allowance must be made for the influence that great modern discoveries and inventions, easier transportation and abundant motive power, have had to cheapen prices from year to year.

Selecting articles of the largest general production and consumption, of quality and description nearly uniform from year to year, what do we find in regard to prices? The data from which to make the comparisons for more than fifty years past have been gathered and preserved in the treasury reports under impartial secretaries like Corwin, Walker, Chase, and Boutwell. Among the monthly quotations of staple commodities are the prices of salt, and of pig and bar iron. Quotations in currency have been reduced to gold value, and average sales and prices taken.

SALT.

The wholesale prices of salt for fifty years in New York city give the following averages under different duties:—

Years.	Duty per bushel.	Price.	
		Liver-pool.	Turk's Island.
	Cents.		Cents.
1825 to 1830	20	\$2.34	50½
1831	15	1.92	50½
1831 to 1842	10	1.77½	37½
1842 to 1846	8	1.39½	32½
1846 to 1857	6	1.24½	29½
1857 to 1861	3	.77	19
1861 ¹	3	.73	20
1861 to 1872 ¹	12	1.50	33
1872 to 1875	5½	1.20	27

As a rule the table shows that the higher the duty the higher price the consumer pays.

PIG AND BAR IRON.

Grouping prices by tariff periods, the averages are:—

¹ Duty per one hundred pounds reduced to average rate per bushel.

Years.	Pig-Iron.		Bar-Iron.	
	Duty.	Price.	Duty.	Price.
1842	\$7.56 per ton.	Per ton. \$25.00	\$21.40 per ton.	Per ton. \$57.00
1843 to 1846	9.00 per ton.	33.25	25.00 per ton.	67.50
1847 to 1857	30 per cent.	28.50	30 per cent.	51.50
1858 to 1861	24 per cent.	23.50	24 per cent.	45.25
1862 to 1864	6.00 per ton.	25.65	18.96 per ton.	58.33
1865 to 1875	8.81 per ton.	33.72	21.79 per ton.	70.36

Note with the increase of duty the advance of the average price, and with reduction of duty the decline in price. Bar-iron is higher to-day, at this period of depressed prices, than the quotations in 1851, which averaged \$33 for September, and \$36.50 for the year.¹ Indeed, the average prices, reducing currency to gold, under the present rates compared with the prices under the tariffs of 1846 and 1857 have been:—

	1846.	1857.	1864.
Pig-iron . .	\$28.50	\$23.50	\$33.72
Bar-iron . .	51.50	45.25	70.36

Sound logic and, in the language of John Quincy Adams, common sense, as well as comparison of average profits and of average prices under different tariff periods, show that the consumers of imports pay the duties so far as they are protective.

It is not contended that the price of the imported or similar domestic article is in all cases enhanced to the extent of the duty, and the latter paid wholly by the consumer; the writer in 1870 asserted, and still maintains, that the duty sometimes falls wholly upon the home consumer, and sometimes is paid by the foreign producer; but usually its burden is shared, in a greater or less proportion, between them both. Whatever protection a duty secures must consist in permitting an enhancement of prices, or preventing foreign competition from lowering them. Where such protection, as is frequently the case, equals the duty, the tariff tax is borne by the home consum-

er. In answer to the demand that the present high rates of duties of sixty per cent. on woollens, forty per cent. on cottons, and thirty-five or more on iron must be maintained on account of the disparity of wages, taxation, and interest on capital here and in Europe, which it was alleged increased the cost of domestic manufactures to an amount proportioned to those rates, and necessitated an equal per cent. of protection to each, an exhibit of the enormous burden it would impose upon consumers and the contribution asked by manufacturers was prepared, showing the aggregate amount demanded by three leading industries. It was subsequently published in a contribution to this magazine, with a similar table, as an attempted answer, exhibiting the supposed burden occasioned by certain non-protective duties on articles which have no foreign competition in our markets, but are themselves largely exported.² The fallacy of such reply is evident on its face. It was not claimed that the protection—that is, the enhancement of price—equaled the duty; but were the protection then demanded for the difference in cost of production equal to the duty and extended in the same degree to all manufactures of those goods, it would be no overestimate of the burden of protection and the bounties it would give. It is not an answer to shift the ground of defense and allege that, because certain non-protective duties do not have such effect, therefore protective duties do not enhance prices and impose burdens upon and collect bounties from consumers. It is not contended that a duty neces-

¹ The range of prices, Finance Report, 1863-64, page 336.

² Atlantic Monthly, vol. xxxvi., page 308.

sarily enhances the price, but it is insisted that *a protective duty must sustain or advance prices to be protective*, and that when a duty ceases to have any effect upon the price paid by the consumer the duty ceases to be protective.

The plea for governmental aid is based upon the assumption that the industries benefited thereby could not exist without protection; that a reduction of the rates of duty will force their suspension and drive the persons employed therein to engage in other occupations.

The statistics of progress under the so-called free-trade tariffs of 1846 and 1857 do not sustain the assertion. The great industries claiming protection were neither abandoned nor prevented from attaining a healthy development. In the decennial period from 1850 to 1860 they increased faster than population. The value of manufactures was in 1850 \$1,019,106,616; and in 1860, \$1,885,861,676, a gain of eighty-seven per cent., while population for the same period gained but thirty-six per cent.

Compare the values of three of the leading industries at each of those periods, and note the progress recorded by the census.

VALUE OF THE MANUFACTURES SPECIFIED IN 1850
AND 1860.

Year.	Iron.	Cotton.	Woolens.
1850	\$73,234,380	\$65,501,687	\$43,207,545
1860	114,915,674	115,681,774	61,894,986

Their growth was continuous, steady, and healthy, leading rather than lagging behind other industries. New manufactures were started, coal and ore beds uncovered, and new mills and furnaces erected. True, an augmented increase appears in the next decennial. The enormous profits that inflated prices and prohibitory duties secured attracted capital to new manufacturing enterprises, until capacity for production outran the power of consumption. Those near to markets for supplies and sale of products, with cheap power, capital, and labor, would have prospered without protective duties, and continued production

without regard to competition or falling prices.

But no tariff duties appear to be able to save the others from suspension and loss. Their smokeless chimneys, silent machinery, idle laborers, and sunken capital show how costly, ruinous, and futile is a system of high duties that through its bounties starts and maintains enterprises that flourish only during the reign of high prices.

The condition of these industries, in favorable localities still profitable, in others mistakenly undertaken, now abandoned, is no fanciful picture. The land is full of these monuments of the cost and folly of the system which originated them.

While the non-protected industries, which no bounties had stimulated into an unhealthy growth, have not been checked in their development, almost all others since 1872 complain of business stagnated and profitless, and their capacity is but half employed. The Annual Report of the Iron and Steel Association for 1877, page 12, says: "Of 714 completed furnaces at the close of 1876, 236 were in blast, 478 were out of blast; of 713 furnaces at the close of 1875, 293 were in blast, and 420 were out of blast. The productive capacity of the furnaces of the country is at least twice the actual yield of either of the last two years." In 1872 there were 109 new furnaces built, and 39 projected for 1873.

PROTECTION SHOULD NOT BE PERPETUAL.

The advocates of tariff reduction and revision to a revenue basis insist that the promises made when duties were raised, over sixty years ago, and incessantly repeated, should be fulfilled. Temporary, not permanent protection was asked and conceded to build up infant industries. Mr. Newton, the chairman of the committee on manufactures, advised the house in 1816 that "should the national government, pursuing an enlightened and liberal policy, sustain and foster the manufacturing establishments,

a few years would place them in a condition to bid defiance to foreign competition."¹ Mr. Clay, who has been called the father of the protective system, pending the passage of the tariff bill of 1816, said, "The object of protecting manufactures is that we may eventually get articles of necessity made as cheap at home as they can be imported." . . . He believed that three years would be sufficient to place our manufactures on the desirable footing.²

Mr. Webster at the same time declared that "he was not prepared to say that the government was bound to adopt a permanent protection."³ Thirty years later the casting-vote of Vice-President Dallas passed the so-called free-trade tariff of 1846 in the senate. In explanation of his vote he said, "This exercise of the taxing power was originally intended to be temporary. The design was to foster feeble, 'infant' manufactures, especially such as were essential to the defense of the country in time of war. In this design the people have persevered, until these saplings have taken root, have become vigorous, expanded, and powerful, and are prepared to enter with confidence the field of fair, free, and universal competition."⁴

Thus spoke, thirty-two years ago, a statesman of Pennsylvania who had been familiar with the whole tariff contest from 1816 to that time, and the grounds upon which protection had been asked, defended, and at times granted. Yet a new generation renews the demand for temporary aid, and repeats the broken promises of its predecessors. Reduction of duties was again opposed in 1870, with the assurance, "Keep your duty high enough to induce other men to build furnaces and rolling-mills, and before five years you will find American iron cheapened to the markets of the world."

These five years have been prolonged to eight. The "saplings" that needed three years' nurture in 1816, that Dallas beheld in their vigor in 1846, that though mighty oaks in 1870 still dreaded the winds of free competition, ought now to stand alone. Let revenue again be the object of taxation. For thirty years the requirements of the public debt will demand custom duties that, though imposed for revenue, unavoidably afford high protection. Let them now be adjusted upon a revenue basis, and their incidental protection will scarcely be disturbed in this century. Stability will be more beneficial than temporary excessive bounty.

Horatio C. Burchard.

ABOUT MAGNANIMOUS-INCIDENT LITERATURE.

ALL my life, from boyhood up, I have had the habit of reading a certain set of anecdotes, written in the quaint vein of *The World's* ingenious Fabulist, for the lesson they taught me and the pleasure they gave me. They lay always convenient to my hand, and whenever I thought meanly of my kind I turned to them, and they banished that sentiment;

whenever I felt myself to be selfish, sordid, and ignoble I turned to them, and they told me what to do to win back my self-respect. Many times I wished that the charming anecdotes had not stopped with their happy climaxes, but had continued the pleasing history of the several benefactors and beneficiaries. This wish rose in my breast so persistently

¹ *Annals of Congress*, First Session, XIVth Congress, page 965.

² *Annals of Congress*, First Session, XIVth Congress, page 1272.

³ *Annals of Congress*, First Session, XIVth Congress, page 1271.

⁴ *Congressional Globe*, XXIXth Congress, First Session, page 1156.

that at last I determined to satisfy it by seeking out the sequels of those anecdotes myself. So I set about it, and after great labor and tedious research accomplished my task. I will lay the result before you, giving you each anecdote in its turn, and following it with its sequel as I gathered it through my investigations.

THE GRATEFUL POODLE.

One day a benevolent physician (who had read the books), having found a stray poodle suffering from a broken leg, conveyed the poor creature to his home, and after setting and bandaging the injured limb gave the little outcast its liberty again, and thought no more about the matter. But how great was his surprise, upon opening his door one morning, some days later, to find the grateful poodle patiently waiting there, and in its company another stray dog, one of whose legs, by some accident, had been broken. The kind physician at once relieved the distressed animal, nor did he forget to admire the inscrutable goodness and mercy of God, who had been willing to use so humble an instrument as the poor outcast poodle for the inculcating of, etc., etc., etc.

SEQUEL.

The next morning the benevolent physician found the two dogs, beaming with gratitude, waiting at his door, and with them two other dogs, — cripples. The cripples were speedily healed, and the four went their way, leaving the benevolent physician more overcome by pious wonder than ever. The day passed, the morning came. There at the door sat now the four reconstructed dogs, and with them four others requiring reconstruction. This day also passed, and another morning came; and now sixteen dogs, eight of them newly crippled, occupied the sidewalk, and the people were going around. By noon the broken legs were all set, but the pious wonder in the good physician's breast was beginning to get mixed with involuntary

profanity. The sun rose once more, and exhibited thirty-two dogs, sixteen of them with broken legs, occupying the sidewalk and half of the street; the human spectators took up the rest of the room. The cries of the wounded, the songs of the healed brutes, and the comments of the on-looking citizens made great and inspiring cheer, but traffic was interrupted in that street. The good physician hired a couple of assistant surgeons and got through his benevolent work before dark, first taking the precaution to cancel his church membership, so that he might express himself with the latitude which the case required.

But some things have their limits. When once more the morning dawned, and the good physician looked out upon a massed and far-reaching multitude of clamorous and beseeching dogs, he said, "I might as well acknowledge it, I have been fooled by the books; they only tell the pretty part of the story, and then stop. Fetch me the shot-gun; this thing has gone along far enough."

He issued forth with his weapon, and chanced to step upon the tail of the original poodle, who promptly bit him in the leg. Now the great and good work which this poodle had been engaged in had engendered in him such a mighty and augmenting enthusiasm as to turn his weak head at last and drive him mad. A month later, when the benevolent physician lay in the death throes of hydrophobia, he called his weeping friends about him, and said, —

"Beware of the books. They tell but half of the story. Whenever a poor wretch asks you for help, and you feel a doubt as to what result may flow from your benevolence, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and kill the applicant."

And so saying he turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

THE BENEVOLENT AUTHOR.

A poor and young literary beginner had tried in vain to get his manuscripts accepted. At last, when the horrors of starvation were staring him in the face,

he laid his sad case before a celebrated author, beseeching his counsel and assistance. This generous man immediately put aside his own matters and proceeded to peruse one of the despised manuscripts. Having completed his kindly task, he shook the poor young man cordially by the hand, saying, "I perceive merit in this; come again to me on Monday." At the time specified, the celebrated author, with a sweet smile, but saying nothing, spread open a magazine which was damp from the press. What was the poor young man's astonishment to discover upon the printed page his own article. "How can I ever," said he, falling upon his knees and bursting into tears, "testify my gratitude for this noble conduct!" The celebrated author was the renowned Snodgrass; the poor young beginner thus rescued from obscurity and starvation was the afterwards equally renowned Snagsby. Let this pleasing incident admonish us to turn a charitable ear to all beginners that need help.

SEQUEL.

The next week Snagsby was back with five rejected manuscripts. The celebrated author was a little surprised, because in the books the young struggler had needed but one lift, apparently. However, he plowed through these papers, removing unnecessary flowers and digging up some acres of adjective-stumps, and then succeeded in getting two of the articles accepted.

A week or so drifted by, and the grateful Snagsby arrived with another cargo. The celebrated author had felt a mighty glow of satisfaction within himself the first time he had successfully befriended the poor young struggler, and had compared himself with the generous people in the books with high gratification; but he was beginning to suspect now that he had struck upon something fresh in the noble-episode line. His enthusiasm took a chill. Still, he could not bear to repulse this struggling young author, who clung to him with such pretty simplicity and trustfulness.

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Well, the upshot of it all was that the celebrated author presently found himself permanently freighted with the poor young beginner. All his mild efforts to unload his cargo went for nothing. He had to give daily counsel, daily encouragement; he had to keep on procuring magazine acceptances, and then revamping the manuscripts to make them presentable. When the young aspirant got a start at last, he rode into sudden fame by describing the celebrated author's private life with such a caustic humor and such minuteness of blistering detail that the book sold a prodigious edition, and broke the celebrated author's heart with mortification. With his latest gasp he said, "Alas, the books deceived me; they do not tell the whole story. Beware of the struggling young author, my friends. Whom God sees fit to starve, let not man presumptuously rescue to his own undoing."

THE GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

One day a lady was driving through the principal street of a great city with her little boy, when the horses took fright and dashed madly away, hurling the coachman from his box and leaving the occupants of the carriage paralyzed with terror. But a brave youth who was driving a grocery wagon threw himself before the plunging animals, and succeeded in arresting their flight at the peril of his own.¹ The grateful lady took his number, and upon arriving at her home she related the heroic act to her husband (who had read the books), who listened with streaming eyes to the moving recital, and who, after returning thanks, in conjunction with his restored loved ones, to him who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, sent for the brave young person, and, placing a check for five hundred dollars in his hand, said, "Take this as a reward for your noble act, William Ferguson, and if ever you shall need a friend, remember that Thompson McSpadden has a grateful heart." Let us learn from this that a good deed cannot fail to

¹ This is probably a misprint. — M. T.

benefit the doer, however humble he may be.

SEQUEL.

William Ferguson called the next week and asked Mr. McSpadden to use his influence to get him a higher employment, he feeling capable of better things than driving a grocer's wagon. Mr. McSpadden got him an under-clerkship at a good salary.

Presently William Ferguson's mother fell sick, and William — Well, to cut the story short, Mr. McSpadden consented to take her into his house. Before long she yearned for the society of her younger children; so Mary and Julia were admitted also, and little Jimmy, their brother. Jimmy had a pocket-knife, and he wandered into the drawing-room with it one day, alone, and reduced ten thousand dollars' worth of furniture to an indeterminable value in rather less than three quarters of an hour. A day or two later he fell down-stairs and broke his neck, and seventeen of his family's relatives came to the house to attend the funeral. This made them acquainted, and they kept the kitchen occupied after that, and likewise kept the McSpaddens busy hunting up situations of various sorts for them, and hunting up more when they wore these out. The old woman drank a good deal and swore a good deal; but the grateful McSpaddens knew it was their duty to reform her, considering what her son had done for them, so they clave nobly to their generous task. William came often and got decreasing sums of money, and asked for higher and more lucrative employments, — which the grateful McSpadden more or less promptly procured for him. McSpadden consented also after some demur, to fit William for college; but when the first vacation came and the hero requested to be sent to Europe for his health, the persecuted McSpadden rose against the tyrant and revolted. He plainly and squarely refused. William Ferguson's mother was so astounded that she let her gin bottle drop, and her profane lips refused to do their office. When she recovered she said in

a half-gasp, "Is this your gratitude? Where would your wife and boy be now, but for my son?"

William said, "Is this your gratitude? Did I save your wife's life or not? tell me that!"

Seven relations swarmed in from the kitchen and each said, "And this is his gratitude!"

William's sisters stared, bewildered, and said, "And this is his grat —" but were interrupted by their mother, who burst into tears and exclaimed, "To think that my sainted little Jimmy threw away his life in the service of such a reptile!"

Then the pluck of the revolutionary McSpadden rose to the occasion, and he replied with fervor, "Out of my house, the whole beggarly tribe of you! I was beguiled by the books, but shall never be beguiled again, — once is sufficient for me." And turning to William he shouted, "Yes, you did save my wife's life, and the next man that does it shall die in his tracks!"

Not being a clergyman, I place my text at the end of my sermon instead of at the beginning. Here it is, from Mr. Noah Brooks's *Recollections of President Lincoln*, in *Scribner's Monthly*: —

"J. H. Hackett, in his part of Falstaff, was an actor who gave Mr. Lincoln great delight. With his usual desire to signify to others his sense of obligation, Mr. Lincoln wrote a genial little note to the actor, expressing his pleasure at witnessing his performance. Mr. Hackett, in reply, sent a book of some sort; perhaps it was one of his own authorship. He also wrote several notes to the president. One night, quite late, when the episode had passed out of my mind, I went to the White House in answer to a message. Passing into the president's office, I noticed, to my surprise, Hackett sitting in the anteroom as if waiting for an audience. The president asked me if any one was outside. On being told, he said, half sadly, 'Oh, I can't see him, I can't see him; I was in hopes he had gone away.' Then he added, 'Now this just illustrates the dif-

ficulty of having pleasant friends and acquaintances in this place. You know how I liked Hackett as an actor, and how I wrote to tell him so. He sent me that book, and there I thought the matter would end. He is a master of his place in the profession, I suppose, and well fixed in it; but just because we had a little friendly correspondence, such as any two men might have, he wants something. What do you suppose he wants?' I could not guess, and Mr. Lincoln added, 'Well, he wants to be consul to London. Oh, dear!'

I will observe, in conclusion, that the William Ferguson incident occurred, and within my personal knowledge, — though I have changed the nature of the details, to keep William from recognizing himself in it.

All the readers of this article have in some sweet and gushing hour of their lives played the rôle of Magnanimous-Incident hero. I wish I knew how many there are among them who are willing to talk about that episode and like to be reminded of the consequences that flowed from it.

Mark Twain.

THE "RANK AND FILE."

Oh, blow for the Hero a trumpet,
Let him lift up his head in the morn;
A glory of glories is battle,
It is well for the world he was born.
Let him joy in the sound of the trumpet,
And sun in the world's proud smile;
But what had become of the Hero,
Except for the "rank and file"?

Oh, grand is the Earth in her progress,
In her genius and art and affairs;
The glory of glories is progress,
Let the great find a joy in their cares.
Let the kings and the artists and statesmen
Look round them and proudly smile;
But what would become of the nation,
Except for the "rank and file"?

And when the brief days of this planet
Are all ended and numbered and told,
And the Lord shall appear in his glory,
And shall summon the young and the old,
For the Hero shall sound forth no trumpet,
For the great no welcoming smile;
Before the good Lord in his glory,
We are all "the rank and the file."

H. H.

THE SILVER QUESTION GEOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

MANY questions of a social nature can be fairly claimed by the geologist as coming within his domain, but of them all none are so bound up with his problems as those that concern the currency. Theoretically, at least, all civilized money is made from certain metals, or is supposed to be their shadow. These metals owe their value to the skill and labor necessary to extract them from their hiding-places in the earth. It is a well-accepted principle in political economy that the value or purchasing power of these precious metals depends upon the amount of labor required in their production; their advantage over the so-called base metals, iron, copper, etc., depends upon their power to demand labor for production. A pound of gold is worth several thousand times as much as a pound of iron, because it requires several thousand times as much labor to win it from the earth. A pound of diamonds brings in the market several thousand times as much as a pound of gold, because a proportionally greater amount of labor is requisite to acquire them. In the complicated equation that determines the value of the mass of gold and silver in the world, there enter, of course, a great variety of minor causes, — the amount of use of these metals in the arts, the wear of handling, the loss by buried and sunken treasure, etc.; but these are elements of relatively small value in comparison with the cost of production. It is from this that the geologist comes to have a right to raise his voice when all the rest of the world is making a babel. His art, in good part, owes its beginnings to the painstaking inquiries that men have been making for centuries into the question of getting the greatest amount of gold and silver at the least cost of labor; and he alone can pronounce an opinion as to the future sources of supply and the chance that the world has of receiving an even share of precious metals, decade by decade and century by cent-

ury, for the time to come. A moment's consideration will convince any one that the geologist's verdict, if he can give one on this point, has an importance that it is hard to overestimate. The history of the coin metals shows that their value has been subject to constant change: whenever gold has received a sudden access of production, it has fallen in purchasing power; and in its turn silver has had its variations, and whenever, by the devices of coinage, these variations have been hidden, the whole currency based upon them has been subject to fluctuations that have changed the money value of the day laborer's toil and all that depends thereon. These changes were at best troublesome and wrong-working in their effects, but they generally took place slowly, while debts in the old days were commonly matters of short reckoning. But among the many contrivances of modern civilization we must count the system of deferred indebtedness, by means of which each generation passes on to its successors a large share of the burden of its deeds. The expenses of the wars of Great Britain, which have given the little island its world-wide empire, were fairly laid, in the shape of a national debt, as a tax upon its people for all time. Now the weight of this burden upon the production of the kingdom will vary with the value of its coin standards. If the purchasing power of the ounce of gold doubles, this burden will be doubled; if it sinks to one half, the debt will be laid as a tax upon its holders. In the case of such an empire, it may be said that this is equalized among its people, and that the unfairness is no greater than in the average of human experience; but in the case of corporations, such as railway companies, cities, etc., where the debt is not held at home, the unfairness that time may work is purely evil, quite without compensation. It is evident that the weight of the loads we put upon posterity through

the system of bonded indebtedness will largely depend upon the yield of precious metals in the time to come. If the earth can give enough to replace the wear and tear of these metals and the needs of widening use, these debts may remain the same; if the supply shrinks, the burden on the debt payers is relatively enhanced; if it increases beyond the measure of growing needs, the debt holder is in part shorn of his due. The only chance of answering this question concerning the future supply of coinable metal is through the study of the sources whence flow the streams of precious metals into the field of commerce, and here the science of the earth must be our guide.

Before the geologist can answer the question as to the probable yield of gold and silver in future, he must make clear to the inquirer the general character of the laws that regulate the distribution of metals in the earth's crust, and their gathering into the lodes, veins, beds, and other places of deposit.

The older theories concerning the origin of metalliferous deposits are exceedingly curious and quaint, wrought with superstition and enkindled by the imagination that is naturally bred in the mystery of the mine. Into this tangle of guesses and traditions the methods of science have gradually crept, but as yet hardly any of its discoveries have become matters of popular information; a large part of the most important results of modern inquiries as to the genesis of mineral deposits has not yet found its way into many text-books. The popular view of the origin of gold and silver deposits is that these substances are derived from the deeper stores of the heated interior of the earth, and that they have been sublimated thence and borne up into the overlying rocks; recent observations have materially modified this view. It is now believed that all the metals are contained in sea-water, and have been present in such waters ever since the oceans came down upon the lands. It is furthermore believed that these substances come into the sea-water by the same processes which bring common salt into the sea, namely, by the

leaching of the land by the rain-water, which, armed with the carbonic acid gas given it by the decaying vegetable matter of the soil, is able to seize a part of almost all the substances it finds in the soil or in the rocks, through which it penetrates, and bear its waste away to the deep in the condition of complete solution, as sugar is dissolved in water. In this state gravitation has no hold upon the dissolved metals, and the particles of gold or silver washed away from the rocks of any district may be scattered by the ocean currents to the most remote waters of the globe. In the sea lives a vast variety of vegetable life; each of these species, after the law of its kind, takes from the sea-water a share of the various dissolved matters which it holds, just as the plants of the land take various substances from the decaying rocks that constitute the soil. Certain sea-weeds take up more of one substance, and others another; dying where they grow and succeeded by their kind, they gradually build a rock composed in the main of the substances which they have separated from the sea-water. Some weeds, as for instance the *Sargassum*, grow afloat in the water and sweep with the ocean stream into great eddies, such as the Sea of Sargasso, and then slowly rot and sink to the sea floor. Some animals, feeding on particular species of marine plants, take to themselves in this way peculiar substances, and when they possess particular parts of the sea floor they too help to build up rocks rich in certain substances.

In time these beds, laid down by particular animals and plants in the slow events of life and death, become buried beneath thousands of feet of subsequent deposits. We then come to the last stage of the processes of making a mineral vein. The rocks becoming heated by means of the internal fires of the earth, the beds above serve as a blanket to confine the heat that is always escaping from the earth. These heated rocks are now traversed by hot waters, whose movement is, in part, impelled by the heat itself; these waters creep through the closest knit rocks, bringing about

manifold changes in them. As they go downwards, the waters are continually taking more and more heat from the rocks; and each increase of heat makes it possible for the water to seize on more of the various substances contained in the rocks. When its course is turned upwards towards the surface of the earth, the water begins to cool; in its slow passage through the narrow avenues of the veins in the rocks, it begins to lay down the substances it has taken up in the lower parts of its course. Although heated water will take up a number of substances while it is at a given temperature, it will lay them down in a successive order as it cools, so that it tends to assort them as it leaves them in its course towards the surface. This brings the various materials into the grouped order in which we find them in veins and other deposits. With a brevity that leaves much that it would be desirable to say unsaid, this is an account of the way in which veins are now believed to be formed. It is easily seen that here, as in all other earthly successions, substances tread an eternal circle in the guidance of water and by the impulse of heat. Through water impelled by solar force the metal is worked out of the crumbling rocks and borne to the sea; by organic life, itself the creation of solar force, it is borne back to the rocks; thence, in time, it is to be taken once again upon its ceaseless journeys. To man as a hunter of precious metals, those forces which serve to concentrate the disseminated metal into the open fissures of the rocks are matters of first importance. Out of the abundant facts and theories that the literature of the subject affords, we may select the following points which have for our purpose the greatest significance: It is only among the rocks which have been greatly changed by heat and the agents that work therewith that we find veins containing ores of gold. These rocks are generally among the older beds of the earth's surface, for the newer rocks have rarely received the deep burial which is necessary in order to bring the heat and other agents of change to bear upon them. These ancient rocks exist

everywhere over the earth, but of those parts of them that lie under the land more than nine tenths are so deeply buried beneath the newer beds, that bear no gold veins, that all access to their gold-bearing veins is cut off. Of the accessible area, equal to about one tenth of the land surface which has undergone enough metamorphism to bring its gold into veins, much is barren, for owing to the small amount of the metal brought into its rocks while they were being deposited on the old sea floors, or to some other cause, the amount of gold they contain in their veins is exceedingly small, — too small for profitable working. Such is the character of most of the New England region. Throughout this area we find in its older rocks veins which are meagrely supplied with gold enough to beguile industry to failure, and no more. The same may be said of Scandinavia, Switzerland, Great Britain, the Dominion of Canada, and many other regions, where rocks in all other respects sufficiently like those of our Golcondas bear no rich stores of wealth in their veins, though they all show some traces of precious metals. So that of the auriferous districts, as we may call all the regions where the veins show perceptible quantities of gold, probably not one third of the area affords any deposits which will give a profitable return for the labor of extracting the ore from its matrix, taking labor at the cheapest and gold at the dearest rate that they ever have coincidentally had in the history of mining.

There are yet large parts of the surface of the earth about which we know too little to form any opinion as to their resources in the way of precious metals. Yet we may fairly claim that more than one half the areas likely to contain gold have been to a greater or less degree explored. Europe, which has a relatively small area of possible gold fields, is already well stripped of its stores. No important discoveries of gold-bearing deposits have been made within fifty years, and despite cheap labor and government aid, the supply from its fields is steadily running down. The same may be said of the known Asiatic fields; a

large part of that continent likely to bear gold has never been thoroughly explored by any people likely to have cunningly sought for precious metals, but its old sources of supply, as well as those of Europe, are steadily failing. With the downfall of the Turkish empire it seems probable that many of the ancient mines may be restored to production, especially as by the modern methods miners are now able to penetrate where the old untrained workers were balked by difficulties. But at present those localities of the Old World which supplied the gold of coinage and the arts for all the centuries up to the sixteenth of our era are essentially unproductive. The sixteenth century set the world again in search of the Golden Fleece, and the Argonauts brought great stores from the New World. These stores were at first of gold, for with the natives of the Spanish American countries silver, if not unknown, was but little valued; but soon the new continents began to yield silver as well, and both the precious metals came from the western world in abundance. At first it was Mexico and the west coast of South America that furnished the supply, but gradually the productive area widened. The Brazilian field soon began to furnish great quantities of gold, and has retained a fair productiveness for over a century. The first half of this century saw the beginning of gold mining within the United States: the Dahlonega district, including the western parts of Georgia and the Carolinas and Central Virginia, began a moderate production which has served as a spur to imprudent investment ever since; the second half of this century saw the beginning of the Californian gold industry, and that equally fruitful field that has been given by the Australian archipelago. With this last discovery the gold hunters fairly finished their voyage around the earth. For centuries they have driven the flags of a dozen states against the darkness of the farther seas. In Australia they came at last back to the great district in which lay the Ophir of Solomon. The search for gold had now led to the discovery of

it on every continent and upon the shores of many of the great islands of the seas; every continent had now paid its golden tribute to man. Henceforth he must extend his supplies by closer searching in the fields already known to him, by more skillful processes, or a greater share of toil.

The possibilities of a greater extension of gold mining in the regions where men have long delved is the most important question the student of bullion production has to inquire into. He will first notice that every European source has been gradually shrinking in its supply. The Ural Mountains, the Hungarian mines, the sands of the river Rhine, the Spanish mines, — among the largest worked of any in the world, — have all been more or less steadily decreasing their yield, despite the wonderful growth in resources of mining and metallurgical arts during the past two centuries. The possible devices of the chemical and mechanic arts in the extraction and treatment of ores are doubtless well-nigh at their best, so we cannot expect any improvement in production on the continent of Europe. The British gold mines are regarded as hopeless failures by those most competent to judge of their resources. The mines of Siberia show the same steady decline. Hindostan and the neighboring islands, except Borneo, perhaps the most permanently productive of all gold areas, have shown no inviting field to the explorers. Africa has been a steady though small producer of gold, but seems to forbid the access of the outer world by almost insuperable obstacles, though there can be no doubt, from the little we know of its geology, that it presents one of the fairest fields for gold production in the future, as it has perhaps a larger proportion of its area underlaid by rocks of a gold-bearing stamp than either of the other continents. There can be little doubt that the gold veins of North America have already given us the cream of their gold production, or that which can be won at small cost, and what is hereafter to be obtained must be had at the expenditure of a much greater proportion of labor

than hitherto. The South American localities show no gain of recent years; Brazil reached its climax in the eighteenth century, and has been steadily decreasing since that time, until at present it gives but a small fraction of its greatest yield. The islands of the South Pacific have attained their climax, and they too are descending in the scale of production. Wherever we turn, the experience of mining for gold seems to point to the conclusion that the yield is essentially unstable, and that of metals which have been greatly sought for by man it is the one which can be least expected to give a steady and uniform return for the expenditure of a given amount of labor.

The paroxysmal nature of the gold supply in any district has been in part brought about by the fact that in each gold district the accessible store exists in two quite dissimilar conditions: first, in the shape of disseminated gold, the waste from the wearing of the lodes of the district, which on account of its weight is not readily swept into the sea, but remains as lumps in the sands of the rivers and pockets in their beds; and, second, in the shape of lodes or veins which yield their gold either in a metallic state or in various compounds with other substances. When a country is discovered to contain gold it is almost always these deposits of the first class that afford the first supplies. By washing the sands and grubbing in the pockets of the rivers a vast supply of gold, the product of the erosive decay of centuries, is won. After a few years of search the cream of these supplies is taken away, and the gold hunter must prepare to assault the sources whence they were derived, and with gunpowder, pick, and stamps make a costly imitation of the processes by which nature prepared for him the other store. Though great successes may here and there attend these efforts, it may be fairly questioned whether, counting the failures as well as the successes, there has been any gain of gold through these processes above a fair return upon the capital and labor invested. It is a reasonable conclusion from past experiences that

each gold district where veins are steadily worked will yield gold for a much greater time than it would from placer washings alone, but will yield it in a gradually diminished ratio to the labor expended. There is a vulgar idea that the supply of precious metals grows greater with the depth of the mines. This is not the case, as every extension of the works downwards is attended by an increase of the cost of production. Moreover, as the stored-up force of the coal beds is almost always remote from the source of supply of gold, the cost of lifting ore and water from deep workings soon becomes very great.

The question of future supply of gold is made more complicated owing to the introduction of what is termed hydraulic mining. In a certain sense hydraulic mining is the aboriginal method of procuring gold. Almost as soon as a people rise above the lowest levels of barbarism they begin to wash the gold-bearing sands of their streams, or at least to turn them over for their gold. The pan and the sluice, in their many simple modifications, have long been in use all the world over. To California is due the credit for the ingenious extension of this process, whereby the water, gathered at a higher level, is made to discharge itself in a concentrated stream through a nozzle against the clay or gravel cliff from which the gold is to be obtained. Thrown with the pressure of some hundred and fifty feet or more of head through a tube contracted from a foot in diameter or more to an aperture of two or three inches, these streams can daily tear away thousands of cubic yards of the toughest clays and cemented gravels. The ruin which the flood of water bears away is passed through long sluices into which quicksilver is poured. The quicksilver catches the fine gold as it passes by, and cements it into an amalgam which lies in the "riffles" or pockets made in the bottom of the sluice. This method greatly reduces the amount of labor involved in washing a given body of gravel or clay. The old-fashioned way of working required many times as much gold in the gravel in order to pay as does this

new method. The old washing processes were limited to the neighborhood of the streams, where the sands, having been washed and reworked by the rains, were rich in gold, and where they were not buried beneath a thick cover of unprofitable beds. The hydraulic method enables the miner to attack with profit the gravels remote from the streams, where he may have to tear away a cubic yard of material in order to win five or six cents' worth of gold. It has at the same time made him a very destroying angel. In all his varied search for hidden stores of wealth in the present and past, his ravages have been limited to the soiling of streams and blackening of the land; this last device enables him to tear away the very surface of the earth, reducing fair plains to deserts, and filling the rivers to their brim with the waste of the fields they once made fertile.

There can be no doubt that through this disastrous invention vast areas will be made productive in gold that have hitherto yielded little of this metal. So far it has been used only in California, where the conditions are not as favorable for its use as in many other countries. It seems likely that with the extension of this process to regions far richer in water, we may enter upon a brief period of unparalleled gold production. A considerable part of Vermont, where even now a man may make by the old ways of working a small wage for his labor, seems fitted for this base use. In the western parts of the Carolinas and Georgia, the rocks containing gold are decayed to a considerable depth, and in the old gold fields of Brazil and other tropical districts, where we find the same rotten conditions of the rocks characteristic of all regions beyond the domain of the last glacial period, this method will in time be applied. It is also likely that some of the abandoned workings of the Ural and Siberian mines may be advantageously worked by it. There can be no doubt that it will for a short time very greatly increase the amount of gold thrown into active use, and that with its extension we may fairly expect two great evils: the sudden increase of the

gold supply, tending to a fall in the purchasing power of the metal, and the devastation of some of the beautiful valleys of the world. After this period of spasmodic production we may anticipate a return to a steadily diminishing yield arising from the gradual exhaustion of gold found in lodes.

Let us now examine the conditions of occurrence of silver, the twin metal of currency with gold for nearly the whole of the coin period of human history. It seems pretty clear that the general history of silver is much the same as that of gold; it is known to exist in the waters of the sea in pretty large quantities, — so large, indeed, that it has been suspected that the sea gives up silver to the copper covering of ships, it being claimed that it is profitable to rework the sheathing of ships that have sailed many voyages, to obtain the silver they have taken up from the passing water.

The process of change that brings the dissolved silver of the sea-water into the deposits of the rocks, where we find it, is without doubt essentially the same as in the case of gold. There is, however, this peculiarity about silver: it is very frequently associated in considerable quantities with lead and with copper; in its association with the former metal it is often found deposited in districts where the evidence goes to show that the deposits have not required the intervention of highly-heated waters. The conditions favoring its occurrence in forms suitable for the miner's needs came about much more often in the workings of our earth's laboratories than in the case of gold. The result is that the area over which silver may be profitably sought is much greater than that over which gold may be searched for to advantage. In Europe, Norway, Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, and Spain have continued the production of silver for centuries with a steadiness not equaled in any other mining industries. In the Peruvian and Bolivian districts of South America the yield has had something of the paroxysmal character common to all gold districts, but this irregularity is apparently due as much to bad

government as to any irregularity in the supply. Chili, where the government has been reasonably good, maintains a steadily increasing outpour of silver. There can be no doubt that in the future production of this metal the mines of the Andean district will be among the largest contributors. Mexico and the extension of the Cordilleras to the north and within the United States partake in the abundance of silver which seems given to the Pacific coast of the Americas in a singularly great share. By far the larger part of the silver furnished to the markets of the world has been from this great mountain chain. In three centuries the Potosi mines alone yielded over twelve hundred millions of dollars' worth of silver; and in the same time the Mexican mines poured out about twice this quantity. The other mines in this Cordilleran chain have brought up the sum somewhere near five thousand millions of dollars. The American continents are, it would seem, proportionately more richly stored with the ores of silver than those of any other metal.

Besides the silver-bearing beds which are rich enough in silver to deserve the name of silver mines, there are many mines, which are mainly worked for other metals, that still furnish considerable amounts of silver: most lead-bearing ores yield a quantity of silver that pays for the additional labor required to win it from its combinations; the same may be said of copper ores. Although these sources of supply are but moderate, they are constant, and in so far act to secure that steady production of the metal which is of the first importance to its use as a standard of value.

The relatively ready oxidization of silver, its relative lightness, and its unfrequent occurrence in disseminated grains account for the important fact that it is never found in river deposits or other places where it can be readily won by the miner. Furthermore, only a small part of the deposits that can be drawn upon in case of need have yet contributed to the supply of the world. Silver mining in Asia, Africa, and Australia can hardly be said to exist. There are,

doubtless, very many sources of supply yet untouched, as before noted. Most gold districts are first explored for gold which is scattered through their river sands; it is only at a later state of the prospecting that miners seek the lodes whence, by the wear of the surface, the scattered gold has been obtained. There are no such natural guides to silver deposits as there are to those of gold. It is only by rare accidents or careful prospecting that deposits of this description are found. It follows from these diverse conditions of occurrence of gold and silver that the former metal must be produced with far less steadiness than the latter. In 1854, Professor J. D. Whitney, the distinguished author of the work entitled *The Metallic Wealth of the United States*, sums up the careful study which he gives there of the sources of supply of these two precious metals in the following words: "Silver is, in a geological point of view, the metal best adapted for a standard of value, since, possessing all the valuable qualities that make gold suitable for that purpose, it is not liable to those fluctuations in its production to which this latter is exposed." The experience of the quarter century that has elapsed since this important conclusion, gained through the most painstaking labor, was announced has shown nothing to disturb the grounds on which it rests. The rapid rise and rapid fall of the supply from the California and Australia fields, then but beginning to yield their harvests; the invention of the hydraulic process, which threatens an inundation of gold greater than any that has yet occurred, point to the same conclusion, namely, that gold, essential as it is to our currency, is too irregular in its supply to afford, used by itself alone, the very first condition of a commercial standard. A currency measured in gold alone would run the fatal risk of profound oscillations of value, arising from the very great differences in the yield of this metal. There is hardly a product of human industry representing anything like such large value, the cost in labor of which has varied more within the last half century,

or is likely to vary more in the century to come, than gold. It is true that the volume of gold now in currency is so great that very considerable changes in the rate of production can take place without manifesting themselves in the purchasing power of the mass; but the drain made upon gold in the economic and æsthetic arts, always large, and increasing with each advance in wealth and luxury, requires a steady contribution to the trade reservoir of the metal to keep it from dangerous shrinking.¹ With every existing source of supply of a permanent nature decreasing, and with the promise of a series of spasmodic variations in production, arising from the extension of the hydraulic process to new areas, it is evident to the geologist that gold cannot be looked forward to as an embodiment of unvarying value.

Silver, on the other hand, gives a promise of steady yield in the future which is not afforded by gold. The sudden acceleration of production during the last few years, due in the main to the marvelous and unexampled extension of mining industry to the vast metalliferous region of the Cordilleras of North America, great though it has been, is not, considering the volume of silver, proportionately as disturbing in its effects as the inundations of gold from California, Nevada, and Australia have been. The Comstock lode is the accident of a century. Except for it the silver production of the Americas has had a singular steadiness during the last fifty years. The yield of this lode has, moreover, been about as disturbing upon the gold supply as upon that of silver, for over forty per cent. of its product has been in gold. The recent alarm about the overproduction of silver has been to a great extent founded on the production of this mine. Prodigious as this has been in the past, there is no reason to anticipate anything like the same yield in the future, and in

the centuries of search for silver on these continents, there have been but three sudden movements of production,—those which have come from the Potosi, the Mexican, and the Nevada mines. There is no evident reason why within a few years the production of silver should not again fall to its average rate. Owing to the extensive demand for silver in Asia, its rapid wear and its great use in table furniture, a very few years will fast drain away the existing surplus when the Nevada supply is withdrawn. Over a hundred years passed between the culmination of the silver production at Potosi and the period of greatest production in Mexico, and over fifty years between the time when the latter began rapidly to decline and the beginning of the prosperous days of the Nevada and Colorado silver mines. Each year makes it less and less probable that the world is to see new discoveries leading to such sudden movements of production. All the indications point to the steady yield of silver and to the unsteady yield of gold in the century to come.

RATE OF PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER DURING THE FIRST THREE QUARTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY IN MILLIONS AND TENTHS OF MILLIONS STERLING.

	Gold. Million £.	Silver. Million £.	
1800	2.6	7.7	Humboldt.
1809-29	1.6	3.6	Jacob. (Doubtful, probably an underestimate.)
1845	2.3	6.2	Whitney.
1852	36.5	8.1	Compiled by Sir H. Hay
1853	31.0	8.1	
1854	25.4	8.1	
1855	27.1	8.1	
1856	29.5	8.1	
1857	28.6	8.1	
1858	24.9	8.1	
1859	24.9	8.1	
1860	23.8	8.2	
1861	22.7	8.5	
1862	21.5	9.0	
1863	21.3	10	
1864	22.6	10	
1865	24.0	10	
1866	24.2	10	
1867	22.8	10	
1868	21.9	10	
1869	21.2	9.5	
1870	21.3	10	
1871	21.4	12	
1872	19.9	13	
1873	19.2	14	
1874	18.1	14	
1875	19.5	16	

¹ Mr. Ernest Seyd estimates the gold and silver now in use in the world as money as follows:—

Gold, full value £750,000,000
 Silver, full value 505,000,000
 Silver as "change" 145,000,000
 or about \$3,700,000,000 gold, and about \$3,300,000,000 silver.

Thus it is seen that within the century

the production of gold has varied about eighteen fold, of silver about two fold.

A very little consideration of this table will show that the variations in the production of gold and silver have served to neutralize the disturbing effect of the one on the other; the outflow of silver rising while that of gold decreases, and *vice versa*. Besides the ordinary action of chance that serves to bring about this effect, there is an especial influence which arises from the diminished profit coming from the depreciated price of the overproduced metal. This is seen at the present moment, in that many silver mines are not paying which would pay at the value of silver in 1860, and many other possible mines will not be opened while the value of the metal is falling. The effect of these causes on the total volume of currency metals gives a compensating correction to our standards of value which would not exist in case a currency of only one metal were used.

If silver is abandoned as a circulating medium by the civilized world, it will doubtless in time be forced out of use among the silver-consuming peoples of Asia, who for centuries have taken this metal in enormous quantities, putting it into ornaments and into buried hoards. Owing to the reduced field of its use, gold will then, with the present rate of supply, become worth more labor than it is now; the result will be an added stimulus to hydraulic mining, or a premium on the destruction of river-valleys that may be so unfortunate as to contain gold.

The total quantities of gold and silver in use in 1871 as coin and bars, held by banks or dealers, excluding utensils, ornaments, or buried hoards, is estimated by Mr. Ernest Seyd to be, gold seven hundred and fifty, silver six hundred and fifty, millions sterling. It would probably require all the gold produced in thirty more years, at the present rate, to replace the silver in the world's currency.

¹ It is worth while to trace the curious history of platina as a coin metal. Soon after its discovery in the Ural, in 1824, the Russian government began to coin it in pieces with a value of about five and ten dollars each. Though platina has always held a value much above silver, being now about five to one, and although several million dollars of this coinage was made, it did not succeed, and was aban-

cy. At the average rate of production during the century it would require somewhere near the whole amount produced since 1800. The reader may imagine the disturbance to the value of gold that this would bring about. Probably it is easier to propose such changes than to effect them.

It is clear that there are no other metals which can ever be made to do satisfactory duty in a coinage as representatives of value.¹ The ancient choice of the world that, among all possible representatives of value, gold and silver should be money is fully warranted by the inquiries of those who have made the earth the subject of their special study. The geologist is naturally led, from his point of view, to doubt the policy of suppressing the old use of either of these metals. The peculiar convenience of gold lies in its capacity to pack a large amount of labor into a small bulk. Against this advantage must be set the irregular yield, and the destruction of rivers and their valley lands arising from the modern hydraulic process of extracting gold from aluminum. In favor of silver may be set the fact that it embodies much labor in a small mass, though in a less degree than gold. Its production in proportion to the amount in use is, in the long run, more steady than that of gold. It is produced by larger areas, and the mining industries it creates are more permanent. Furthermore, there is no risk of its search entailing the destruction of large tracts of tillable ground and the filling up of river beds.

The attentive student of the earth, seeing that only these two metals are fit for the peculiar uses of currency, may be permitted to doubt the policy of excluding either of them from the current use to which the common sense of our race has dedicated both from immemorial time. It is the especial task of the statesman to determine whether it is done after a quarter century of trial. The supply was deemed too unsteady and the public resistance too great to make the experiment worth continuance. After a quarter century of effort the scheme was abandoned. There can be no doubt that platina has more valuable qualities than either gold or silver. It is extensively disseminated, yet never likely to be found in permanent abundance.

possible to keep these two metals at work at the same time in making the exchanges of commerce. With this task the geologist, though he feels he has a right to meddle with many things, has clearly nothing to do. He may be at the most allowed to doubt whether the experience of the last decade has been sufficient to warrant the giving up of this effort at the adjustment of the diverse values of these metals, after thousands of years have shown that the world could manage to use them together. This question should not be connected with the remonetization of silver by the United States. The problem cannot be met by any individual state, especially in the way we have sought to meet it, without doing a bitter injustice to the rights of mankind, and sowing the seed of the very wrongs that it is the first object of all government to avoid. There is danger, however, that the present excitement concerning the silver question will commit the commercial states of the world to the sole use for currency of a metal of which the future is very doubtful; a metal liable to profound variations of value, — variations which would have already been much more damaging than they have been were it not for the fact

that the world has not been dependent on it alone for the actual volume and value of its currency. Commerce has had two good and faithful servants in these two precious metals. It does seem better to try to keep them both, despite the fact that they do not always pull together, rather than take the risks of putting all the work upon either one, especially when it is clear that either is liable to great variations in its power to perform its allotted functions. If they can be kept in use together, the variations in supply of the one are likely to counteract the variations of the other. These changes may require not infrequent changes in the relative value put upon these metals, and an accord thereon between the civilized states; but, perplexing as such matters of administration may be, it is better to face them than to run the risk of taking as the sole measure of exchange a metal which, from its tricky and uncertain ways, better deserves the name of mercury than its slippery companion. If steadiness in production over centuries of time is a necessary quality in the substance taken as a commercial standard, then gold is not to be trusted out of the company of its steadier-gaited companion.¹

N. S. Shaler.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.

WE cannot see that the present time, when so few books of any sort are bought, is less abundant than the most prosperous season in books of verse. Possibly the publishers feel that one time is no worse than another for poetical ventures, and so launch themselves as fearlessly

upon the flood-tide of adversity as if it led on to fortune. The poet's own part in the risk, if he is quite a new name, it is always pathetic to consider; though why it should be more pathetic to consider the loss of hopes than the loss of money we are not ready to say; and our

¹ The literature having any distinct bearing on the problem proposed in this article is very limited, but the following titles may be found useful to the student: J. D. Whitney, *Metallic Wealth of the United States*, with brief accounts treating of the production of other countries; R. W. Raymond, *Reports on the Statistics of Mines and Mining in the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains*.

The Report from the Select Committee on the Depreciation of Silver to the Parliament of Great Britain, 1876 ("blue book") abounds in valuable matter. Also, for a discussion of the relations of organic life to the formation of ore deposits, see *Reports of Progress of the Kentucky Geological Survey*, vol. ii. (new series), part viii.

sympathy for the new poets may flow from an impression that it is commonly at their cost that the publisher makes his bold experiments. These generalities cannot apply to writers so well known as Mr. Trowbridge,¹ Mrs. Moulton,² and Mrs. Piatt,³ whose books come first upon our list, nor do we know that the opening generalities of critical papers are ever intended to apply to anything in them. We notice that their authors cut loose from them at the earliest practicable moment, and are careful not to refer to them afterwards if they can help it.

Mr. Trowbridge's quality as a poet long since made itself felt, and he holds by virtue of several striking poems, or a certain striking kind of poem, a fairer place in literature than his prose would give him. He is so generally known as a writer for young people that the public does not always remember what good work he has done for their elders, though there are some short stories of his better for comic force, for observation of character, and for dramatic expression of character than the best on which greater reputations are based. In poetry his value is more fully recognized. He is known to do a sort of poem, like *The Vagabonds* (in which he first struck the key-note), *One Day Solitary*, and *Sheriff Thorne*, with an authoritative and unrivaled vigor; just as Mr. Stedman is known to do a New York kind of poem with exquisite feeling, and as Mr. Aldrich is known to do a kind of delicate, humor-touched love lyric with inapproachable grace. But we should lose a great deal that is very good in this world if we kept men strictly to their best, their second-best is often so admirable; and if we confined Mr. Trowbridge to the sort of poem in which he is most creative, we should be doing him an injustice and ourselves a useless displeasure. In a great variety of other poems he shows the poet's keen sympathy with nature, and the thinker's serious sense of life; in yet others he charms us with some of the finest strokes

of the story-teller's skill. In the five poems which go to make up *The Book of Gold* he is always a story-teller, though the range from the gravity of the first to the gayety of the last is very wide. In the first he has imagined a very touching phase of that old story of the helplessness of one man to profit by the very means which he has furnished to save another. The physician cannot heal himself; the comedian, dying of melancholy, despairs when advised to go and see himself play; in *The Book of Gold*, a poet is discovered on the death-bed to which his vices have brought him by the man whom his poem had enabled to resist temptation, and who repeats to him the lines which saved him. The immense pathos, the sorrowful consolation of the situation, speaks in the poet's cry: —

"Thank Heaven, if it has helped to save a single soul!

Enough, O friend! But you are here to gain
A deeper lesson than its leaves contain;
Since he whose words can save himself may be
Among the lost."

The story is very well told, and the conscientiously modern character of the setting is managed with interesting skillfulness. It is a poem which will go to many hearts, and will be all the more effective for its quite unaffected simplicity. The poet grapples in it with artistic difficulties which seem to have beset realistic narration in heroic verse almost from its first use in that way. There is no good reason why this vehicle should not lend itself as readily to such a purpose as the swinging ballad metre which Mr. Trowbridge employs in this volume in the touching story of *Aunt Hannah*; but it does not, as any one who reads the two pieces may see, and it never has done so. It is not so reluctant where the subject is humorous, but this epic verse will not go willingly with a serious theme, if the theme is modern and realistic. Almost any other verse will go better; the hexameter goes best of all. Good as Mr. Trowbridge's story is, we feel that it would have been better but for those loath decasyllables; yet that it

¹ *The Book of Gold, and other Poems.* By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

² *Poems.* By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

³ *Poems in Company with Children.* By MRS. S. M. B. PIATT. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

mated itself to them in the poet's mind is a great reason in favor of them. We think he touches a higher poetic level in the ballad (if we may call it so) of Aunt Hannah, which we find very pathetic, and told with a tender grace which springs from sympathy with homely reality. It is fortunate, of course, in a strong and simple motive; so fortunate that one marvels, as one often must, that as life is full of such motives, literature should commonly go out of its way for artificial and feeble ones. It is not quite novel, — the girl forsaken on her wedding-day, and growing brave and good out of her despair, — but since we are so moved by it, we see that those old themes may be played again and again, and if the musician is himself sincere they will not weary. Tom's Come Home is a poem of still homelier material; it is nothing but the return of a young fellow to the farm homestead; what gives it hold upon the sympathies and imagination is the certainty with which the young fellow's good-heartedness, and the tenderness with which the love and pride in the old hearts that welcome him back, are felt. The old father, whom the children run to call from the field, is almost a farm-worn presence to the eye:

 . . . "lame and gaunt and gray,
Coat on arm, half in alarm,
Striding over the stony farm,
The good news clears his cloudy face,
And he cries, as he quickens his anxious pace,
 'Tom? Tom come home?'"

There is a whole situation in a touch like this. But Mr. Trowbridge does not merely trust to touches. There is an honest equality in his work that comes from a firm grip of his subject, and a thorough knowledge of it and feeling for it. We will not contrast his poetry with that of Mrs. Moulton; what is to be found of good in her volume may be found by its own light. We like best *A Painted Fan*, *Question*, and *Annie's Daughter*, which the constant reader of Atlantic poetry may recall. These seem to us, in their several ways, to mark the highest point to which the poet's feeling and fancy have risen. The first is a pretty and tender regret, gracefully expressed: the second is a serious thought,

which makes its appeal to serious thought in the reader, to his serious hope and trust; the idea is not perhaps new, but it is newly felt: the last poem is a bit of love history, sweetly imagined and freshly said. As a whole, the little book is too full of the desolation that comes of reading other desolate little books of poetry: one cannot, for pity's sake, believe that all that regret, all those melodious laments for darkly intimated loss, are anything but the dramatization of certain literary preferences. It is well enough; it is not a thing to make criticism beat the breast; but we feel sure that the author might have done much better if she had consented to be somewhat lighter-hearted, — to indulge a gift we find in a few pieces here for that rarer kind of poetry in which the pensive mood is touched with archness. There is no lack of graceful and apt phrasing in the poems, though there is some awkwardness, too; the art is often brilliant, but we must blame what seems to us a want of real occasion in many of them. Besides those we have mentioned as the best, we think we must not close the book without speaking of another called *Through a Window*. Womanly feeling is the truth and life of the whole book, but there is a beautiful peacefulness and patience in this poem which is quite unmarred by the factitiousness that is apt to offend elsewhere.

We have already spoken several times of Mrs. Piatt's poetry, and always with a sense of the genius which inspires it. Sometimes we have felt also a certain want of taste, as we must call it, though that is not quite the word for fancy and observation that have overmuch to do with death and the grave. In these *Poems in Company with Children* this characteristic offends again. We shall not call it false to fact. Nothing is more noticeable in children than their propensity to play at funerals and grave-digging and dissolutions; but when they are caught at these dismal dramas, they are very properly and very promptly stopped, with more or less abhorrence on the part of the spectator; and it is not good art, however true, to celebrate in verse

for children the caprices and fancies of these infantile undertakers. In this volume, which is otherwise so wonderfully good, there are pieces which the author could doubtless excuse as reports of fact, but we think this would not be a valid excuse. In art, one must not only report fact, but must choose the right kind of fact to be reported. We have no other fault to find with the book, and we wish distinctly to assure the reader that this censure applies to but a very small proportion of the poems. The melancholy which tinges nearly all will not be felt by children, and will be felt by others as a lesson, a significance which is true to experience. In spite of much pretense to the contrary, it is but sad business talking with children. In their earnest, crucial questions; in their hopeless appeals to the artificiality in which the world has wrapped the hearts of their elders; in their perfect faith in the beautiful things which we have taught them, and which we only half or not at all believe; in their strange, deep replies to our shallow play with them, what is there for us but the pain, the reproach, the sorrowful self-search, that floats and hovers in all these poems, — so simple in one light, so subtle, so complex, in another? The dramatic power with which each little scene and situation is realized, is of rare quality; the mental attitude of childhood is perfectly caught; and in reading the poems you hear the solemn voices, you see the wide, serious eyes, you feel the clinging, detaining little hands. The form of very many is like that of those now somewhat old-fashioned musical "variations:" the mother's answers stray off into comment and illustration, while the child's questions, as the origin and basis of the poem, drop constantly and persistently in like the notes of the original "varied" air. Poems in Company with Children is not, perhaps, a book for children; we doubt if they would understand it, or care for it; but all who care for them must feel what a beautiful and unique study of childhood it is, — of childhood unconscious and in its truest and most winged moods and poses.

The *Fantasy and Passion*¹ of Mr. Fawcett is better named as to the *Fantasy* than as to the *Passion*. He is, to our thinking, eminently the poet of *Fancy*. In that he is a master, and seems first among American poets; we do not know why we should stop short of saying among all the English-writing poets of our time. Possibly Leigh Hunt alone surpasses him in our literature; we shall not try to establish his place too definitely, for criticism must not leave time with nothing to do. He is fanciful in that high degree in which a poet, starting with some very slight and simple theme, carries it so far and develops it with such fine art that it stirs the imagination of his reader; and it would be difficult to say how he differs from the imaginative poet, except in his starting-point and his process, since the end achieved is so very nearly the same. At the most a poet can but move his reader, and whether he does this by one approach or by another does not much matter. It can happen that what we call fancy shall go as deep as what we call imagination; but this does not generally happen, and doubtless it is well enough to keep in our minds some hazy sense of a difference between the two qualities.

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of Grief,"

says Constance; and this is the saddest flowering of fancy from a profoundly imagined sorrow. Possibly it is in fancies that the great passions always speak. At any rate, we believe that it need not lessen Mr. Fawcett in his own respect or that of any one else to be called a poet of fancy. We rather think we like him because he is so, and we forgive him his failures because he is eminently so.

This is his first book of verse, but he is by no means a new name in verse. Probably no poet of his generation has been more constantly before the public, in the magazines and newspapers. If

¹ *Fantasy and Passion*. By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

you take up almost any publication of respectable character for any week or month of the past ten years, there is one chance to three that it contains a poem by Mr. Fawcett. The average is not so great? But it is very great, — great enough to suggest that Mr. Fawcett must have written a large amount of indifferent rhyme. We will frankly own that he has; we will go further and own that much of it is worse than indifferent, and that the present little book is not so uncandid as to represent him only at his best. Yet, when all this is said, his best is so good that the book which assembles it ought to be very welcome to lovers of poetry.

It is not in technical matters that Mr. Fawcett falls below himself, if we may so phrase it. His verse has a lovely, sinuous grace that is quite its own, and he has studied the stops that give sweetness or volume to its music till they obey his will without his apparent effort. There is real mastery in his management of verse. But at times his mastery degenerates into luxury, and the rich fullness of his flexible lines becomes a wanton redundancy. He knows so well how to give effect to a decasyllabic verse with a superabounding syllable that he cannot deny himself the pleasure of it, and it recurs line after line, till it becomes an offense. Yet this is a vice of willfulness, and not of helplessness, while his lapses in higher matters are not willful, apparently, but helpless; and a man of fine nerves and keen appreciations sometimes shows himself obtuse and tasteless in strange degree. We are confident that there will come a time when Mr. Fawcett will himself correct these faults, and we would rather dwell now upon passages and traits of his that have given us pleasure, and pleasure of a fresh and singular kind. Our sense of his charm has already been many times tacitly shown in these pages, but that is only another reason why we should explicitly recognize it. What this charm is it is not of course easy to say. If it were quite definable, it would not be charm. But every sympathetic reader has felt it, and knows the pleas-

ant art by which the poet's fancy has touched this or that aspect or object of nature and left a light upon it which must hereafter be known for his. He sees outside things with a new eye for color and form, and with vivid instinct for their relations to the realities within; and he sees too what need be merely a picture and a delight. It is in the first poem of his ever printed in *The Atlantic* that he speaks of the sea-gulls:—

“Dip on their tireless plumes far-borne,
Till faint they gleam as a blossom's petals,
Blown through the spacious morn;” —

an image whose truth comes home with joyous sensation. His observations of nature abound in like appeals to the reader's mental and sensuous appreciation, as where he describes a late autumn day when the

“Fleet hawks are screaming in the light-blue sky,
And fleet airs rushing cold;”

and he can apply this exquisite perception of his to any sort of beauty with rich effect, as in this beautiful sonnet:

SATIN.

*No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen;
And sweet, of all fair draperies that I know,
To mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow,
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
Shine out with mutable splendors, mild, serene,
In some voluminous raiment, white as snow.*

For then I feel impetuous fancy drawn
Forth at some faint and half-mysterious call,
Even like a bird that breaks from claspings bars;
And lighted vaguely by the Italian dawn,
I see rash Romeo scale the garden-wall,
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars!

What a delicate sense is this, and how vivid every impression upon it makes pictures, — pictures which breathe the freshness and sweet of nature!

A writer in the Contributors' Club last year, who expressed the hope that some publisher might give us such a little volume of Mr. Fawcett's verse as we now owe to the taste of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, praised very highly, but not more highly than it merited, Mr. Fawcett's remarkable instinct for the right word; luck he called it, but we think it something better than luck. It appeared first in his first Atlantic poems, but most strikingly in the group of Fancies

mentioned by that writer, which in the book here we are sorry to find broken up and scattered; the several pieces lose indefinitely in associated value by the separation, but their intrinsic beauty of course remains for the delight of those who did not see them in their first setting. There are many others of as great occasional felicity, but none so perfect, on the whole. What strikes one most in them is the pictorial sense; not the painter's technique, as in things of Mr. Rossetti's, but the painter's feeling, as in Keats. Here is a butterfly, and it seems to hover from the page:—

"The butterfly's quick-quivering wings
Wear each the blendings of such hues
As lurk in some old tapestry's
Dim turmoil of golds, crimsons, blues;
Wings where dull smoldering color lies,
Lit richly with two peacock-eyes!"

This picture is done with purely poetic art. There are other pictures in which there is the thrill of suggestion; which are beautiful pictures, but lovelier for what they hint and what they recall than for what they tell. Here is one:—

"I left the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plethoric hamperfuls of cheer.

"Along a dark moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

"And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, gladelike place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space

"A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there beamed
One blue delicious glimpse of day!

"In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly while I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spell!

"In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seem to mark,
While dame and gallant roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

"And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

"And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,

And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

"And then (most beauteous change of all!)
Strown o'er its mottled slab lay low
A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
A vellum-bound Boccaccio!"

He ought to have left the Boccaccio out,—it is too literary a touch; but it cannot spoil the charming whole, and it does not hurt it *very* much. The poem is one of many through which runs a kind of feeling new to descriptive verse. It is not always of this lightly sympathetic sort; it is sometimes very serious and even tragic, as one may see in the little poem called Waste:—

"Down the long orchard-aisles where I have
strolled,
On fragrant sward the slanted sunlight weaves,
Rich - flickering through the dusk of plenteous
leaves,
Its ever-tremulous arabesques of gold!

"In globes of glimmering color, sweet to see,
The apples greaten under halcyon sky,
Green, russet, ruddy, or deep-red of dye,
Or yellow as the girdle of a bee!

"But o'er the verdure's blended shine and shade
Small blighted fruits lie strown in dull array,
Augmenting silently from day to day,
Gnarled and misshapen, worm-gnawed and decayed.

"And over them, as favoring sunbeams bless,
To fair perfection will those others grow,
In mellow hardihood maturing slow, —
While these will shrivel into viewlessness!

"Ah, me! what strange frustration of intent,
What dark elective secret, undescribed,
Lives in this dreary failure, side by side
With opulence of full-orbed accomplishment!

"O seeming mockery! O strange doubt wherein
The baffled reason gropes and cannot see!
If made at all, why only made to be
In irony for that which might have been?

"Nay, vain alike to question or surmise! . .
There, plucking white moon-daisies, one by one,
Through yonder meadow comes my little son,
My pale-browed hunchback, with the wistful
eyes!

Is not this very touching? It shows a side of Mr. Fawcett's poetic nature without which he might be accused of being a mere sensuous intellectualist, but this tender pity saves him to something better than our admiration; it wins him our regard. To do full justice to this quality we will quote one other poem, which seems to us one of very unusual touch and penetration:—

FORGETFULNESS.

AFTER the long monotonous months, and after
Vague yearnings as of suppliant viewless hands,
The first full note of Spring's aerial laughter
Was wavering o'er the winter-wearied lands.

All earth seemed rich in sweet emancipations
For all that frost so bitterly enslaves,
And, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grew fresh about the village graves !

And while I lingered in the halcyon weather
To watch the tranquil churchyard, brightening
fast,
My friend and his young wife rode by together, —
Rode by and gave me greeting as they past.

They seemed like lovers with the choicest graces
Of favoring fortune at their love's control,
Yet, as I looked upon their fleeting faces,
A chill of recollection touched my soul !

For only two short springtides had been numbered
Since here among these graves, it then befell,
A grave was wrought beneath whose slab now
slumbered
The woman whom my friend had loved so well !

A gloom across the brilliant day came stealing,
Whose darkness held the spirit from escape.
I saw my friend within a dim room, kneeling
In haggard anguish by a sheeted shape !

A chilly breeze across the chamber fluttered,
Making the timorous night-light wax and wane,
And wearily on the roof above were uttered
The low persistent requiems of the rain !

I thought of his great sobs and mien heart-broken,
His moans of agony and his wild-eyed stare,
And how the assuaging words I would have spoken
Died at my lips before his deep despair !

"And now," I thought, "what worth his protesta-
tions,
His tears, his pangs, and all the grief he gave,
When, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grows green round her forgotten
grave ?"

And yet the brilliant day, divine for tidings
Of cheerful change in all its ample glow,
Touched me with tender, yet with potent chidings,
And softly murmured, "It is better so !"

"Ah, yes," I mused, "immeasurably better
To win suave healing from the fluctuant years ;
To snap the bond of grief's tyrannic fetter ;
To let new hopes arch rainbows among tears !"

And now it seemed that Spring, the elate new-comer,
Laughed out : "Oh, better all regret were brief !
Better the opulence of another summer
Than last year's empty nest and shriveled leaf !"

"Yes, better !" I made mute reiterations,
But turned sad eyes to one green turf wave,

Where, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grew fresh round that forgotten grave !

Oh, sweet it is when hope's white arms are wreath-
ing

Necks bowed with sorrow, as they droop forlorn !
But ah ! the imperishable pathos breathing
About those dead whom we no longer mourn !

How badly Mr. Fawcett can write in a more passionate strain we will spare the reader so far as not to show. It appears to us that he mistakes himself when he goes about to write of love, and the correlated and resulting glooms and despairs. It appears to us that he is a poet of singular — almost unique — pictorial power, and of valuable reflective moods; that he can be sensuous and that he can be serious, but that he cannot be passionate — to advantage. He is so good otherwise that we do not ask this of him, but we shall be glad at any time to make public confession and reparation when he proves us wrong. Even in matters where he is apt to excel he sometimes simply exceeds, and wrecks himself upon expression with a license painfully surprising in one who can hold himself so well in hand; and we note with regret that in some of his later poems he has pushed his exquisite gift of fancy, by which he clothes inanimate things with such charming associations, so far as to make these things speak and say of themselves what he thinks of them. This is bad; but in a poet whose promise is largely in the very fact that a good half of what he has written is bad, it is by no means a fault to make criticism hopelessly sad. We shall be very far from identifying ourselves with people whose censures Mr. Fawcett has happily satirized in a poem whose excellence signally avenges all the sufferers from unjust critics: —

"'Crude, pompous, turgid,' the reviewers said.
'Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick !
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read, —
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick.'

"'Cold, classic, polished,' the reviewers said.
'A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read, —
The power and passion of his younger days !'"

W. D. Howells.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

V.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

THERE has been a lively inquiry after the Primeval Man. Wanted, a man who would satisfy the conditions of the Miocene environment and yet would be good enough for an ancestor. We are not particular about our ancestors, if they are sufficiently remote, but we must have something. Failing to apprehend the Primeval Man, science has sought the Primitive Man where he exists as a survival in present savage races. He is at best only a mushroom growth of the Recent period, — came in probably with the general raft of mammalian fauna, — but he possesses yet some rudimentary traits that may be studied.

It is a good mental exercise to try to fix the mind on the Primitive Man divested of all the attributes he has acquired in his struggles with the other mammalian fauna. Fix the mind on an orange, — the ordinary occupation of the metaphysician; take from it (without eating it) odor, color, weight, form, substance, and peel. Then let the mind still dwell on it as an orange. The experiment is perfectly successful; only at the end of it you have n't any mind. Better still, consider the telephone. Take away from it the metallic disk and the magnetized iron and the connecting wire, and then let the mind run abroad on the telephone. The mind won't come back. I have tried by this sort of process to get a conception of the Primitive Man. I let the mind roam away back over the vast geologic spaces, and sometimes fancy I see a dim image of him stalking across the Terrace epoch of the Quaternary period.

But this is an unsatisfying pleasure. The best results are obtained by studying the Primitive Man as he is left here and there in our era, a witness of what has been. And I find him most to my

mind in the Adirondack system of what geologists call the Champlain epoch. I suppose the Primitive Man is one who owes more to nature than to the forces of civilization; what we seek in him are the primal and original traits, unmixed with the sophistications of society and unimpaired by the refinements of an artificial culture. He would retain the primitive instincts, which are cultivated out of the ordinary, commonplace man. I should expect to find him, by reason of an unrelinquished kinship, enjoying a special communion with nature, admitted to its mysteries, understanding its moods, and able to predict its vagaries. He would be a kind of test to us of what we have lost by our gregarious acquisitions. On the one hand, there would be the sharpness of the senses, the keen instincts, which the fox and the beaver still possess; the ability to find one's way in the pathless forest, to follow a trail, to circumvent the wild denizens of the woods; and, on the other hand, there would be the philosophy of life which the Primitive Man, with little external aid, would evolve from original observation and cogitation. It is our good fortune to know such a man, but it is difficult to present him to a scientific and caviling generation. He emigrated from somewhat limited conditions in Vermont at an early age, nearly half a century ago, and sought freedom for his natural development backwards in the wilds of the Adirondacks. Sometimes it is a love of adventure and freedom that sends men out of the more civilized conditions into the less; sometimes it is a constitutional physical lassitude which leads them to prefer the rod to the hoe, the trap to the sickle, and the society of bears to town-meetings and taxes. I think that Old Mountain Phelps had merely the instincts of the Primitive Man, and never any hostile civilizing intent as to the wilderness into which he plunged. Why should he want to slash

away the forest and plow up the ancient mold, when it is infinitely pleasanter to roam about in the leafy solitudes, or sit upon a mossy log and listen to the chatter of birds and the stir of beasts? Are there not trout in the streams, gum exuding from the spruce, sugar in the maples, honey in the hollow trees, fur on the sables, warmth in hickory logs? Will not a few days' planting and scratching in the "open" yield potatoes and rye? and if there is steadier diet needed than venison and bear, is the pig an expensive animal? If Old Phelps bowed to the prejudice or fashion of his age (since we have come out of the Tertiary state of things), and reared a family, built a frame-house in a secluded nook by a cold spring, planted about it some apple-trees and a rudimentary garden, and installed a group of flaming sunflowers by the door, I am convinced that it was a concession that did not touch his radical character. That is to say, it did not impair his reluctance to split oven-wood.

He was a true citizen of the wilderness. Thoreau would have liked him as he liked Indians and woodchucks and the smell of pine forests; and if Old Phelps had seen Thoreau he would probably have said to him, "Why on airth, Mr. Thoreau, don't you live accordin to your preachin'?" You might be misled by the shaggy suggestion of Old Phelps's given name — Orson — into the notion that he was a mighty hunter, with the fierce spirit of the Berserkers in his veins. Nothing could be further from the truth. The hirsute and grizzly sound of Orson expresses only his entire affinity with the untamed and the natural, an uncouth but gentle passion for the freedom and wildness of the forest. Orson Phelps has only those unconventional and humorous qualities of the bear which make the animal so beloved in literature, and one does not think of Old Phelps so much as a lover of nature — to use the sentimental slang of the period — as a part of nature itself.

His appearance at the time when as a "guide" he began to come into public notice fostered this impression: a

sturdy figure, with long body and short legs, clad in a woolen shirt and butter-nut-colored trousers repaired to the point of picturesqueness; his head surmounted by a limp, light-brown felt hat, frayed away at the top, so that his yellowish hair grew out of it like some nameless fern out of a pot. His tawny hair was long and tangled, matted now many years past the possibility of being entered by a comb. His features were small and delicate and set in the frame of a reddish beard, the razor having mowed away a clearing about the sensitive mouth, which was not seldom wreathed with a child-like and charming smile. Out of this hirsute environment looked the small gray eyes, set near together; eyes keen to observe, and quick to express change of thought; eyes that made you believe instinct can grow into philosophic judgment. His feet and hands were of aristocratic smallness, although the latter were not worn away by ablutions; in fact, they assisted his toilet to give you the impression that here was a man who had just come out of the ground, — a real son of the soil, whose appearance was partially explained by his humorous relation to soap. "Soap is a thing," he said, "that I hain't no kinder use for." His clothes seemed to have been put on him, once for all, like the bark of a tree, a long time ago. The observant stranger was sure to be puzzled by the contrast of this realistic and uncouth exterior with the internal fineness, amounting to refinement and culture, that shone through it all. What communion had supplied the place of our artificial breeding to this man?

Perhaps his most characteristic attitude was sitting on a log, with a short pipe in his mouth. If ever man was formed to sit on a log it was Old Phelps. He was essentially a contemplative person. Walking on a country road or anywhere in the "open" was irksome to him; he had a shambling, loose-jointed gait, not unlike that of the bear; his short legs bowed out, as if they had been more in the habit of climbing trees than of walking. On land, if we may use

that expression, he was something like a sailor; but once in the rugged trail or the unmarked route of his native forest, he was a different person, and few pedestrians could compete with him. The vulgar estimate of his contemporaries that reckoned Old Phelps "lazy" was simply a failure to comprehend the conditions of his being. It is the unjustness of civilization that it sets up uniform and artificial standards for all persons; the primitive man suffers by them much as the contemplative philosopher does, when one happens to arrive in this busy, fussy world.

If the appearance of Old Phelps attracts attention, his voice, when first heard, invariably startles the listener. A small, high-pitched, half-querulous voice, it easily rises into the shrillest falsetto, and it has a quality in it that makes it audible in all the tempests of the forest or the roar of rapids, like the piping of a boatswain's whistle at sea in a gale. He has a way of letting it rise as his sentence goes on, or when he is opposed in argument, or wishes to mount above other voices in the conversation, until it dominates everything. Heard in the depths of the woods, quavering aloft, it is felt to be as much a part of nature, an original force, as the north-west wind or the scream of the hawk. When he is pottering about the camp-fire, trying to light his pipe with a twig held in the flame, he is apt to begin some philosophical observation in a small, slow, stumbling voice, which seems about to end in defeat, when he puts on some unsuspected force, and the sentence ends in an insistent shriek. Horace Greeley had such a voice, and could regulate it in the same manner. But Phelps's voice is not seldom plaintive, as if touched by the dreamy sadness of the woods themselves.

When Old Mountain Phelps was discovered, he was, as the reader has already guessed, not understood by his contemporaries. His neighbors, farmers in the secluded valley, had many of them grown thrifty and prosperous, cultivating the fertile meadows and vigorously attacking the timbered mountains; while

Phelps, with not much more faculty of acquiring property than the roaming deer, had pursued the even tenor of the life in the forest on which he set out. They would have been surprised to be told that Old Phelps owned more of what makes the value of the Adirondacks than all of them put together; but it was true. This woodsman, this trapper, this hunter, this fisherman, this sitter on a log and philosopher, was the real proprietor of the region over which he was ready to guide the stranger. It is true that he had not a monopoly of its geography or its topography (though his knowledge was superior in these respects); there were other trappers and more deadly hunters and as intrepid guides; but Old Phelps was the discoverer of the beauties and sublimities of the mountains, and when city strangers broke into the region he monopolized the appreciation of these delights and wonders of nature. I suppose that in all that country he alone had noticed the sunsets and observed the delightful processes of the seasons; taken pleasure in the woods for themselves, and climbed mountains solely for the sake of the prospect. He alone understood what was meant by "scenery." In the eyes of his neighbors, who did not know that he was a poet and a philosopher, I dare say he appeared to be a slack provider, a rather shiftless trapper and fisherman; and his passionate love of the forest and the mountains, if it was noticed, was accounted to him for idleness. When the appreciative tourist arrived, Phelps was ready, as guide, to open to him all the wonders of his possessions; he for the first time found an outlet for his enthusiasm and a response to his own passion. It then became known what manner of man this was who had grown up here in the companionship of forests, mountains, and wild animals; that these scenes had highly developed in him the love of beauty, the æsthetic sense, delicacy of appreciation, refinement of feeling; and that in his solitary wanderings and musings the primitive man, self-taught, had evolved for himself a philosophy and a system of things. And it

was a sufficient system so long as it was not disturbed by external skepticism. When the outer world came to him, perhaps he had about as much to give to it as to receive from it; probably more in his own estimation, for there is no conceit like that of isolation.

Phelps loved his mountains. He was the discoverer of Marcy, and caused the first trail to be cut to its summit, so that others could enjoy the noble views from its round and rocky top. To him it was in noble symmetry and beauty the chief mountain of the globe; to stand on it gave him, as he said, "a feeling of heaven up-h'isted-ness." He heard with impatience that Mount Washington was a thousand feet higher, and he had a child-like incredulity about the surpassing sublimity of the Alps. Praise of any other elevation he seemed to consider a slight to Mount Marcy, and did not willingly hear it, any more than a lover hears the laudation of the beauty of another woman than the one he loves. When he showed us scenery he loved, it made him melancholy to have us speak of scenery elsewhere that was finer. And yet there was this delicacy about him, that he never overpraised what he brought us to see, any more than one would overpraise a friend of whom he was fond. I remember that when, for the first time, after a toilsome journey through the forest, the splendors of the Lower Ausable Pond broke upon our vision, — that low-lying silver lake imprisoned by the precipices which it reflected in its bosom, — he made no outward response to our burst of admiration; only a quiet gleam of the eye showed the pleasure our appreciation gave him; as some one said, it was as if his friend had been admired, — a friend about whom he was unwilling to say much himself, but well pleased to have others praise.

Thus far we have considered Old Phelps as simply the product of the Adirondacks; not so much a self-made man (as the doubtful phrase has it) as a natural growth amid primal forces. But our study is interrupted by another influence, which complicates the problem but increases its interest. No scien-

tific observer, so far as we know, has ever been able to watch the development of the primitive man played upon and fashioned by the hebdomadal iteration of "Greeley's Weekly Tri-bune." Old Phelps educated by the woods is a fascinating study; educated by the woods *and* the Tri-bune, he is a phenomenon. No one at this day can reasonably conceive exactly what this newspaper was to such a mountain valley as Keene. If it was not a Providence, it was a Bible. It was no doubt owing to it that democrats became as scarce as moose in the Adirondacks. But it is not of its political aspect that I speak. I suppose that the most cultivated and best informed portion of the earth's surface, — the Western Reserve of Ohio, — as free from conceit as it is from a suspicion that it lacks anything, owes its preëminence solely to this comprehensive journal. It received from it everything except a collegiate and a classical education, — things not to be desired, since they interfere with the self-manufacture of man. If Greek had been in this curriculum, its best known dictum would have been translated, "Make thyself." This journal carried to the community that fed on it not only a complete education in all departments of human practice and theorizing, but the more valuable and satisfying assurance that there was nothing more to be gleaned in the universe worth the attention of man. This panoplied its readers in completeness. Politics, literature, arts, sciences, universal brotherhood and sisterhood, — nothing was omitted: neither the poetry of Tennyson nor the philosophy of Margaret Fuller; neither the virtues of Association nor of unbolted wheat; the laws of political economy and trade were laid down as positively and clearly as the best way to bake beans, and the saving truth that the millennium would come, and come only, when every foot of the earth was subsoiled.

I do not say that Orson Phelps was the product of Nature and the Tri-bune, but he cannot be explained without considering these two factors. To him Greeley was the Tri-bune, and the Tri-bune

was Greeley; and yet I think he conceived of Horace Greeley as something greater than his newspaper, and perhaps capable of producing another journal equal to it in another part of the universe. At any rate, so completely did Phelps absorb this paper and this personality that he was popularly known as "Greeley" in the region where he lived. Perhaps a fancied resemblance of the two men, in the popular mind, had something to do with this transfer of name. There is no doubt that Horace Greeley owed his vast influence in the country to his genius, nor much doubt that he owed his popularity in the rural districts to James Gordon Bennett, — that is, to the personality of the man which the ingenious Bennett impressed upon the country. That he despised the conventionalities of society and was a sloven in his toilet was firmly believed, and the belief endeared him to the hearts of the people. To them the "old white coat" — an antique garment of unrenewed immortality — was as much a subject of idolatry as the *redingote grise* to the soldiers of the first Napoleon, who had seen it by the camp fires on the Po and on the Borysthènes, and believed that he would come again in it to lead them against the enemies of France. The Greeley of the popular heart was clad as Bennett said he was clad. It was in vain, even pathetically in vain, that he published in his newspaper the full bill of his fashionable tailor (the fact that it was receipted may have excited the animosity of some of his contemporaries), to show that he wore the best broadcloth and that the folds of his trousers followed the city fashion of falling outside his boots. If this revelation was believed, it made no sort of impression in the country. The rural readers were not to be wheedled out of their cherished conception of the personal appearance of the philosopher of the Tri-bune.

That the Tri-bune taught old Phelps to be more Phelps than he would have been without it was part of the independence-teaching mission of Greeley's paper; the subscribers were an army in which every man was a general. And I

am not surprised to find Old Phelps lately rising to the audacity of criticising his exemplar. In some recently published observations by Phelps upon the philosophy of reading is laid down this definition: "If I understand the necessity or use of reading, it is to reproduce again what has been said or proclaimed before. Hence, letters, characters, etc., are arranged in all the perfection they possibly can be, to show how certain language has been spoken by the original author. Now, to reproduce by reading, the reading should be so perfectly like the original that no one, standing out of sight, could tell the reading from the first time the language was spoken."

This is illustrated by the highest authority at hand: "I have heard as good readers read and as poor readers as almost any one in this region. If I have not heard as many, I have had a chance to hear nearly the extreme in variety. Horace Greeley ought to have been a good reader. Certainly but few, if any, ever knew every word of the English language at a glance more readily than he did, or knew the meaning of every mark of punctuation more clearly, but he could not read proper. But how do you know? says one. From the fact, I heard him in the same lecture deliver or produce remarks in his own particular way, that if they had been published properly in print a proper reader would have reproduced them again the same way. In the midst of those remarks Mr. Greeley took up a paper to reproduce by reading part of a speech that some one else had made, and his reading did not sound much more like the man that first read or made the speech than the clatter of a nail factory sounds like a well-delivered speech. Now, the fault was not because Mr. Greeley did not know how to read as well as almost any man that ever lived, if not quite; but in his youth he learned to read wrong, and as it is ten times harder to unlearn anything than it is to learn it, he, like thousands of others, could never stop to unlearn it, but carried it on through his whole life."

Whether a reader would be thanked for reproducing one of Horace Greeley's

lectures as he delivered it is a question that cannot detain us here; but the teaching that he ought to do so I think would please Mr. Greeley.

The first dribblers of professional tourists and summer boarders who arrived among the Adirondack Mountains a few years ago found Old Phelps the chief and best guide of the region. Those who were eager to throw off the usages of civilization, and tramp and camp in the wilderness, could not but be well satisfied with the aboriginal appearance of this guide; and when he led off into the woods, axe in hand and a huge canvas sack upon his shoulders, they seemed to be following the Wandering Jew. The contents of this sack would have furnished a modern industrial exhibition, — provisions cooked and raw, blankets, maple sugar, tin-ware, clothing, pork, Indian meal, flour, coffee, tea, etc. Phelps was the ideal guide: he knew every foot of the pathless forest; he knew all woodcraft, all the signs of the weather, — or, what is the same thing, how to make a Delphic prediction about it; he was fisherman and hunter, and had been the comrade of sportsmen and explorers; and his enthusiasm for the beauty and sublimity of the region, and for its untamable wildness, amounted to a passion. He loved his profession, and yet it very soon appeared that he exercised it with reluctance for those who had neither ideality nor love for the woods. Their presence was a profanation amid the scenery he loved. To guide into his private and secret haunts a party that had no appreciation of their loveliness disgusted him. It was a waste of his time to conduct flip-pant young men and giddy girls, who made a noisy and irreverent lark of the expedition. And, for their part, they did not appreciate the benefit of being accompanied by a poet and a philosopher. They neither understood nor valued his special knowledge and his shrewd observations; they did n't even like his shrill voice; his quaint talk bored them. It was true that, at this period, Phelps had lost something of the activity of his youth, and the habit of contemplative sitting on a log and talking in-

creased with the infirmities induced by the hard life of the woodsman. Perhaps he would rather talk, either about the woods-life or the various problems of existence, than cut wood or busy himself in the drudgery of the camp. His critics went so far as to say, "Old Phelps is a fraud." They would have said the same of Socrates. Xantippe, who never appreciated the world in which Socrates lived, thought he was lazy. Probably Socrates could cook no better than Old Phelps, and no doubt went "gumming" about Athens with very little care of what was in the pot for dinner.

If the summer visitors measured Old Phelps, he also measured them by his own standards. He used to write out what he called "short-faced descriptions" of his comrades in the woods, which were never so flattering as true. It was curious to see how the various qualities which are esteemed in society appeared in his eyes, looked at merely in their relation to the limited world he knew, and judged by their adaptation to the primitive life. It was a much subtler comparison than that of the ordinary guide, who rates his traveler by his ability to endure on a march, to carry a pack, use an oar, hit a mark, or sing a song. Phelps brought his people to a test of their naturalness and sincerity, tried by contact with the verities of the woods. If a person failed to appreciate the woods, Phelps had no opinion of him or his culture; and yet, although he was perfectly satisfied with his own philosophy of life, worked out by close observation of nature and study of the Tribune, he was always eager for converse with superior minds, with those who had the advantage of travel and much reading, and above all with those who had any original "speckerlation." Of all the society he was ever permitted to enjoy, I think he prized most that of Dr. Bushnell. The doctor enjoyed the quaint and first-hand observations of the old woodsman, and Phelps found new worlds open to him in the wide ranges of the doctor's mind. They talked by the hour upon all sorts of themes, — the growth of the tree, the habits of wild animals, the

migration of seeds, the succession of oak and pine, not to mention theology and the mysteries of the supernatural.

I recall the bearing of Old Phelps when, several years ago, he conducted a party to the summit of Mount Marcy by the way he had "bushed out." This was his mountain, and he had a peculiar sense of ownership in it. In a way, it was holy ground, and he would rather no one should go on it who did not feel its sanctity. Perhaps it was a sense of some divine relation in it that made him always speak of it as "Mercy;" to him this ridiculously dubbed Mount Marcy was always "Mount Mercy." By a like effort to soften the personal offensiveness of the nomenclature of this region, he invariably spoke of Dix's Peak, one of the southern peaks of the range, as "Dixie." It was some time since Phelps himself had visited his mountain, and as he pushed on through the miles of forest we noticed a kind of eagerness in the old man, as of a lover going to a rendezvous. Along the foot of the mountain flows a clear trout stream, secluded and undisturbed in those awful solitudes, which is the "Mercy Brook" of the old woodsman. That day when he crossed it, in advance of his company, he was heard to say in a low voice, as if greeting some object of which he was shyly fond, "So, little brook, do I meet you once more?" And when we were well up the mountain, and emerged from the last stunted fringe of vegetation upon the rock-bound slope, I saw Old Phelps, who was still foremost, cast himself upon the ground, and heard him cry, with an enthusiasm that was intended for no mortal ear, "I'm with you once again!" His great passion very rarely found expression in any such theatrical burst. The bare summit that day was swept by a fierce, cold wind, and lost in an occasional chilling cloud. Some of the party, exhausted by the climb and shivering in the rude wind, wanted a fire kindled and a cup of tea made, and thought this the guide's business. Fire and tea were far enough from his thought. He had withdrawn himself quite apart, and, wrapped in a ragged blanket, still and silent as the

rock he stood on, was gazing out upon the wilderness of peaks. The view from Marcy is peculiar. It is without softness or relief. The narrow valleys are only dark shadows; the lakes are bits of broken mirror. From horizon to horizon there is a tumultuous sea of billows turned to stone. You stand upon the highest billow; you command the situation; you have surprised nature in a high creative act; the mighty primal energy has only just become repose. This was a supreme hour to Old Phelps. Tea! I believe the boys succeeded in kindling a fire; but the enthusiastic stoic had no reason to complain of want of appreciation in the rest of the party. When we were descending he told us, with mingled humor and scorn, of a party of ladies he once led to the top of the mountain on a still day, who began immediately to talk about the fashions! As he related the scene, stopping and facing us in the trail, his mild, far-in eyes came to the front, and his voice rose with his language to a kind of scream: "Why, there they were, right before the greatest view they ever *saw*, — talkin' about the *fashions*!" Impossible to convey the accent of contempt in which he pronounced the word "fashions;" and then added, with a sort of regretful bitterness, "I was a great mind to come down and leave 'em there!"

In common with the Greeks, Old Phelps personified the woods, mountains, and streams. They had not only personality, but distinctions of sex. It was something beyond the characterization of the hunter, which appeared, for instance, when he related a fight with a panther, in such expressions as "Then Mr. Panther thought he would see what he could do," etc. He was in "imaginative sympathy" with all wild things. The afternoon we descended Marcy we went away to the west, through the primeval forests, towards Avalanche and Colden, and followed the course of the charming Opalescent. When we reached the leaping stream, Phelps exclaimed, "Here 's little Miss Opalescent!" "Why don't you say Mr. Opalescent?" some one asked. "Oh, she 's too pret-

ty!" And too pretty she was, with her foam-white and rainbow dress, and her downfalls and fountain-like uprisings; a bewitching young person we found her all that summer afternoon.

This sylph-like person had little in common with a monstrous lady whose adventures in the wilderness Phelps was fond of relating. She was built something on the plan of the mountains, and her ambition to explore was equal to her size. Phelps and the other guides once succeeded in raising her to the top of Marcy, but the feat of getting a hog-head of molasses up there would have been easier. In attempting to give us an idea of her magnitude that night, as we sat in the forest camp, Phelps hesitated a moment, while he cast his eye around the woods: "Waal, there *ain't* no tree!"

It is only by recalling fragmentary remarks and incidents that I can put the reader in possession of the peculiarities of my subject; and this involves the wrenching of things out of their natural order and continuity, and introducing them abruptly, — an abruptness illustrated by the remark of "Old Man Hoskins" (which Phelps liked to quote) when one day he suddenly slipped down a bank into a thicket and seated himself in a wasps' nest: "I hain't no business here, but here I be!"

The first time we went into camp on the Upper Ausable Pond, — which has been justly celebrated as the most prettily set sheet of water in the region, — we were disposed to build our shanty on the south side, so that we could have in full view the Gothics and that loveliest of mountain contours. To our surprise Old Phelps, whose sentimental weakness for these mountains we knew, opposed this. His favorite camping-ground was on the north side, a pretty site in itself, but with no special view; in order to enjoy the lovely mountains we should be obliged to row out into the lake; we wanted them always before our eyes, at sunrise and sunset and in the blaze of noon. With deliberate speech, as if weighing our arguments and disposing of them, he replied, "Waal, now, them

Gothics ain't the kinder scenery you want ter hog down!"

It was on quiet Sundays in the woods, or in talks by the camp-fire, that Phelps came out as the philosopher, and commonly contributed the light of his observations. Unfortunate marriages and marriages in general were on one occasion the subject of discussion, and a good deal of darkness had been cast on it by various speakers, when Phelps suddenly piped up, from a log where he had sat silent, almost invisible, in the shadow and smoke: "Waal, now, when you've said all there is to be said, marriage is mostly for discipline." Discipline, certainly, the old man had, in one way or another, and years of solitary communing in the forest had given him perhaps a child-like insight into spiritual concerns. Whether he had formulated any creed, or what faith he had, I never knew; Keene Valley had a reputation of not ripening Christians any more successfully than maize, — the season there being short; and on our first visit it was said to contain but one Bible Christian, though I think an accurate census disclosed three. Old Phelps, who sometimes made abrupt remarks in trying situations, was not included in this census; but he was the disciple of supernaturalism in a most charming form. I have heard of his opening his inmost thoughts to a lady, one Sunday, after a noble sermon of Robertson's had been read, in the cathedral stillness of the forest. His experience was entirely first-hand, and related with unconsciousness that it was not common to all. There was nothing of the mystic or the sentimentalist, only a vivid realism, in that nearness of God of which he spoke, — "as near sometimes as those trees," — and of the holy voice that, in a time of inward struggle, had seemed to him to come from the depths of the forest, saying, "Poor soul, I am the way."

In later years there was a "revival" in Keene Valley, the result of which was a number of young "converts," whom Phelps seemed to regard as a veteran might raw recruits, and to have his doubts what sort of soldiers they would

make. "Waal, Jimmy," he said to one of them, "you've kindled a pretty good fire with light wood. That's what we do of a dark night in the woods, you know; but we do it just so as we can look around and find the solid wood. So, now put on your solid wood." In the Sunday Bible-classes of the period, Phelps was a perpetual anxiety to the others, who followed closely the printed Lessons and beheld with alarm his discursive efforts to get into freer air and light. His remarks were the most refreshing part of the exercises, but were outside of the safe path into which the others thought it necessary to win him from his "speckerlations." The class were one day on the verses concerning "God's word" being "written on the heart," and were keeping close to the shore, under the guidance of Barnes's Notes, when Old Phelps made a dive to the bottom, and remarked that he had "thought a good deal about the expression 'God's word written on the heart,' and had been asking himself how that was to be done; and suddenly it occurred to him (having been much interested lately in watching the work of a photographer) that when a photograph is going to be taken all that has to be done is to put the object in position, and the sun makes the picture; and so he rather thought that all we had got to do was to put our hearts in place, and God would do the writin'."

Phelps's theology, like his science, is first-hand. In the woods, one day, talk ran on the Trinity as being nowhere asserted as a doctrine in the Bible, and some one suggested that the attempt to pack these great and fluent mysteries into one word must always be more or less unsatisfactory. "Ye-es," droned Phelps, "I never could see much speckerlation in that expression the *Trinity*. Why, they'd a good deal better say *Legion*."

The sentiment of the man about nature, or his poetic sensibility, was frequently not to be distinguished from a natural religion, and was always tinged with the devoutness of Wordsworth's verse. Climbing slowly, one day, up

the Balcony, — he was more than usually calm and slow, — he espied an exquisite fragile flower in the crevice of a rock, in a very lonely spot. "It seems as if," he said, or rather dreamed out, "it seems as if the Creator had kept something just to look at himself." To a lady whom he had taken to Chapel Pond, — a retired but rather uninteresting spot, — and who expressed a little disappointment at its tameness, saying, "Why, Mr. Phelps, the principal charm of this place seems to be its loneliness," "Yes," he replied, in gentle and lingering tones, "and its *nativeness*. It lies here just where it was born." Rest and quiet had infinite attractions for him. A secluded opening in the woods was a "calm spot." He told of seeing once, or rather being *in*, a circular rainbow. He stood on Indian Head, overlooking the Lower Lake, so that he saw the whole bow in the sky and the lake, and seemed to be in the midst of it, "only at one place there was an indentation in it where it rested on the lake, just enough to keep it from rolling off." This "resting" of the sphere seemed to give him great comfort.

One Indian summer morning in October, some ladies found the old man sitting on his doorstep, smoking a short pipe. He gave no sign of recognition of their approach except a twinkle of the eye, being evidently quite in harmony with the peaceful day. They stood there a full minute before he opened his mouth; then he did not rise, but slowly took his pipe from his mouth and said, in a dreamy way, pointing towards the brook, "Do you see that tree?" indicating a maple almost denuded of leaves which lay like a yellow garment cast at its feet. "I've been watching that tree all the morning. There hain't been a breath of wind, but for hours the leaves have been falling, falling, just as you see them now, and at last it's pretty much bare." And, after a pause, pensively "Waal, I suppose its hour had come." This contemplative habit of Old Phelps is wholly unappreciated by his neighbor but it has been indulged in no inconsiderable part of his life. Rising, after

time, he said, "Now, I want you to go with me and see my *golden city*, I've talked so much about." He led the way to a hill-outlook, when suddenly, emerging from the forest, the spectators saw revealed the winding valley and its stream. He said, quietly, "There is my golden city." Far below, at their feet, they saw that vast assemblage of birches and "poppels," yellow as gold in the brooding noonday, and slender spires rising out of the glowing mass. Without another word, Phelps sat a long time in silent content; it was to him, as Bunyan says, "a place desirous to be in."

Is this philosopher contented with what life has brought him? Speaking of money one day, when we had asked him if he should do differently if he had his life to live over again, he said, "Yes, but not about money. To have had hours such as I have had in these mountains, and with such men as Dr. Bushnell and Dr. Shaw and Mr. Twichell, and others I could name, is worth all the money the world could give." He read character very well, and took in accurately the boy nature. "Tom," — an irrepressible, rather overdone specimen, — "Tom's a nice kind of a boy, but he's got to come up against a snubbin'-post one of these days." "Boys!" he once said, "you can't git boys to take any kinder notice of scenery. I never yet saw a boy that would look a second time at a sunset. Now a girl will, *sometimes*; but even then it's instantaneous, — comes and goes like the sunset. As for me," still speaking of scenery, "these mountains about here, that I see every day, are no more to me, in one sense, than a man's farm is to him. What mostly interests me now is when I see some new freak or shape in the face of nature."

In literature it may be said that Old Phelps prefers the best, in the very limited range that has been open to him. Tennyson is his favorite among poets; an affinity explained by the fact that they are both lotus-eaters. Speaking of a lecture-room talk of Mr. Beecher's, which he had read, he said, "It filled my cup about as full as I callerlate to

have it; there was a good deal of truth in it, and some poetry, — waal, and a little spice, too. We've got to have the spice, you know." He admired, for different reasons, a lecture by Greeley that he once heard, into which so much knowledge of various kinds was crowded that he said he "made a reg'lar gobble of it." He was not without discrimination, which he exercised upon the local preaching when nothing better offered. Of one sermon he said, "The man began way back at the creation, and just preached right along down, and he did n't say nothing after all. It just seemed to me as if he was tryin' to git up a kind of a fix-up."

Old Phelps used words sometimes like algebraic signs, and had a habit of making one do duty for a season together, for all occasions. "Speckerlation" and "callerlation" and "fix-up" are specimens of words that were prolific in expression. An unusual expression, or an unusual article, would be characterized as a "kind of a scientific literary git-up."

"What is the programme for to-morrow?" I once asked him. "Waal, I callerlate, if they rig up the callerlation they callerlate on, we'll go to the Boreas." Starting out for a day's tramp in the woods, he would ask whether we wanted to take a "reg'lar walk, or a random scoot," — the latter being a plunge into the pathless forest. When he was on such an expedition and became entangled in dense brush, and may be a network of "slash" and swamp, he was like an old wizard, as he looked here and there, seeking a way, peering into the tangle, or withdrawing from a thicket and muttering to himself, "There ain't no speckerlation there." And when the way became altogether inscrutable, "Waal, this is a reg'lar random scoot of a rigmarole." As some one remarked, "The dictionary in his hands is like clay in the hands of the potter." A petrification was a "kind of a hard-wood chemical git-up."

There is no conceit, we are apt to say, like that born of isolation from the world, and there are no such conceited people

as those who have lived all their lives in the woods. Phelps was, however, unsophisticated in his until the advent of strangers into his life, who brought in literature and various other disturbing influences. I am sorry to say that the effect has been to take off something of the bloom of his simplicity, and to elevate him into an oracle. I suppose this is inevitable as soon as one goes into print; and Phelps has gone into print in the local papers. He has been bitten with the literary "git-up." Justly regarding most of the Adirondack literature as a "perfect fizzle," he has himself projected a work and written much on the natural history of his region. Long ago he made a large map of the mountain country, and until recent surveys it was the only one that could lay any claim to accuracy. His history is no doubt original in form and unconventional in expression. Like most of the writers of the seventeenth century, and the court ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century, he is an independent speller. Writing of his work on the Adirondacks he says: "If I should ever live to get this wonderful thing written I expect it will show one thing if no more, and that is that everything has an opposite. I expect to show in this that literature has an opposite if I do not show anything else. We could not enjoy the blessings and happiness of righteousness if we did not know innuity was in the world; in fact there would be no righteousness without innuity." Writing also of his great enjoyment of being in the woods, especially since he has had the society there of some people he names, he adds, "And since I have Literature Siance and Art all spread about

on the green moss of the mountain woods or the gravell banks of a cristle stream it seems like finding roses honeysuckles and violets on a crisp brown cliff in December. You know I don't believe much in the religion of seramony, but any riteous thing that has life and spirit in it is food for me." I must not neglect to mention an essay, continued in several numbers of his local paper, on *The Growth of the Tree*, in which he demolishes the theory of Mr. Greeley, whom he calls "one of the best vegetable philosophers," about "growth without seed." He treats of the office of sap, — "all trees have some kind of sap and some kind of operation of sap flowing in their season," — the dissemination of seeds, the processes of growth, the power of healing wounds, the proportion of roots to branches, etc. Speaking of the latter he says: "I have thought it would be one of the greatest curiosities on earth to see a thrifty growing maple or elm that had grown on a deep soil interval to be two feet in diameter to be raised clear into the air with every root and fibre down to the minutest thread all entirely cleared of soil so that every particle could be seen in its natural position. I think it would astonish even the wise ones." From his instinctive sympathy with nature he often credits vegetable organism with "instinctive judgment:" "Observation teaches us that a tree is given powerful instincts which would almost appear to amount to judgment in some cases to provide for its own wants and necessities."

Here our study must cease. When the primitive man comes into literature, he is no longer primitive.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MENOTOMY LAKE.¹

THERE 's nothing so sweet as a morning in May,
And few things so fair as the gleam of glad water;
Spring leaps from the brow of old Winter to-day,
Full-formed, like the fabled Olympian's daughter.

A breath out of heaven came down in the night,
Dispelling the gloom of the sullen northeasters;
The air is all balm, and the lake is as bright
As some bird in brave plumage that ripples and glisters.

The enchantment is broken which bound her so long,
And Beauty, that slumbered, awakes and remembers;
Love bursts into being, joy breaks into song,
In a glory of blossoms life flames from its embers.

I row by steep woodlands, I rest on my oars
Under banks deep-embroidered with grass and young clover;
Far round, in and out, wind the beautiful shores, —
The lake in the midst, with the blue heavens over.

The world in its mirror hangs dreamily bright;
The patriarch clouds in curled raiment, that lazily
Lift their bare foreheads in dazzling white light,
In that deep under-sky glimmer softly and hazily.

Far over the trees, or in glimpses between,
Peer the steeples and half-hidden roofs of the village.
Here lie the broad slopes in their loveliest green;
There, crested with orchards, or checkered with tillage.

There the pines, tall and black, in the blue morning air;
The warehouse of ice, a vast windowless castle;
The ash and the sycamore, shadeless and bare;
The elm-boughs in blossom, the willows in tassel.

In golden effulgence of leafage and blooms,
Far along, overleaning, the sunshiny willows
Advance like a surge from the grove's deeper glooms, —
The first breaking swell of the summer's green billows.

Scarcely a tint upon hornbeam or sumach appears,
The arrowhead carries, the lily still lingers;
But the cat-tails are piercing the wave with their spears,
And the fern is unfolding its infantile fingers.

Down through the dark evergreens slants the mild light:
I know every cove, every moist indentation,

¹ The Indian name for Arlington Lake, or Spy Pond.

Where mosses and violets ever invite
To some still unexperienced, fresh exploration.

The mud-turtle, sunning his shield on a log,
Slides off with a splash as my paddle approaches;
Beside the green island I silence the frog,
In warm, sunny shallows I startle the roaches.

I glide under branches where rank above rank
From the lake grow the trees, bending over its bosom;
Or lie in my boat on some flower-starred bank,
And drink in delight from each bird-song and blossom.

Above me the robins are building their nest;
The finches are here, — singing throats by the dozen;
The cat-bird, complaining, or mocking the rest;
The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin.

With rapture I watch, as I loiter beneath,
The small silken tufts on the boughs of the beeches,
Each leaf-cluster parting its delicate sheath,
As it gropingly, yearningly opens and reaches;

Like soft-winged things coming forth from their shrouds.
The bees have forsaken the maples' red flowers
And gone to the willows, whose luminous clouds
Drop incense and gold in impalpable showers.

The bee-peopled odorous boughs overhead,
With fragrance and murmur the senses delighting;
The lake-side, gold-laced with the pollen they shed
At the touch of a breeze or a small bird alighting;

The myriad tremulous pendants that stream
From the hair of the birches, — O group of slim graces,
That see in the water your silver limbs gleam,
And lean undismayed over infinite spaces! —

The bold dandelions embossing the grass;
On upland and terrace the fruit-gardens blooming;
The wavering, winged, happy creatures that pass, —
White butterflies flitting, and bumble-bees booming;

The crowing of cocks and the bellow of kine;
Light, color, and all the delirious lyrical
Bursts of bird-voices; life filled with new wine, —
Every motion and change in this beautiful miracle,

Springtime and Maytime, — revive in my heart
All the springs of my youth, with their sweetness and splendor:
O years, that so softly take wing and depart!
O perfume! O memories pensive and tender!

As lightly I glide between island and shore,
 I seem like an exile, a wandering spirit,
 Returned to the land where 'tis May evermore,
 A moment revisiting, hovering near it.

Stray scents from afar, breathing faintly around,
 Are something I've known in another existence;
 As I pause, as I listen, each image, each sound,
 Is softened by glamour, or mellowed by distance.

From the hill-side, no longer discordant or harsh,
 Comes the cry of the peacock, the jubilant cackle;
 And sweetly, how sweetly, by meadow and marsh,
 Sounds the musical jargon of blue-jay and grackle!

O Earth! till I find more of heaven than this,
 I will cling to your bosom with perfect contentment.
 O water! O light! sky-enfolding abyss!
 I yield to the spell of your wondrous enchantment.

I drift on the dream of a lake in my boat;
 With my oar-beat two pinion-like shadows keep measure;
 I poise and gaze down through the depths as I float,
 Seraphic, sustained between azure and azure.

I pause in a rift, by the edge of the world,
 That divides the blue gulfs of a double creation;
 Till, lo, the illusion is shattered and whirled
 In a thousand bright rings by my skiff's oscillation.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE OLD POPE AND THE NEW.

For a generation past, two figures have stood forth before the world as the representatives of great contending principles, of whose deadly struggle Italy has been the battle-field. The one was a young and rough soldier king: the other, a courtly and venerable old man and bishop of the church of Christ. The one, in spite of many and serious defects of personal character, was a true and noble leader in the race of civil and political progress: the other, while personally worthy of the highest respect, affection, and esteem, stood firm, unyielding,

and defiant to the last, the rear-guard of institutions which had outlived their age, the heroic asserter of principles which would arrest, if it were possible, the upward march of human history. It was the grave error of Italian statesmen — an error even from a point of view exclusively political — that in this struggle the Pope was permitted to appear as the protector, not of those institutions alone, but also of the Christian church itself: and it was the fatal necessity of the position in which Italian churchmen had placed themselves that the cause of

the king, even as against the authorities of the church, was that of every lover of his country. In the unnatural antagonism, the two leaders, wide apart as the poles in everything else, were alike in this, that each at heart sympathized with very much in the cause which was represented by the other; in both, the convictions of *official* duty bore down the natural feelings of the man.

Death has summoned them from their respective posts within less than a single month of each other, the younger first. Pius IX. lived only long enough to send his forgiveness and his blessing to the dying king, and to mingle his tears with those of Italy over the bier of him whose success had been his own utter discomfiture. And then, upon the 7th of February last, the foremost man of all those who still stood at bay alike against the good and against the evil of the age calmly surrendered to God the trust, to his own understanding of which he had never been unfaithful before man.

That the elevation of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti to the papacy was wholly unexpected, and almost, as we so often say, by accident, there is, probably, little doubt. The issues upon which the election turned in the conclave of 1846 were those of purely local and secular politics; and few had taken less part in politics of any kind, secular or ecclesiastical, than the quiet and devout Archbishop of Imola. He was but fifty-four years old, and had been in priestly orders less than eight and twenty years. He had been attached to a politico-ecclesiastical mission to Chili; he had been put in charge of the great Roman hospital of San Michele; he was Bishop of Spoleto for five years, and for fourteen years had filled the See of Imola; and although he had been created a cardinal by Gregory XVI. in 1840, it was in recognition of his pastoral fidelity rather than of any political services. Indeed, how little influence he possessed with the Roman government may be inferred from the fact that his older brother was at this very time a political prisoner in the Castle Sant' Angelo. He was chosen in the necessity of promptly concentrating all

moderate votes upon some one who was personally unobjectionable, in order to prevent the election of Cardinal Lambruschini, an able and resolute absolutist.

The leading *facts* in the long and memorable pontificate upon which Pius IX. entered on the 16th of June, 1846, are still fresh in the memories of those who are beyond middle life. But the key to the strange seeming contrast between the earlier and the later years, and to the still stranger contrast between the man himself and his official career, must be found in the careful analysis of a character which has been rarely understood save by his countrymen.

Brought abruptly forward and clothed with theoretically absolute authority in a great impending struggle, and at a crisis and under circumstances which would have afforded an opportunity for a Hildebrand, Pius IX. was not in the least a man of the world, nor a natural leader of men. Nor was he one of those who, by the inherent power of their own ideas or energies, cleave out new channels through the barriers of the age, and then turn the tides of history into them. He was, on the contrary, rather one of those characters which, like the charged Leyden jar, effect results by the power of moral forces not primarily their own, but which are silently generated by other agencies of which they are little more than reservoirs.

He was both winning and commanding in appearance; his voice was rich and musical, his smile benignant. He was a courtly gentleman in manners, yet withal of very simple habits, of unblemished life, and of fervent piety. His bitterest political enemies never ventured to speak against his personal character, which was worthy of his exalted office in the church; and when, in 1855, the Oriental bishops wished to emphasize the climax of their indictment against the papal system, they pointed to the results it could produce even in the hands of one of the best of Popes.

He was a man of naturally amiable temper, warm affections, and deep sympathies. He was generous and mag-

nanimous in his impulses, philanthropic and patriotic. His heart was thoroughly *Italian*. It was that Italian heart of his which prompted him, in the earlier years of his pontificate, to invoke for the national cause the popular enthusiasm which never afterwards failed it; and with that cause, in spite of all other antagonisms, his *heart* was ever in some kind of suppressed sympathy. The Italian people never forgot this fact, and it explains much of their forbearance, as well as the universally generous tone with which the Italian press now speak of him.

But however warm a patriot, Pius IX. was, *above all things*, a churchman. The intense sincerity of his nature shone out most conspicuously in his religious and ecclesiastical aims and convictions. To him the church of Christ was ever the first, the grandest, and the most real thing on earth, and the headship of that church — whether as a subordinate he reverently looked up to it, or as Pope himself he stood in awe of his own official character — something almost superhumanly exalted. That decision, that firmness which no merely secular interests could seemingly arouse in him was at once developed, when the interests of the church were at stake, into the sternness of immovable obstinacy.

He was not a man of intellectual vigor, and certainly not a scholarly or learned ecclesiastic. He was thus not only unable to give reasons in defense of any stand which he felt it right to take, but he was also unable to perceive the force of any objections which might be urged against it; and he was therefore at the mercy of his own impulses and the ready instrument of those who knew how skillfully to excite his imagination, to enkindle his enthusiasm, or to evoke, in any cause, his exalted sense of official responsibility. Thus his imagination, wrought upon by his excited feelings, formed his conceptions of the papal office, and as his imagination conceived it, that he devoutly believed it to be. In 1871, the writer was dining with a worthy parish priest of Milan, and in company with a venerable dignitary of the

church, from a neighboring diocese, who had known the Pope familiarly in early life; when the former asked his guest whether he supposed that, apart from those who obediently accepted it on authority, there was any one in the church who really and thoroughly *believed* the new dogma of papal infallibility, “Yes,” answered the other, looking up with a shrewd smile, “yes, there is *one*, — the Pope himself.” “Before I was Pope,” he was accustomed to say, “I believed in papal infallibility; now I *feel* it.” And to him this was a ground for his perfect assurance from which there was no appeal.

This official self-consciousness, becoming in all church matters his first spring of action, — fed, too, by inexhaustible adulation, — made him at last excessively impatient of all opposition; and an eminent Italian writer spoke of him, in 1873, as one who, while not “naturally sharp or haughty,” and “conscious of the presence of no unworthy motive,” was nevertheless “*persuasissimo di se medesimo*,” and therefore “prompt to visit every contradiction, even the slightest, to his purposes with a rebuke so much the more severe the more undoubted his own assurance that such purposes were directly inspired by God.”

To what extravagance this exalted conception of his office was wrought up in his later years was touchingly illustrated by an incident which is repeated here on the authority of the Italian papers of the time. In one of the Pope’s last excursions outside the walls of Rome, shortly after the prorogation of the Vatican Council, he came upon a poor cripple, who cried out to him, “Holy father, have mercy upon me!” The Pope was startled by the language of the appeal, and, instantly accepting it as an intimation that he was about to be clothed with miracle-working power, he turned and with a commanding gesture solemnly replied, “Arise and walk!” The cripple, infected by the Pope’s own perfect good faith and earnestness, dropped his crutches and sprang to his feet. In another instant, however, he tottered and fell. The Pope grew pale, but repeated

once more the command, "Arise and walk!" The poor man again tried to obey, but again in vain. The Pope, in the revulsion of his feelings, fainted away. In fact, there was a period when the Pope lived in the constant expectation of the miraculous intervention of divine power to save the church and to overwhelm her enemies. To him the divine promise and assurance that "the gates of hell should not prevail against" what he undoubtedly held to be "the church" were as real and practical as any of the trials and afflictions which he was called to bear in its defense. In such a state of mind, then, to whose hands would he more naturally look to see such power intrusted than to those of "the infallible vicar of Christ," whom it had even been seriously proposed to declare "the incarnation of the Holy Ghost?"

Surely so good a man was never more terribly betrayed by the position in which he was placed; nor has a sincerer man ever played a grandly fatal part in history. Such was the man who has occupied the papal throne for the unprecedented period of nearly two and thirty years, in one of the most remarkable transition epochs of history; the man, during whose pontificate the temporal power of the papacy has been swept away forever, while its spiritual and ecclesiastical pretensions have been carried to a point beyond which even the most arrogant of his predecessors never passed. Such was the Pope whose one unchanging aim and purpose from first to last was the restoration and the exaltation of the papacy, — the power and glory of the church. The circumstances under which he was elected gave the *early* years of his long pontificate far more to local and political history than to that of the church, and seemed also to leave him for a time far more free than afterwards to take counsel of his Italian heart as to the means of seeking this end. A mediæval Guelph, fallen upon incongruous times, he sought the organization of a great Guelphic league of the Italian states, from the throne of which the church and papacy should re-

strain society and guide the governments of the whole world. Every step in the improvement of the administration of the papal states themselves was to him but a step in this direction. The many and important local reforms which were actually introduced; the concessions for lighting Rome with gas and for building railroads, which were at the time very daring steps to take; the grant of constitutional government; the appointment of a lay prime minister in the person of Count Mamiani; and above all, the permission to the Romans to take part in the war with Austria, were all attempts to reach the great ends ever in view, by means and in accordance with principles of local policy to which his heart prompted him. In all this part of his career, the liberal Pope-King of 1846-7-8 was but the churchman earnestly endeavoring to be at the same time an *Italian*. But where the Pope sought to reform, revolution and anarchy answered his summons; and he often compared himself at this time to a boy who had learned the spell to raise the devil, but who found, when he tried the experiment and was terrified at the result, that he knew no counter spell by which he could be laid.

The patriotic dreams and endeavors of Pius IX. fell finally with Count Rossi, beneath the dagger of the assassin, upon the 15th of November, 1848; and when, nine days afterward, he fled from Rome, it was to return in 1850, only a Pope. From that time his political policy was simply passive resistance to that of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, while he gave himself up to an ecclesiastical policy upon the whole one of the most extraordinary in the history of the papacy.

But this implied no extraordinary change in the man himself. All else, indeed, was new; he was the same. *The* end above all ends, the motive force of his character, was ever the grandeur of the sacred office which had been intrusted to his charge, and its power in the world against the infidelity and socialism of the age. Italy, his beloved Italy, had refused the part in this great work which

he would have assigned to her. He mourned over this disappointment to the last; but he continued in his course, — no longer, indeed, with the coöperation of Gizzi and Rosmini, of Mamiani and Rossi, but with that of Antonelli and Wiseman and Manning, of Fathers Beckx and Schrader, of Bilio and De Angelis.

Under the guidance of his later counselors, in 1850, he reëstablished the Roman hierarchy in England; in 1854, he summoned the bishops of the Roman Catholic world to Rome, and in their presence declared the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary an article of the faith; in 1862, he invoked a similar grand concourse of bishops for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, an occasion for secretly communicating to them *sixty-one* theses, as the substance of a future “dogmatic bull” against certain obnoxious political doctrines of the times. These steps were followed up by the Encyclical and Syllabus in 1864, and the grand climax was reached in the assembling and the issue of the Council of the Vatican in 1870. Seven years and more, since the Italian army entered Rome in the September following and thus put an end to the temporal power of the papacy, the aged Pope remained “a prisoner of the Vatican,” — an imprisonment quite possibly a reality to one who lived so much in an ideal world.

Of this long pontificate two supreme hours will longest be remembered, — the one by the Italian patriot, the other by the last devotee of mediæval Romanism in the church. The first was in May, 1848, when the Italian tricolor was unfurled beside the papal banner in the streets of Rome, and the Pope’s own nephews were enrolled as volunteers in the army about to march to join Charles Albert upon the plains of Lombardy. “Who does not remember,” says the *Gazzetta d’Italia* of the 8th of February last, “the pontiff of 1848 when, from the balcony of the Quirinal, where now reside the royal Savoyards, he touched the inmost chords of a whole people’s heart, and aroused the most powerful en-

thusiasm. ‘Benedite, o Sommo Iddio, all’ Italia!’ What do we not owe to these words, which after-events have never canceled from many hearts? And if the necessities of the times, of his character, and of his office have forced him in another course and have rendered him the enemy of that great work which, in its early days with his own hands he had blessed, — well, for this our tears shall none the less fall upon his tomb.” The other was that fatal hour on the 18th of July, 1870, when the same pontiff sat on his throne amid the assembled and subservient episcopate of the Roman Catholic world, and, by the lurid glare of torches that struggled against the thick darkness which filled St. Peter’s, read and proclaimed the decree that declared the personal infallibility of the Popes, — a dogma of “the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.” The terrible peal of thunder which seemed instantly to answer it from heaven, and which shook St. Peter’s to its foundations, was to the Italian people an omen in awful contrast to the applause of grateful hearts which came back from a whole people in response to the words which twenty-two years before he had spoken from the balcony of the Quirinal.

Thus it was given to him who had inaugurated a revolution by which he was himself the most august sufferer, also, with ecclesiastical pomp and pageantry before unparalleled, to exalt the office which he held to a height never surpassed by a Boniface or an Innocent, at a time when persistence in such claims must inevitably result in the overthrow of the papacy. He left no temporal possessions nor political responsibilities to complicate the course of his successor. He has bequeathed to him simply a spiritual papacy, but one, in the form in which he left it, irreconcilably “at war against the intellect and the progress of the human race.”

And that successor?

There is an ancient chain of Latin mottoes, one for each Pope in order, from some centuries ago to some time yet to come, which claims to have prophetic

reference to the characteristics of their respective reigns. *Crux de cruce* was that which came to Pius IX.; *Lumen de cælo* is the next motto on the list. But who shall say as yet upon what cause this prophetic "light from heaven" is to shine? That the time is come for some great change no one who is at all familiar with the politico-ecclesiastical affairs of Italy can have any doubt.

"With Pius IX.," says a Roman paper, during the papal interregnum, "has been closed, not merely an epoch, but a religious history of eighteen centuries. . . . *Proficiscere*: this was the last word of Pius IX., which should sound as a warning in every cell of the conclave. The Catholic church can maintain her unity only by abandoning false traditions and her pretended donations; the church can preserve its religious office in society only by coördinating itself with the state."

Indeed, Leo XIII. had scarcely been proclaimed, when a prominent member of the Italian cabinet raised the question of the organic character of the famous laws which guarantee the Pope's inviolability. It is not, however, at all probable that Italy will in any way anticipate the initiative of the Pope; the *Opinione*, the organ of the conservative opposition, only insists that it would show the greatest fatuity should the ministry "propose to modify or repeal them . . . at a time when the holy see has just been filled by a new Pope who has not yet had occasion to make his intentions known, and whose first acts are yet awaited."

Cardinal Pecci brings to the papacy a personal record — if the Romish correspondent of the English press can be relied on — which leaves the world in no uncertainty about the private worth or intellectual abilities of the man. His administration of the brigand-infested delegation of Benevento brilliantly illustrated his clearness of purpose, his decision of character, his self-reliance, his executive power, and his unconquerable firmness. His three years' residence in Brussels, whither he was sent at the early age of thirty-three as papal nuncio near

the court of Leopold, showed him an accomplished man of the world and a diplomat of great skill, tact, and policy. His subsequent long episcopate in Perugia proved him a laborious, conscientious, and faithful pastor. Two pastoral letters on the subject of The Church and Civilization, addressed by him to his diocese, the one last Lent and the other at the approach of the Lent of the current year, and just published in the *Osservatore Romano*, breathe certainly a most excellent spirit, and show no familiarity with the Syllabus of 1864. At forty-three Archbishop Pecci was raised to the cardinalate; and now, at sixty-eight, he has been intrusted with the destinies of the papacy.

Nevertheless, however "moderate" Cardinal Pecci may have been thought, it is proverbially unsafe to draw conclusions from what the cardinal may have been to what the Pope will be; and Italian anticipations and speculations concerning the ecclesiastical policy of Leo XIII. are far too uncertain and even contradictory to be any guide to us. Some Roman journals have indeed indulged in sanguine dreams of the great reformation which Leo XIII. was about to inaugurate; and even so able a publicist and judge of men as ex-Minister Bonghi some time since declared that Cardinal Pecci combined the qualities most desirable for a Pope in the present crisis. But Bonghi was clearly less alive to the religious condition of the church than to the political perplexities under which the Italian government is laboring.

It would almost seem as if the Pope had scarcely inherited all the decision and firmness of the cardinal, for the *Italie* of so late a date as March 1st refers to a struggle, of which the Vatican is still the scene, in what is plainly called "the period of transition which the holy see is now traversing," among those who seek to influence the papal policy in this direction or in that; and, while giving the contradictory character of the statements boldly made "concerning the intentions of the holy father," declines to pronounce a precipitate judgment o

its own, and contents itself with recommending to foreign diplomats and others the old maxim, *Quieta non movere*.

If we look for information concerning the new Pope to the circumstances of his election, we are on the one hand met by the undoubted fact that a large majority of the cardinals, by two thirds of whom he was so promptly chosen, are unquestionably of the most ultramontane type; and it seemed certain that, if really free to act, they would have chosen no one who would not continue in principle the ecclesiastical policy of Pius IX. But, on the other hand, it was openly stated by the press that Prince Bismarck frankly warned the conclave of the results of such a choice; and they doubtless knew well enough, without formal warning, how it would probably be met by the Italian government. Cardinals Franchi and Schwartzburg, moreover, are both said to have been active leaders in securing the result which was so early reached. The latter, indeed, was the friend of Döllinger and Von Schulte, and in 1871 it was by many expected that he would share with them the leadership of the Old Catholic movement. But the ultramontane Cardinal Franchi — the telegrams and statements of the foreign correspondents of our press to the contrary notwithstanding — is by no means the man, either intellectually or morally, whose subsequent appointment as cardinal secretary of state is a hopeful augury. So far from being the “able, honorable, progressive, and patriotic Italian” that he has been pronounced, he is an ecclesiastic of the type of Antonelli, but in every way his inferior.

But, whatever else is beyond our present forecast, Leo XIII. is certainly no fanatic, nor is he ignorant of the times in which he lives. He is far less a mere churchman than a practical statesman in the church. Whatever the ends he may propose to himself, he will not seek to meet political antagonism by organizing mediæval crusades; nor will he attempt to resist Protestantism or to put down infidelity by decreeing new honors to saints in paradise, or by accumulating

new dogmas upon an already seriously overlaid faith.

If the ultramontane spirit of the Roman curia is still incarnate in the Pope, instead of wasting the moral strength of the church in abusive attacks upon the Italian government, Leo XIII. is far more likely to adapt his policy to the state of things as he finds them, and fully capable, by a skillful use of the opportunities which it affords — for instance, the voting urn — of accomplishing far more than by all the indignant allocutions about “Christ and Belial” that Pius IX. ever pronounced. He has too much common sense to keep up the farce of being a “prisoner in the Vatican,” and is too practical not to realize that, by a frank renunciation of an empty claim to a temporal dominion already irrevocably lost to the papacy, he has it within his power to secure from politicians, to whom religious considerations go for nothing, an indirect influence over public affairs, far more important to the church than the issues which have occupied the Vatican for some years past. Although Leo did omit to give the king of Italy official notice of his election to the See of Rome, the omission was perhaps unavoidable, and the statement that he gave such notice to the “king of Sardinia” is apparently unwarranted. At all events he has since directed that the Italian bishops should apply for the royal *exequatur*, and thus place themselves in legal relations with the government of Italy, which Pius IX. distinctly prohibited.

However, the Pope is known to be laboriously engaged in the preparation of an allocution, in which, when he deems it opportune, he will no doubt speak for himself on the subject of his political policy.

If Leo XIII., on the contrary, is to be an ecclesiastical reformer, as so many hope, he is not the man to make effusive announcements of his designs to the world beforehand, nor prematurely to arouse the violent resistance of the ultramontane party and the Jesuits by abrupt innovations or startling reversals of the measures of his predecessor.

But the evidence on which to build

such hopes is scant as yet. In the Lenten pastorals, to which reference has been made, there is indeed no mention of the Virgin or of the saints; the Holy Scriptures are alone spoken of as the source of divine truth, Christ alone offered as our exemplar, and the English and Protestant Faraday is cited among distinguished scientists who were also profoundly religious men. These are facts to be noted; but they prove little by themselves. The new Pope may discourage Mariolatry, as the Protestant press have been eager to repeat on the authority of some correspondents impatient for indications of his religious policy; but if so, it is perhaps less indicative of an approaching reform in dogmatic theology than of the Pope's knowledge that such extravagances have driven men of intellect and education from the church, and impaired its influence over educated and prosperous communities and nationalities.

In fine, with such information as may be gathered from the best informed Roman journals, including the *Osservatore*

Romano itself, the organ of the Vatican, as well as from private correspondence, it seems wiser to doubt the hasty conclusions of foreign correspondents, and, for the present, to be sure only that Italy has no impetuous visionary or irreconcilable doctrinaire to deal with in the papacy, but rather a *Fabius Cunctator*, who will know how to take advantage of every error of the Italian government, and who will make few or no blunders of his own; with one who will quickly and quietly disembarass himself of the political complications in which his predecessor entangled the papacy, and who will be a reformer just so far as his practical knowledge of men and of the world prompts him to feel it necessary, in order to secure to the church that influence in society and over governments which is still hers, or to enable her to recover the influence which she has lost.

From the old Pope to the new is indeed a great transition, but we do not know as yet what this transition is to signify in history.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

AMERICANISMS.

II.

WRITERS upon Americanisms are frequently led, by a union of unlimited self-confidence with limited knowledge, into positive assertions as to usage which are at variance with fact, and therefore entirely misleading. A man may safely assert that such or such a word or phrase is used in England or the States, if he has so heard it or met with it in print; and it is quite proper for him to express, however strongly, his liking for it or his dislike of it, and to show, if he can do so, reasons for his opinion or his feeling in regard to it. As to the latter, if he be wrong, that is if the taste of the best speakers and writers does not agree

with his, or if his reasons for the faith that is in him are unsound, he has merely erred, as any man may err; but he has justly exposed himself to no censure excepting that of legitimate criticism of his views, which some other writer may show him good reason for changing, and which, if he is candid, he will change, and thus merely "be wiser to-day than he was yesterday." But a positive and general assertion which proves to be at variance with fact places him in another and a far more unpleasant position. He has revealed, to a certain degree at least, an insufficient knowledge of the subject upon which he professed knowledge and undertook to teach others. And the knowledge of very few men,

however wide their acquaintance with language and literature, is sufficient to enable them to assert with safety that a certain word or phrase is not used in one country, or that its use is limited to or even characteristic of another, particularly when the people of both the countries in question have a common origin and a common language and literature.

It is this condition of things in regard to the English language which makes assertions of limited usage so dangerous to writers upon Americanisms.

These remarks are suggested by my finding among the Addenda of the last edition of Mr. Bartlett's dictionary the word *bureau* defined as "a chest of drawers for clothes, etc., especially made an ornamental piece of furniture;" to which definition is added the remark, "In England the article is *invariably* called 'a chest of drawers.'" Of my own knowledge I can bear witness to the contrary. I have heard such a piece of furniture called a bureau twenty times in different parts of England, and by persons of various conditions of life; and although the word has not attracted my particular attention (for it appears now for the first time in Mr. Bartlett's work), I am able to refer to the following instances of its use by English writers of repute in past generations and in the present.

In a chapter giving a very lively description of a scene which results in the turning of a chamber-maid out of the house by her enraged mistress (the wife of a rustic inn-keeper), Fielding writes: "It accidentally occurred to her that her master's bed was not made; she therefore went directly to his room, where he happened at that time to be engaged at his *bureau*." (Joseph Andrews, Book I., chap. xviii.)

Sterne also uses it as follows: "My father . . . returned to the table, plucked my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book, went hastily to his *bureau*, walked slowly back," etc. (Tristram Shandy, chap. lxxxv.)

And Horace Walpole thus: "I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow

candles, and a *bureau* covered with pots and pans." (Letters to Horace Mann.)

Mrs. Leycester, thus: "And a little dressing-room out of our bedroom was furnished with a book-case and *bureau*." (Memoirs of a Quiet Life, i. 7.)

The rooms (bedrooms and dressing-room) in which the article is said to have been made its functions plain; and this suggests a reference to the derivation of the word and how it came to be applied to a clothes-press, or a chest of drawers for clothes. *Bureau* meant originally, in French, a coarse kind of cloth. Then, because this cloth was used to cover the tops of writing-tables, such a table came to be called a bureau. The writing-table next received the addition of drawers to hold paper, and still, of course, retained its name. Finally the table proper disappeared, and over the drawers there was a folding leaf, which shut at an angle and could be locked, and in the cavity thus produced there were smaller drawers made, and some eight or ten pigeon-holes for papers, with a lockable recess between them still more private. The inside of the leaf and the corresponding space before it were at first covered with cloth, and when the leaf was let down this formed the writing-table. On top of the whole was an upright case with folding doors, which was used for papers, or as a book-case. This was the bureau which was found in many houses of the last century, both in England and the States, and, as we have seen by the passages quoted above, and as some of us can remember, they were very frequently placed in bedrooms. A natural consequence of the presence of such an article of furniture in a bedroom was that the lower and larger drawers came to be used for clothes. I am writing at one of these old bureaux now; and such, doubtless, was the sort of bureau that Fielding and Sterne and Walpole and Mrs. Leycester had in mind. Finally, as the name of the cloth was given first to the writing-table which it covered, and was then transferred to the piece of furniture of which the drawers had become the larger, and the more important part, it was naturally again

transferred to the new piece of furniture composed entirely of drawers, and intended and exclusively used for the same purpose to which the former had been converted, — the holding of clothes. In olden times, down to two or three centuries ago, clothes were laid away in chests or hung up in wardrobes; but chests of drawers for that purpose, under whatever name, are comparatively modern pieces of furniture. But what now becomes of the assertion that in England they are “invariably” called chests of drawers? The assertion is one of those imprudent ones into which a writer with perfectly correct purposes may be led by overestimating the extent of his range of observation. It would have been safe to say that *bureau* is more common in the States than in England, and *chest of drawers* much more common here than there.

But chief of all those whom overweening self-confidence misleads into unwarrantable assertions upon this subject is Dr. Fitzedward Hall, who is a professor of philology and of Sanskrit, and who undeniably is widely read in English literature. Yet upon the English language he can write very few pages, I might almost say paragraphs, without exhibiting a notable incompetence to pronounce upon its usages, coupled with an enormous pretense and a disposition not only to contradict (which he has a perfect right to do), but to treat with the most offensive disrespect (to do which he has no right), all other writers, of whatever sort and upon whatever subject. He sets down without hesitation the following words, among others, as Americanisms: *divine* (noun), *conclude* and *conclusion* (in the sense of deciding with a purpose), *parlor*, and *make a visit*. Of the first (*divine*) he says that its use to mean a clergyman, a minister of the gospel, is “now uncurrent in England.” (Recent Exemplifications of False Philology, page 73.) Let us see what the evidence of “current” English literature is upon this point. Walter Scott, in the Introductory Epistle to The Fortunes of Nigel, says that “nobles, statesmen, and *divines*, the most distin-

guished of their time, have not scorned to square accounts with their book-sellers.” But setting Scott aside as a little old-fashioned, although he certainly comes within the three generations which Alexander Ellis says form the current language of any period, let us come further down towards the present day. Macaulay, in his famous chapter on the condition of English society in the seventeenth century, speaks of “the *divine* who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice.” Lord Houghton applies the word to Sydney Smith in the following characteristic passage: “‘I am very glad I have amused you,’ said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, ‘but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.’ ‘I should hope I know the difference between being here and at church,’ remarked the gentleman with some sharpness. ‘I am not so sure of that,’ replied the visitor. ‘I’ll bet you a guinea on it,’ said the squire. ‘Take you,’ replied the *divine*.” (Monographs, 1873, page 251.) Mrs. Trollope, most English of English writers of her sex, and mistress of a very pure and charming style, says, “I really think the commander of this Danube ordinari must receive wages from some practical *divine* who wishes to impress on all men . . . the uncertain nature of human happiness.” (Vienna and the Austrians, 1837, Letter xxii.) George Eliot, greatest of all English female authors, says, “The providential government of the world . . . in our favored land was clearly seen to be carried forward on Tory and Church of England principles, sustained by the succession of the house of Brunswick and by sound English *divines*.” (Felix Holt, chap. i.) And again, with the same dry humor, in which she is almost peculiar among her sex: “There is a resident rector who appeals to the consciences of his hearers with all the immense advantages of a *divine* who keeps his own carriage.” (Scenes from Clerical Life, Janet, chap. ii.) Matthew Arnold has, “Surely this is enough to expect a sixteenth century *divine* to give us in theology.” (Literature and Dogma, page 22.) John Bright, the

greatest of living English orators, and one of the greatest living masters of "current" English, applies the word thus to Presbyterian ministers: "We may perhaps imagine an equality which would allow the Protestant establishment to remain; . . . and to complete the scheme a Presbyterian establishment also, having a batch of Catholic prelates and of Presbyterian *divines* in the House of Lords." (Letters and Speeches, vol. ii., page 532.) In the next example it is applied to a Jesuit priest, the eloquent Bourdaloue: "He was much surprised, and knocked at the door, when the distinguished *divine* laid down his instrument," etc. (History of the Violin, by W. Sandys, F. S. A., and S. A. Forster, London, 1864, page 163.) Dr. Newman, who is regarded by many persons, and particularly by Dr. Hall, as the most correct writer of English now living, uses it thus in a general sense: "So we must take it for granted, if we would serve God comfortably, that we cannot be our own *divines* and our own casuists." (Sermons on Subjects of the Day, 1869, page 50.) As Dr. Newman thus uses it in connection with casuists, so we find Dean Stanley using it in as general a sense in connection with statesmen. "The vast

political pageants of which it has been the theatre, . . . the wrangles of *divines* or statesmen which have disturbed its sacred peace." (His. Mem. of Westminster Abbey, 1868, page 37.) Next we have a well-known English writer upon the social problems of his country applying it to the rustic minister of a Wesleyan chapel: "A number of the farmers left the church and repaired to the Wesleyan chapel in the village. But the minister of the chapel, a plain-spoken *divine*, told them they had better go back." (F. G. Heath, The English Peasantry, 1874, page 152.) Lastly, the latest published English dictionary, by the Rev. James Stormouth, gives as the first definition of *divine* simply "a minister of the gospel;" then, following, "a clergyman, a priest." These examples are enough to establish the point in question; but I wish to add a few more, which, that my readers may not be needlessly wearied, I give in foot-notes to this page. They are from John Wood Warler,¹ Southey's son-in-law Angus,² Archbishop Whately,³ Blakey,⁴ Farrar,⁵ Arthur Helps,⁶ Ruskin,⁷ Thackeray,⁸ Goldwin Smith,⁹ Anthony Trollope,¹⁰ H. A. Mereweather,¹¹ Sir Henry Holland,¹² Leslie Stephen,¹³ a corre-

¹ To follow the poet's advice, coupled with the moralist's and the *divine's*, would yield, etc. (The Seaboard and the Down, 1860, vol. i., page 55.)

Like Luther, a good textuary and a good *divine*. (Idem, i. 364.)

Moreover they came often for advice, because they found in the person they appealed to the *divine*, the scholar, and the gentleman. (Idem, ii. 475.)

² On Sunday he read with them the Greek Testament, and gave them besides a scheme of theology founded chiefly on the writings of Dutch *divines*. (Hand-Book of English Lit. and Lang., page 165.)

³ Sometimes, indeed, when they are pressed with objections to their own explanations of Scripture doctrines, *divines* are apt to say, etc. (Cautions for the Times, No. xiv.)

⁴ On the balances of nature the *divine* thus speaks. (Old Faces in New Masks, 1859, page 51.)

⁵ An opinion for which at the present day not a single advocate could be found (except some popular modern *divines*), which formerly, etc. (Chapters on Language, 1865, page 191.)

⁶ I cannot see, my love, why in itself any costume would not become a clergyman which so many old *divines* . . . look well in. (Friends in Council, vol. ii., chap. iv.)

⁷ The most perfect and clear statement of the great evangelical doctrine of salvation by faith only which I ever heard from any English *divine*. (Fors Clavigera, Letter xx., page 24.)

It is the task of the *divine* to condemn the errors of antiquity, and of the philologist to account for them. (The Queen of the Air, 1869, page 2.)

⁸ And whom Tom Moody remembers forty years back a slender *divine*. (Vanity Fair, chap. xlv.)

Neither *divine* allowed himself to be conquered. (Idem, chap. xlvii.)

⁹ May we not see *divines*, the authorized guardians of the truth, shaping their doctrine to the taste of the great bishop-maker of the day? (Three English Statesmen, 1868, page 162.)

The court *divine*, Mainwaring, said in one of his famous sermons, etc. (Idem, page 11.)

¹⁰ By the fostering care of perhaps the most pious set of *divines* that ever lived. (The American Senator, 1877, chap. xlii.)

¹¹ We started at two o'clock, and the archdeacon and another *divine* wished me good-by at the railway station. (By Sea and by Land, 1874, chap. xiv.)

¹² Disputes which few *divines* would reopen at the present day. (Recollections of a Past Life, 1872, page 269.)

¹³ If science could have proved *divines* to be apes themselves, etc. (Free Thinking and Plain Speaking, 1877, chap. iii.)

Philosophers, *divines*, and poets shrink with horror, etc. (Idem.)

Divines never tire of holding up to us the example of Christ. (Idem, chap. ix.)

spondent in *Fors Clavigera*,¹ Frances Power Cobbe,² *The Liverpool Courier*,³ the *Saturday Review*,⁴ and *The Week*.⁵ It thus appears that this word *divine*, in the sense simply of a minister of the gospel, whether Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, Church of England, Congregational, or what not, is in constant use by the best writers and in the best journals in England. It has been so in the past, and it is so down to this very day; and yet we have here a scholar and a philologist pronouncing it without hesitation or qualification uncurrent in that sense. A man may hold to his opinions firmly and assert them strongly, and if wrong merely err in judgment; but what shall be said of him who, planting himself with much parade upon the professed knowledge of facts, makes corrections which are directly at variance with them!

He will have it, too, that *parlor*, meaning the room in which a family sits and receives company, otherwise called, but generally with reference to a room of some size and pretension in a large house, a drawing-room, is "obsolete," "except in the United States and in some of the English colonies." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 48.) And again, "In England people who have a drawing-room no longer call it a *parlour*, as they called it of old and recently." (Modern English, by the same writer, page 247.) That this positive assertion is contradicted by the evidence of English writers of the present day the following examples show. They are all taken from novels, the best written guides to the phraseology of society; most of them from novels written by women, the very highest authority upon such points, except, perhaps, Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose books contain a more complete and correct picture of English upper and middle class society, both as to manners and

speech, than has ever before been made of any society at any period.

"The kitchen is warm; . . . its atmosphere is rich with unctuous and savory viands; the cook is kind; but the *parlour* is preferred by the dog from an innate love of high society." (Arthur Helps, *Realmah*, chap. xii.)

"The want of constant habitation makes itself felt in the state rooms of palaces as in the *parlours* of those houses in which the family do not live, but only receive company." (Idem, *Ivan de Biron*, Book VII., chap. ix.)

"It was the once hopeful Godfrey, who was standing with his hands in his side pockets in the dark wainscoted *parlour* one late November afternoon." (George Eliot, *Silas Marner*, chap. iii.)

"And the brother, he may await you in the *parlour*." (Mrs. Alexander, *Which Shall it Be?* 1873, chap. xxii.)

"But she soon missed me and came to the library, peeping in [and saying], 'Come with me and I will tell you.' When we were in the *parlour*," etc. (My Beautiful Neighbor, chap. xi., in *Temple Bar Magazine*, October, 1873.)

"Aunt Gray . . . awaited her in a large, comfortable *parlour*, cheerfully lighted by three windows." (Mrs. Alexander, *The Wooing O't*, 1874, chap. xxix.)

"In the evening they had dinner in a small *parlour*." (William Black, *A Princess of Thule*, 1874, chap. xxv.)

"Jane Grand, dressed in black, pale and listless as usual, training the roses in the way they should go above the *parlour* window." (Idem, *A Point of Honour*, 1876, chap. xiii.)

"Mr. Masters was sitting at home with his family in the large *parlour* of his house." (A. Trollope, *The American Senator*, 1877, chap. iii.)

"And upon that she turned back into the *parlour* with all the majesty of con-

¹ I don't know what school of *divines* Mr. Elwyn belongs to. (*Fors Clavigera*, xl., page 94.)

² For my own part I have never ceased to wonder how Christian *divines* have been able to picture heaven, etc. (*New Quarterly*, July, 1875.)

³ The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother or cousin—we do not know which—of the eccentric *divine* of Brooklyn. (*Liverpool Courier* (leading article), May, (?) 1875.)

⁴ The author was selected by certain *divines* representing the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian churches of Scotland to found a mission, etc. (*Saturday Review*, December 29, 1877, page 811.)

⁵ This is so much opposed to the predictions of a large number of newspapers, historians, and *divines*, that they begin, etc. (*The Week*, January, 1878.)

scious virtue." (Mrs. Edwards, *A Blue Stocking*, 1877, chap. v., and *passim*.)

"Now, Jenny, here is Mr. George Lynton coming, and if he gets off his pony be sure you ask him into the best *parlour*." (Cecil Maxwell, *Story of Three Sisters*, 1876, chap. viii.)

"The damp haunts you from room to room, until you are all huddled together like Esquimaux in the small close *parlour* that happens to be over the kitchen fire." (*Saturday Review*, September 11, 1875, page 326.)

Other like passages are at my hand, but these are enough. I will add that I find among my memorandums clipped from a London newspaper of 1870 (the *Times*, I believe, for I neglected the irksome task of particularizing title and date) an advertisement of Drawing-Room Plays and *Parlour* Pantomimes by Clement Scott, and *Parlour* Pastimes by Ridleson.

It will be observed that in the first passage quoted Mr. Helps makes his meaning very clear: the parlor is the place for high society, with the usages and language of which he was as familiar as any man in England; and that in the second he also leaves no room for doubt, defining the parlor as the place where the family "do not live, but only receive company." In the other passages the meaning is not so sharply defined in words, but is none the less quite unmistakable. It may be wondered why a man of intelligence and a wide acquaintance with English literature should have made an assertion so manifestly untrue. His blunder is probably to be attributed, in the first place, to the lack of familiarity with the usages of society which seems to be implied in his remark (*Modern English*, page 274), "Mr. Thackeray's patrician slang affects, I know, many who live out of the world just as it affects myself." But it comes chiefly from an affectation among some English people of a word that seems to them to lift their domestic arrangements to the level of those of what are known in England as "great houses;" in which there is the great drawing-room, or the east and the west, or the red and the blue

drawing-room. This affectation is thus delicately satirized by Miss Broughton:

"At the hall door . . . Sarah meets her. Sarah is an Englishwoman.

"'Mr. Brandon is in the *parlour* 'm.'

"'Parlour! My good Sarah, how many times shall I adjure you by all that you hold most sacred to say drawing-room?' " (Red as a Rose is She, chap. ii.)

Dr. Hall also asserts of the phrase *make a visit* that "whatever it once was" it "no longer is English." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 48.) The implication here that the only other phrase now in common use, "*pay a visit*" or a call, is of very modern introduction is unwarranted, as will be seen by the following couplet from Samuel Wesley's *Melissa*, A. D. 1734:—

"Nor gads to *pay*, with busy air,
Trifling *visits* here and there."

Only little later Cowper uses the same phrase in his letters: "Since the *visit* you were so kind to *pay* me in the Temple." (July 1, 1765. Works, ed. Southey, ii., page 162.)

"Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, *paid* him a *visit* about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness." (July 12, 1765. *Idem*, page 168.)

But there was another phrase then in vogue to express the same social event, — *to give a call*, — as the following examples, also from Cowper's letters, show:—

"Both Lady Hesketh and my brother had apprised me of your intention to *give* me a *call*." (*Idem*, vol. ii., page 171.)

"To *give* a morning *call*, and now and then to receive one." (*Idem*, vol. iii., page 61.)

"Mr. Throckmorton *gave* me yesterday a morning *call*." (*Idem*, vol. iii., page 341.)

That the phrase "to make visits" had not ceased to be English forty years ago, and has not now ceased to be what Dr. Hall calls "current" English, may be seen by the following examples of its use, half of them by female writers:—

"Or if you prefer *making visits*, you

have two or three hours before you that may be so employed." (Mrs. Trollope, *Vienna and the Austrians*, 1838, Letter lii.)

"After Moscheles had *made* a round of *visits* to the artists, he went off," etc. (A. D. Coleridge, *Recent Music and Musicians*, 1874, chap. vi.)

"In nothing was this more apparent than in the visiting card which she had prepared for her use. For such an article one would say that she in her present state could have but small need, seeing how improbable it was that she should *make* a morning call." (Anthony Trollope, *Barchester Towers*, chap. ix.)

"He tore a pair of new tea-green gloves into thin strips, like little thongs. He must find it rather expensive work, if he *makes* many morning *calls*." (Miss Broughton, *Nancy*, chap. v.)

On the other hand, the phrase "to make" visits or calls is no more common, nor "to pay" them less common, here than in England. Of the latter we are all aware from the usage with which we are familiar, of which take one example from a well-known American authoress:—

"The toilets in which a well-dressed lady now goes shopping on Broadway are as ruffled and puffed, as beflooned and befurbelowed, as those in which she *pays* calls or attends receptions on Fifth Avenue, the only difference being in the coloring and possibly in the texture." (Lucy Hooper, *Fig Leaves and French Dresses*, *Galaxy*, October, 1874.)

Here we may question the appropriateness of the epithet "well-dressed," and we may be annoyed by the unpleasant Scotticism and Southernism, "*on Broadway*" and "*on Fifth Avenue*," but the phrase "*pays calls*" will seem strange to no one. Nor is it at all of late introduction into this country, as the following extracts from the private writings of a distinguished Yankee show:—

"Wrote letters, *paid* a few visits, and at five went to dine." (Diary of John Quincy Adams, October 24, 1794.)

"Afterwards till two, dressing, receiving or *paying visits*." (Idem, December 31, 1797.)

"*Paid* visits to the president and Mr. Madison, both of whom I found at home." (Idem, October 31, 1804.)

The introduction of the word *pay* in reference to a visit, which appears to be so purely a matter of volition and of pleasure that without those motives on the part of the visitor it is worthless, seems to have accompanied the diffusion of a consciousness that calling had become a mere formality, — a mere matter of compliment, if not of etiquette. Cowper's "give me a call" seems much more significant of friendship and neighborliness; but it is now almost exclusively appropriated to the uses of trade. The supposition that the call is assumed to be paid as the mere performance of a social duty receives illustration, if not support, from the following interesting passage in John Quincy Adams's *Diary*, in regard to the etiquette of full dress on occasion of diplomatic visits in Russia:

"There is so much punctilio in this usage that it admits of no substitute; . . . nay, if you go yourself, unless it be in full dress, the visit is not *fully paid*. . . . This is called a diplomatic visit paid in person." (Diary, 1811, vol. ii., page 265.)

Dr. Hall's assertions on this point, and others of like nature, are merely negative testimony, and have the inherent inconclusiveness of such testimony. But they are something more: they are witnesses to the limitation of a knowledge which — with a display of great reading, and an assumption that sometimes misleads others — he sets forth as, if not absolutely perfect, at least as near perfection as is permitted to human creatures, and far beyond that of any other merely finite being.

Of like nature is his condemnation of the words *conclude* and *conclusion*, as implying resolution. On the sentence, "Ralph, however, like most disappointed lovers, *concludes* to live," he thus remarks: "Conclude means 'come to a conclusion,' in one sense of the phrase; that which gives to conclusion the meaning of inference. *Conclusion*, in this phrase, also signifies 'resolution;' but conclude, as equivalent to the phrase

when it attaches this sense to *conclusion*, has long ceased to be English." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 110.) Disentangling the "snarl" and resolving the discords of Dr. Hall's English, we make out unmistakably that he means simply that *conclude* implying to resolve, and *conclusion* implying a resolution, have long ceased to be English. The assertion is very positive, and the period to which it refers is clearly enough defined. How true it is the following passages from English books written during the last few years will show:—

"The queen *concluded* on keeping the bulk of the prize to herself." (Froude, History of England, chap. lxiv.)

"So, as these thoughts flashed through his mind, Saxon *concluded* to stay where he was and not to stop his ears." (Mrs. A. B. Edwards, Half a Million of Money, 1866, vol. ii., chap. xix.)

"Having the whole of Salisbury Plain to think about it upon, interrupted only by an occasional charge of Colonel Marshall and his cavalry, I soon came to the *conclusion* to go." (H. A. Mereweather, By Sea and by Land, 1874, chap. i.)

"And finally he went to sleep on the *conclusion* that he would wait until that visit had been made." (George Eliot, Daniel Deronda, Book III., chap. xix.)

My list is short; but, like Mercutio's wound, 't will do. It begins with Froude and ends with George Eliot; its second item is furnished by one of the most popular British female novelists, and its third is by "one of her majesty's counsel," and a Wiltshire gentleman of family and standing. The point is not one as to correctness or etymology, but simply whether the word has "long ceased to be English" in a certain sense; as to which the fact that it is used by such writers as Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Mereweather is evidence quite as good as its use by the eminent author of Adam Bede and Romola. I should have had a much longer array of examples showing that it had not ceased to be English, but my attention had never been drawn to it in that light until after the publication of Dr. Hall's Recent Exemplifica-

tions, etc., in 1872; and my reading for language' sake having practically ceased long before that time, and my labors in other respects having increased, I have only such examples as I have since then lit upon by chance in books that I took up casually or which were sent to me for review.

But although I had never thought of the word as being charged with Americanism, when used in the sense considered above, it had attracted my attention; for, strange to say, this sense, so common, is passed over entirely by the dictionary makers. Not one English dictionary known to me, from Bailey and Johnson to Webster and Stormouth, gives *conclude* in the sense of to come to a final resolution, to settle a purpose. It is therefore interesting and of some importance to show what long and well-rooted use it has in our language and literature, which will appear by the following passages:—

"Then the bishops of Greece and the emperors gathered them together to provide a remedy against that mischief, and *concluded* that they should be put down for the abuse, thinking it so expedient." (Tyndale, Answer to Sir Thomas More, 1530. Works, ed. 1827, vol. iii., page 191.)

"Though [thou] art in as ill a taking as the hare which, being all the day hunted, at last *concludes* to die; for, said she, whither should I fly to escape these dogs?" (Gabriel Harvey, Trimming of Thomas Nash, 1597, ed. 1871, page 51.)

"The voice of the whole land speaks in my tongue.
It is *concluded* your Majesty must ride
From hence unto the Tower: there to stay
Until your coronation."
(Thomas Dekker, Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1607.)

"In Baynards Castle was a counsell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did resort,
And 't was *concluded* to proclaim Queene Mary."
(Idem.)

"As touching the Gentiles which believe, we have written and *concluded*,¹ that they observe no such thing; but that they keep themselves from things offered

¹ *Koinavres*. Wicliffe version, "deeming;" Tyndale, 1534, and Cranmer, 1539, "concluded;" Rheims, 1582, "decreeing."

to idols." (Acts xxi. 25, King James's Translation, 1611.)

"Our power no further doth extend;
For with this year the Consuls end.
But reverend Lords, your powerfull state
Is not confin'd to any date.
Therefore *conclude* among you all
That Pompey be your Generall."

(Sir Arthur Gorges' Translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614, Book V., page 168.)

"Matters standing in this woful case, three French noblemen projected, with themselves, to make a cordial for the consumption of the spirits of their king and countrymen. . . . Hereupon they *concluded* to set up the aforesaid Joan of Arc to make her that she had a revelation from heaven," etc. (Thomas Fuller, *The Profane State*, 1648, V.)

"If up the hill I go into the wood,
And in some thicket there lie warm and sleep,
I fear I shall for beasts and fowls be food,
At last *concludes* into some wood to creep."
(Thomas Hobbes' Translation of *Odyssey*, 1677, Book V., l. 449.)

"What shall I say, but *conclude* for his so great and sacred service, both to our king and kingdom, . . . and for their everlasting benefit, there may be everlastingly left here one of his loynes, one of his loynes I say, and stay upon this Bench to be the example of all justice." (Chapman and Shirley, *Tragedy of Chabot*, Act. iii., sig. Ei b, ed. 1639.)

"To whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to *conclude* and determine without appeale or revocation," etc. (Thomas Carew, *Cælum Britannicum*, 1633, page 211, ed. 1870.)

"As Cato did his Africk fruits display,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay.

All loyal English will like him *conclude*,
'Let Caesar live and Carthage be subdued.'"
(Dryden, *Satyr on the Dutch*, 1662.)

"This morning Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Bolten, and I met at the office, and did *conclude* of our going to Portsmouth next week." (Pepys' *Diary*, April 18, 1662.)

"Which, having suffered by my supposed silence, I am persuaded will make her fear the worst; if that is the case she will fly to England, — a most natural *conclusion*." (Sterne, *Letters*, civ. August 11, 1767.)

Here we have a word, a common word, used in a certain sense from at least 1530 to 1877 by Tyndale, Nash, Harvey, Dekker, the makers of the authorized version of the Bible, Sir Arthur Gorges, Fuller, Hobbes, Chapman and Shirley, Carew, Dryden, Pepys, Sterne, Froude, George Eliot, and minor English writers of the present day; passed over entirely by all the dictionary makers; and also pronounced by Fitzedward Hall, LL.D., philologist and professor of Sanskrit, as having long ceased to be English. From which two things may be learned, — the untrustworthiness of dictionaries, and the fitness of Dr. Hall to write a book on Americanisms, which I observe that he has announced that he has in preparation. This is but a foretaste of what I may possibly find time to show upon the latter point, if not in these pages, elsewhere. It is what might be expected from a man who on his own confession and showing goes to Irving, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, for examples of bad English.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I THINK that Mr. Sedgwick's article, in the last *Atlantic*, on the Lobby is an excellent one, besides being timely and much needed. It deals with a semi-institutional thing which has become a

great public injury and a great national disgrace; and the writer handles his subject in a manner which happily unites sagacity and worldly wisdom with a nice sense of honor. The wrong to which he

directs attention as the cause, *origo et fons*, of the lobby — that is, the irresponsibility, or rather the legal inapproachability, of those who administer our government — is a reproach to our honesty, and to our boasted freedom and our common sense; and the remedy which he proposes, the passage of an act remitting to the courts all claims whatever against the government, is one of the efficacy of which, to a certain point, there can be no doubt. Let there be an end to the passage of what are known as "private bills" for the remedy of private wrongs, done intentionally or unintentionally by the government, and of course the occupation of the men who "lobby" for such bills is gone. But it seems to me that Mr. Sedgwick's article, with all its sagacity, takes a view of the lobby so limited that it may almost be justly called narrow. He regards the lobby simply as the result of the necessity of pressing private claims upon the government through the legislative body; and it is upon this appreciation of it alone that he grounds his discussion of its structure, its functions, and its mode of procedure, and also his proposal of the method for its extinction. But I think that all those who have observed the working of our legislative bodies in conjunction with that of the lobby will be of the opinion, after a little reflection, that if from the lobbyists those or private claims only were removed from the purlieus of the Capitol at Washington, and of the capitols of the various states, the most important and the most dangerous, if not the most numerous, part of that large and not very admirable estimable body of our fellow-citizens could remain undisturbed. These and their work Mr. Sedgwick does not consider. True, he does say that manufacturers striving for protection, steamships and railways wishing to be subsidized, could have their representatives in the lobby; but he does this in rather a passing notice, by the way; and even these added to the others do not make up the lobby. There still remains the most important part of it, — the most powerful and the most pernicious.

The lobby most to be dreaded, and the destruction of which is most imperatively demanded by the public good, is that which boldly, almost openly, seeks to bring about legislation against the interests of the people at large in favor of great and wealthy corporations, and of manufacturing establishments or individuals so rich, and the employers of so many men, that they have almost the importance and the power of corporations. And this influence is not exerted in favor of any claims which these have upon the government for wrongs suffered at the hands of its officers, but either in favor of schemes of profit by these corporations and wealthy employers of many voters, in disregard of the rights of the public, or in opposition to proposed measures for the general benefit which would in some way or other check their arrogant disregard of public rights, or limit their gains. Every man who knows anything at all about public affairs knows that such corporate bodies, firms, and individuals have now, next to the representatives — those who may be called the caucus leaders — of the two great political parties, the largest influence in almost all our legislative bodies, not excepting that at Washington. Indeed, both the political parties entangle themselves in alliances with them for the sake of their support. What a "Commodore" Vanderbilt will do, or a "Tom" Scott, has become an important question in a political contest. And was it not long a by-word that the president of the Camden and Amboy Railroad carried the State of New Jersey in his breeches' pocket? What have been the revelations of recent years as to legislation in New York, affecting rich money-making corporations who wish to extort money from the public, or to take it in payment for services rendered only with regard to their (the corporations') interest? Tweed was eagerly sought as a director of such corporations, and Tweed used the lobby in their interest as well as in that of his infamous ring. But the lobby existed before Tweed; and indeed without the preëxistence of the lobby Tweed would have been impossible, or at the

most a creature of very imperfect development. Nor was it in the prosecution of private claims for wrongs that Oakes Ames desired that a large sum of money should be put "where it would do the most good." The condition of public affairs in this respect has come to be simply this: A measure of legislation is proposed for the public benefit. A great corporation or a great manufacturing establishment sees that the measure, if it becomes a law, will affect its interests, either by directly diminishing its receipts, or by increasing its expenditures. The matter is looked at merely as one of business. The question with the directors of the corporation or the manufacturers is simply, How shall we protect our interests? What will be the account of profit and loss? If this measure becomes a law, it will cost us so many thousands of dollars yearly; now, if by employing lobby agents at such a cost, and by the expenditure of so much money in the way in which it will do the most good, we can save so many thousands of dollars yearly, sound business principles require that we should use the lobby and expend the money. As to other principles besides those of business, what have corporations, with neither souls to be saved nor bodies to be kicked, to do with them? And manufacturing establishments, when they develop themselves largely, take on the form, to use a phrase of the naturalists, of corporations, and with their form receive also their spirit. These "parties" have their representatives in the lobby and in communication with it, whose business it is to look after their interests; but there is no one whose business it is to look after the interests of the people at large, except the legislator; and he is the very one upon whom the lobbyist brings his powers of persuasion, verbal and material, to bear. To give the people an even chance, there should be a lobby in the public interest. But who would pay for that? In like manner "jobs" are lobbied through the state legislatures and through Congress. Of the number of these jobs, their enormity and the great and superfluous expenditure of the pub-

lic money which they involve, the public has little knowledge. They are rarely brought to light by investigation. Investigation, somehow or other, does not take that direction. There has been much talk lately of overpaid official persons. There are very few such, under any of our state governments, or under the federal government. The cities and their "ring" officers furnish almost the only examples. But the excess of all the salaries of all the officers of all the governments in the country is as nothing compared with the iniquitous expenditure of the public money in jobs; and these jobs, not private claims for wrongs suffered, give the lobby its greatest and its most lucrative employment. We have lately seen a great financial measure, one which affects the business and the honor of the whole country, pressed through Congress with indecent haste, and most indecorous treatment of the president's veto. That measure, avowedly in the interest of the debtor class, is notoriously in the interest of men already of great wealth. Does any one believe that the lobby had nothing to do with the Silver Bill? Few men could be of such simple understanding. This is the great lobby, and such are its works. And the remedy? What remedy can there be in a land where the great maxim seems to be, Get money honestly if you can, but get it, and if dishonestly it matters little. "*Querenda pecunia prima post nummos virtus.*" The countless revelations of the last five years as to the betrayal of trusts on the part of managers of public institutions and of private individuals of respectable standing show that there is no hope for the abolition of the worst element of our lobby but in the elevation of the moral tone of the whole people.

—It seems to me that the lucid, brilliant, and generally fair reviewer of *The Story of Avis*, in your April number deals with certain of his facts somewhat after the fashion that the Rev. Joseph Cook adopts with regard to his scientific quotations. Here is an instance: "is a rather remarkable fact that no unmarried woman has ever yet achiev-

the highest order of distinction. Maria Theresa, Mary Somerville, Elizabeth Browning, George Eliot — who cannot recite the brief catalogue in his sleep? — have all been married women, almost all mothers," etc. Now, admitting such a statement as the above within the category of facts at all, it has but one leg, and that a rather weak one, to stand upon. For what way save as a ruler did Maria Theresa achieve distinction, and as a ruler how was she greater than Elizabeth of England? Although, as Mrs. Browning, Elizabeth Barrett became more extensively known, did she not under her maiden name strike as true a vein of poetry? And beyond all question, was not the rank of the woman who calls herself George Eliot securely established by the five or six books she published while she remained Marian Evans? The world, too, has pretty well decided that the two works she has given it as Mrs. Lewes are no more than very elaborated reproductions of what made Marian Evans famous. Mary Somerville's work being of an altogether different order, she of course achieved her best when the heyday of imagination was over, and she had a respite from the taxes and cares of her first uncongenial marriage.

But was your reviewer's catalogue necessarily so brief? Could not De Staël have entered it? She, too, while adding another married woman to the list, would have served to make good the assertion of scientists as to the incompatibility of wifehood, or rather of motherhood, with intellectual achievement, since all her noteworthy work was done during her widowhood. The same may be said of George Sand, who would have her freedom at any cost.

What man of her day was more than the peer of that hard-headed spinster, Harriet Martineau? And how about "the fiery-hearted vestal of Haworth," Charlotte Brontë, whose imagination created such a wonderfully real world, while her life partook so little of the actual? Perhaps your reviewer would not rank her among the first, although she can to-day command and satisfy a

wider variety of tastes than can any of her above-mentioned sisters.

As to Miss Phelps's *Avis*, of course every fair-minded reader is disappointed. The author makes the lamentable mistake of using her own fine powers upon a creature who has the desire without the patience or perseverance to be great, and who lacks even the commonplace virtue of making the best of circumstances into which her own nature forced her to enter. To drop her limp hands by her side just as she is freed from her troubles, and at the very period of life, too, when the best work is generally begun, — such a heroine is not worth using ink and paper upon, let alone talent.

But because Miss Phelps, or anybody else, wants to sing pæans upon celibacy, is that a reason why reviewers must seize upon the first little string of brittle statements that occurs to them, and air it for the public good; and newspaper men catch up the refrain and reccho it for the public good, and in defense of the holy state of matrimony? As if a state that nine persons out of every ten use all the powers that God gave them to enter needed any such factitious defense! No; the combined light of all the wise virgins that ever trimmed their lamps at the first hour can't alter a tittle of the facts of human nature. Certain theologians *may* need whatever props they can lay hold on in defending themselves against the incursions of modern views, but adherents of matrimony can surely afford to dispense with them.

— The following fragment of chronology, from the work-basket of a Memphis lady, may interest those concerned in mnemonics:—

General Forrest was buried the day my new hat came home.

Hayes was inaugurated the spring I made over my old silk.

Dickens died when Jennie was a baby.

Lincoln was killed when Mary was creeping.

The civil war broke out when Sallie was cutting her teeth.

The king of Spain was born the year I was married.

—Mr. Richard Grant White lays down the general principle that “in language whatever is distinctively American is bad,” and then points out that the names of things peculiar to this country are not properly Americanisms. Agreeing with this, up to a certain point, I should like to ask him how he would regard cases where a partial variation in the form of things has led to a variation in words between the two nations. For instance, the vehicles on railways in England were and are modeled on private carriages, and hence are properly called by that name; while for our vehicles for the same purpose a new shape has been devised, for which the word carriage would be inappropriate. Would he have us call these structures by the English name? Nay, to carry it a step farther, when the same identical thing has come into existence simultaneously in England and America, and has taken a different name in each, would he require that we should abolish the American name and take up the English one? When Mr. White goes to his office by the horse-car, for instance, does he call that mode of communication a tramway? If not, does he not violate his own canon?

It seems to me that in the parallel development of two great branches of one race, a time must come when equal property rights in the common language must be recognized. The more vigorous the vitality of the stock, the more inevitable will this be. Even if the inventions and institutions of the two branches run parallel, there will still be local divergencies that will require different names to describe them accurately. As the German philosopher in Hyperion says, “Pardon must be granted to the novelty of words when it serves to illustrate the obscurity of things.”

—In the rather severe criticism of Helen's Babies in the last Contributor's Club, the point seems to be that the baby talk which constitutes the chief charm of the book is unnatural, — in fact impossible. An example given is Tod-

die's “I want to shee yours watch.” It is left to “any intelligent and observing mother whether such a little child as Toddie does not always say, ‘see you ’atch’ rather than ‘shee yours watch,’” indicating an inability to articulate the *w* while taking the *y* as a matter of course. A child of two years and three months is playing in the room as I write. She says twenty times a day, “Dacie wants wind up ’oo watch,” pronouncing plainly the *w*, but dropping entirely the *y*. It simply proves that children differ, and that it is impossible to lay down rules for either their thoughts or their modes of expressing them. A mother of six bright, healthy children said recently that no two of them ever talked alike. One put words together at eleven months; another, two years and a half old, could make only inarticulate sounds; one little girl, speaking very plainly otherwise, did not say “yes” until nearly five years old, using “no” indiscriminately for both. If children of the same parents, brought up under the same influences, differ so materially, why should not there be a still greater difference in others? It is the old story of fiction believed and fact doubted.

A child may pronounce a word wrongly from misapprehension at first, and continue its use from habit. Such a word in an otherwise plain sentence may sound improbable, but be none the less natural. Little Gracie's usual morning greeting is, “Ain't we doin' to have no dep-us?” She can say breakfast almost plainly if she wants to, but she evidently *don't* want to. “Helen's Babies” lead a long procession of “Husbands,” “Wives,” “Mothers-in-law,” “Lovers,” “Boys,” and “Girls” of whom the less said the better; and possibly, reading some of these last first, one might find the Babies a little silly, perhaps, but hardly vulgar; and it is but simple justice to the vast army of readers to say that they found in the little book much of the fresh, genuine, child love that brightens so many of our homes.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE new edition of Dickens¹ which has now completely issued from the Riverside Press must take precedence of all others in a feature of unique value. Each novel is introduced with a careful critical essay by Mr. E. P. Whipple, who, we think, has hardly done better work of this kind. He analyzes the structure of the fictions with his characteristic acuteness, and comments with characteristic intelligence upon the different personages and their management by the author. The criticism is thoroughly sympathetic, but is in no wise fond. Mr. Whipple writes with all the hearty enthusiasm of a reader of Dickens's own generation, who enjoyed and loved each successive creation of the master as it came from his pen; but this enthusiasm is admirably corrected by after-thought and by the cooler sense of the times, which are no longer under the glamour of that great genius. There ensued shortly after Dickens's death some years of distrust and disparagement, in which Dickens was not much read and was very much undervalued, especially by those who saw him late in life and suffered a certain disillusion. This effect was indefinitely heightened and rendered almost universal by the late Mr. Forster's vulgar and conceited biography, in which Dickens appeared as hard and strained and exaggerated morally as he looked personally. One could not read his books with the old devotion. But those years were years of great injustice, and they are already past; the most disheartened of his old friends can already find a revival of delight in his wonderful books, and we think that it will be long before a future generation shall neglect them.

Mr. Whipple reflects in some degree the eriod of reaction which we have mentioned, ut he is not unduly affected by it; and he as profited by the flood of anecdote, reminiscence, and biography which ensued upon Dickens's death to enrich his criticism of each novel with a sketch of the circumstances in which it was written. The gossip about the "originals" of the characters, the author's contemporaneous quarrels with publishers, his private feeling about his

books and his readers, his artistic theories, aims, and errors are all discussed; and the series of essays really forms a literary life of the novelist very charming in matter and manner. Mr. Whipple has drawn mostly for his material upon Forster, but he has by no means confined himself to that writer. His criticism recognizes other criticism, and shows a full knowledge of Dickens literature, but it strikes us as uncommonly fresh and original; vigorous it always is. We commend especially to the reader's notice the analysis of *Our Mutual Friend*, and what may be called in the old-fashioned sense the apology of that greatest and least of Dickens's works, — a novel in which he assembled all his defeats and retrieved them with such wonderful art of execution that they became an element of his triumph.

The illustrations of this edition of Dickens are all upon steel, and include not only the originals by Cruikshank and Browne, but some of the best of Dailey's. They are on the whole highly satisfactory; and so are the print and paper. The volumes, twenty-nine in number, are of very convenient size, and are tastefully and substantially bound. It is, in fact, an edition of most noteworthy excellence.

The same house has reissued the Waverley novels complete in twenty-five volumes, — each containing two volumes of the old Ticknor & Fields library Scott. The paper here, again, is very agreeable, and the print clear and good. An artistic and significant design for the cover gives style and sentiment to the edition, which is of light and handy form, and contains the familiar illustrations on steel by Billings.

—The chief value of Mr. Harvey's memorial² corresponds with its chief aim, that of presenting, more fully and informally than has hitherto been done, the personality of Daniel Webster as it appeared to his most intimate friends. "His sweetness of temper, his kindness of heart, the depth of his friendships, his firm hold upon the facts of the Christian religion, the pathos and humor of his home life, — these," says the writer, "ought to be known and understood by the world." Judging from the

¹ *Works of Charles Dickens*. New Illustrated Library Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1873.

² *Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster*. By PETER HARVEY. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1877.

preface, without other knowledge, one would suppose that Mr. Harvey had not noticed the publication, in 1870, of Mr. G. T. Curtis's full and well-executed *Life of Webster*; for, after saying that if he (Mr. Harvey) could have selected one man from among Webster's friends to be the statesman's biographer he should have selected Mr. Everett, he observes: "There were others, then, who could have written his life more worthily than I. It is not my purpose, at this eleventh hour, to write it." This total ignoring of Mr. Curtis's work — which, as is well known, was undertaken with reluctance and diffidence only after two of the literary executors had died and the third (George Ticknor) had declined to prepare a biography — certainly wears an uncourteous look; and in view of the fact that some of the anecdotes given by Mr. Harvey are the same that have already been published in Mr. Curtis's work, we confess it strikes us as especially unbecoming. Without troubling himself about this, however, the reader may find in the present volume a valuable and very entertaining supplement to what has already been published. Many of the anecdotes related by Webster himself are told with great fullness and under the protection of quotation marks, which seem to imply that they were recorded shortly after their utterance. This does not prevent their sometimes sharing the common fate of such reports in conflicting with other accounts of the same matters. In the case of the county clerkship offered to Webster at the time when he was studying with Christopher Gore, Mr. Curtis, compiling from Webster's autobiography and from a verbal account given by him in 1825, represents the elder Webster as saying to Daniel that the lucrative office had been offered without any application from himself; whereas Mr. Harvey sets forth emphatically the efforts which Ebenezer Webster made to procure it for his son, a county clerkship being then one of the most profitable positions open to lawyers, with an income equivalent to \$10,000 at the present day. A more important discrepancy is that in the tone of disappointment attributed to his father, when the young lawyer refused the place, in order to enter the lists of fame. In Mr. Harvey's account, Ebenezer Webster repeats his wife's prediction that Daniel "would be either something or nothing," and adds, "You have fulfilled her prophecy, — you have come to nothing." The story as given by Mr. Curtis says that,

although the elder man's eye flashed at his son's announcement, Daniel saw that parental partiality was after all a little gratified at this devotion to an honorable profession; and instead of condemning the young man, as in Mr. Harvey's report, Ebenezer merely says, in a thoughtful way, that Daniel is now about to settle his mother's doubt, — meaning that he is taking a decisive step, the result of which still remains to be seen. The difference is of some importance as bearing on the relation of father and son; and we think it likely that Mr. Harvey does the father injustice. This instance and the general atmosphere of the book lead us to believe that the author sometimes puts into Webster's mouth, by way of amplifying the sense, words which are really nothing but the listener's impression of what was meant to be conveyed. At the same time, we must not be understood as questioning the general trustworthiness of these reminiscences, which, in the face of an intimacy like that enjoyed by Mr. Harvey, would be presumptuous.

Anecdote biography of this sort has an advantage over formal memoirs in being unencumbered with the details of public transaction, which, however interesting in themselves, more or less obscure our view of the man who is engaged in them. In Mr. Harvey's pages we have the delight of a succession of personal interviews with the great New Englander, running all through his wonderful life, but compressed for us into the space of a few hours. It is hard to say which part of the book is richest, but the chapters on Personal Traits leave, we think, the deepest conviction of the greatness of the subject's character, so bounteous in its demonstrations of exquisite feeling for nature, so generous and considerate in its attitude towards all men; for these traits taken with his profound capacity in other directions, give the completeness which on naturally wishes to see in such a man. This side of Webster has been known, but not enough known. It is a good thing to be reminded of it by pictures of his private and home life, and by incidents like that of his reconciliation of John Wilson of St. Louis with his old enemy Benton, in the chapter on Mr. Webster and his Contemporaries. Even at this day, too, so many share the old misconception of Webster as a temporizer with slavery, for personal ends illustrated in Horace Mann's attack upon him as such, that it is not amiss to be reminded of the abhorrence in which the

great secretary of state held slavery, and of how he purchased the freedom of a certain colored woman, Monica, before employing her as his cook, and assisted in purchasing the freedom of a man slave who became his valet.

Mr. Harvey also brings his own and others' authority to bear in support of the denials which have before now been made to the charges of intemperance. No man in our history has been more grossly abused than Webster, and, whatever reservations one may have to make in accepting the eulogies of personal friends, it is very probable that as unjust views of his public conduct have survived, misrepresentations of a much less excusable sort have also been mingled with current opinions. At the least, one cannot read Mr. Harvey's book without getting a closer, more affectionate view of the man than has been vouchsafed before, and a view that increases one's admiration. It is matter for congratulation that so devoted a friend had so many opportunities of studying Webster, and that he has so candidly and simply put on record the best part of what he saw.

— Mr. Frothingham has had the singular fortune, good or bad, as it may turn out, to write a biography¹ in which too much truth is told; and this has made his work unacceptable to those at whose request he undertook it. The controversy thence resulting has again brought forward for discussion the vexed question of John Brown's plans, when, in 1859, he invaded Virginia, and how far those plans were known to the friends who supplied him with money to carry them out. In this aspect the controversy may interest the readers of *The Atlantic*, since it was in these pages, three years ago, that Brown's purposes were first intelligibly explained by one of his friends, to whom, without doubt, they were fully revealed. And it is understood to be *The Atlantic* and its contributors upon whom Mr. Frothingham has mainly relied for confirmation of the peculiar view he has taken of Gerrit Smith's relation to John Brown. That is to say, Mr. Frothingham has been led by statements published in these pages, taken in connection with what he has found in the correspondence and other papers of Mr. Smith, to ascribe to the latter a much more complete knowledge of Brown's purposes and general plans than it has been

common of late years to suppose Mr. Smith had. Some of the family of Mr. Smith take issue with his biographer upon this point; and though they no longer claim for him that complete ignorance of Brown's purpose which was formerly asserted, they deny that he was wholly in accord with the scheme for invading the South and freeing the slaves. This feeling on their part is so strong that it has been said the biography as printed will be withdrawn from circulation, and a revised edition put forth, in which the chapter on Slavery will be materially changed.

It is to be hoped that better counsels will prevail, and that the facts as they are will be allowed to stand recorded, with such hitherto unpublished ones as may hereafter come to light. So long as Gerrit Smith lived there were reasons, which to him seemed sufficient, for withholding the whole history of the John Brown affair. But he did not request that those who knew the facts should continue to withhold them after his death. His exact words, written in October, 1872, to one of *The Atlantic* contributors, were these: "If you could defer your contemplated work until after my death (not long hence, as I am approaching seventy-six) you would lay me under great obligations to your kindness. So, too, you would if, in case you write before my death, [you] make as sparing a use of my name as possible." The wish of Mr. Smith was respected, and it was not till after his death, in December, 1874, that this magazine made any mention of his name in connection with the Virginia campaign of Brown, or attempted to give in detail the secret history of that affair. Even then, our contributor was so careful as to omit all mention of the fact that the first revelation of Brown's plans to those who afterwards aided them with money was made in Mr. Smith's house, at Peterboro, February 22, 1858, and that Brown's remarkable letter, two days later, was written in the same house. Mr. Frothingham, from Mr. Smith's diary for February, 1858, fixes the place of conference plainly enough; for it thence appears that John Brown spent the entire week from the 18th to the 25th of February at Gerrit Smith's house in Peterboro. Mr. Frothingham adds these particulars, which did not appear in *The Atlantic* for March, 1875, where the main result of the conference was stated: "In Morton's room, aloof from the other guests of the house, Brown detailed his plan; Smith going in and out, but being

¹ *Gerrit Smith. A Biography.* By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

present during the reading of the paper, with which he was probably already familiar, as Brown had been four days his guest, and taking part in the discussion that followed." This positive declaration perhaps rests for evidence, in part, upon a written statement of Mr. Smith's, bearing date January 3, 1874, not quite a year before his death, in which he said, "I was in Mr. Morton's room a part or all of the time whilst Brown was reading his plan for entering the South and summoning the slaves to the mountains, where they could defend themselves and thence escape to Canada. My heart responded to his merciful interest in the victims of oppression, and he had my warmest wishes for his success. I had but little conversation with Brown respecting his enterprise. He told me he was not yet decided in what State to begin it." Later in the same statement, Mr. Smith said, "Hearing, some months after April, 1859, through another person, that he was in Chambersburg, and in need of money, I directed a hundred dollars to be sent to him. His being there led me to believe that he was on his way to the mountains of Maryland or Virginia."

These precise declarations can hardly have been known to Mr. Smith's nephew, Mr. John Cochrane, when he informed the public, some months ago, that Brown had *two* distinct plans, a "new plan of invasion," and an "old plan of escape to the mountains;" and that Mr. Smith favored the latter, but was ignorant of the former. In truth, Brown had but *one* plan, which, like most military plans, involved an alternative. He was either to advance or retreat, *after* "invading," or, as Mr. Smith puts it, "entering" the South. If he advanced, it was to be along the mountains; if he retreated, it was to be to the mountains; and preliminary to everything he was to make an invasion. The exact place where was unknown to Mr. Smith, and to most of Brown's friends; but Smith, Stearns, Howe, Sanborn, Parker, Higginson, and Morton all knew that there was to be, at some place, an invasion, which they favored and supported with gifts of money. Brown's decision to invade at Harper's Ferry, while it made the plan more hazardous and desperate, did not constitute "a new plan," nor materially change the old one. His friends had always agreed to leave the place and time of attack to his

own judgment; nor did they wish to have exact information in advance respecting time or place.

We have dwelt on a single feature of this biography because that happens, just now, to be its most interesting feature. In other respects the book is interesting, though it lacks the best biographical method, and is in parts dull, from too full a presentment of Gerrit Smith's opinions and arguments. What he thought and said was always less important than what he was, — a noble and powerful person, devoted to the cause of the poor, and exerting in their behalf, now in one way, now in another, but always strongly, the great and constant influence which his own character and his father's wealth gave him. Without Gerrit Smith the emancipation of our slaves would have been longer delayed, and the agitation for it would have lacked one of its most important and most romantic elements.

— In his funeral address at the burial of Thoreau, in May, 1862, Mr. Emerson said, "The country knows not yet — or in the least part — how great a son it has lost. It seems a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is." And indeed in the sixteen years that have since passed, his country has been slow to gain that knowledge of Thoreau which it did not then possess. His books have been published or republished, but there have been few new readers, and those who knew the man and his genius have been passing away; while the revival in literature and thought, in which he took part with Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne, has diffused itself so far that its active and present force is spent. New England transcendentalism has had its history written and its monument built, when lo! at this late day, an Englishman comes forward with his discovery of what Thoreau said and did,¹ and how important was his mission in the world. When we last heard from England before, concerning Thoreau, the critics were calling him "an American Rousseau," a phrase which describes him as clumsily as any that could be invented. But Mr. Page has read his author, is capable of understanding him, and has made a very good and readable book about him, which he first printed in London, and which was immediately republished in Boston by the Memoir of Hawthorne, etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

¹ *Thoreau: His Life and Aims. A Study.* By H. A. PAGE, Author of *Life of Thomas De Quincey*,

house which had issued all Thoreau's volumes.

These volumes are six in number, beginning with *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, first published in 1849, and ending with *Letters to Various Persons*, printed in 1865, and *A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers*, printed in 1866. They include everything, or nearly everything, that Thoreau published or prepared for publication during his life, and also some papers which he would hardly have printed. Other papers, which in due time he would have wrought into essays and volumes, were made up from his manuscript journals by his friend Mr. Channing, and printed in 1873, in the curious and extremely valuable book called *Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist*. From all these books Mr. Page has drawn material for his little volume. He has studied them carefully and lovingly, and has cited a great many passages which illustrate Thoreau's genius and character. These are, no doubt, the best portion of the book; and next to these are the quotations made from what Mr. Emerson and Mr. Channing have said concerning their friend. It is no great compliment to an author to say that the best of his book is its quotations, but in this case it should be no disparagement to Mr. Page. His own work is done well; and it suffers only when brought in comparison with the terse wisdom, broad humor, and poetic insight of Thoreau, Channing, and Emerson. Few of those who have undertaken to write about Thoreau have comprehended him better than this Englishman, who never saw him, and who does not seem to have known those who did see him.

If some of his comparisons — as, for example, that between Thoreau and St. Francis d'Assisi — appear fanciful, it may be that this is partly because nobody ever thought of making such a comparison before. The more one attends to the points of resemblance between the Catholic saint and the Concord recluse, the less he is disposed to smile at the parallel. There was the same strange familiarity with nature and its inarticulate citizens; the same tenderness of heart united with austerity of thought, purity of life, and singleness of purpose. The garb and the dialect were not the same; but the cowl does not make the

monk, and Mr. Page may have looked deeper and with a clearer eye than those who saw Thoreau in his every-day walk. It must be deemed a little too fantastic, however, to make Thoreau stand as a sort of middle term between St. Francis and George Sand, for the Concord celibate did not move on the same plane with the passionate granddaughter of Maurice de Saxe. The chief resemblance was in their power to describe the shows of outward nature, a power to which a writer very different from either Thoreau or George Sand has succeeded. The novelist Thomas Hardy — in virtue, no doubt, of the same constant familiarity with the landscape and with the face of heaven, by night as well as by day — displays a descriptive talent almost unequaled among living writers of English, and in some of its manifestations reminding us forcibly of Thoreau. But the latter did not write for show or effect so much as to convey truly and clearly what he saw and felt. "No man," says Mr. Page, "could be more clear, simple, direct, incisive, than he is, when he has a real nature-object before his eye or his mind. His instincts were true; his patience was unbounded; he never flinched from pain or labor when it lay in the way of his object; and complaint he was never known to utter on his own account." These and many other remarks which we find in the book indicate that the author or editor has made himself familiar with his subject, though at arm's length and under many disadvantages.

— It is scarcely possible for a stranger to read the *Letters of Chauncey Wright*¹ without a sense of personal loss. To be made acquainted with a character so rare and a mind so masterful, only to learn that the man is just dead, brings a poignancy of regret which springs from a sense of lost opportunity. Many will read the book who will say to themselves, *Tantum Virgilum vidi*, and wish in vain that they might have known one who now first stands revealed in his strength and grace. There are many, too, who hearing Wright praised in his lifetime were incredulous of the seemingly extravagant phrase in which he was described, and will read in the letters a full justification of his friends' eulogies. Yet nothing is more noticeable in the contributions made to an estimate of Wright's character and genius, contained in this volume,

¹ *Letters of Chauncey Wright, with some Account of his Life.* By JAMES BRADLEY TRAYER. Privately printed. Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and

Son. 1878. [Sold in Boston by Little, Brown & Co; in New York by Henry Holt & Co.]

than the restrained terms in which he is mentioned. Something may be referred to the quiet tones which sorrow at his loss would cause, but more to the influence of Wright himself. His own justness of mind, his ambition of exact phrase, his calmness of judgment, have held his friends from heated praise and undiscriminating admiration. It is as if each asked himself, as he recorded his impressions, How would Chauncey have spoken of himself had he been in my place?

To this sentiment and to Mr. Thayer's unflinching good taste we owe the atmosphere through which we look upon this remarkable man. Mr. Norton had already dealt with some questions respecting his mental power in his preface to the *Philosophical Discussions* previously published, and some, doubtless, were disappointed at finding no more biographical facts respecting a person who could not fail to excite a reasonable curiosity. Mr. Thayer has now supplied this want, and by his judicious selection from Wright's correspondence, and the wise use of contemporary reminiscence, has given a clear and entirely satisfactory picture of a life which needs no adventitious aid to render it extremely interesting and suggestive. The familiar knowledge which the editor had of his subject, in an early and late intercourse on the friendliest terms with Wright, rendered him able to touch with precision and liveliness the outside of Wright's life. We should not have hesitated to intrust to him also the summing of the forces of his character which he had intended to give in the final chapter, but he is right in setting a high value on the estimate which he substituted from the pen of Mr. Gurney.

The Letters themselves stand as the best evidence of the accuracy with which Mr. Thayer, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Norton, and others in the volume have described Chauncey Wright. In their sustained power, in their playfulness and affectionate feeling, and in their frank confession of limitations, they

afford a very intelligible account of the writer. They render the reader humble and ashamed of his petty thoughts, as no doubt the personal presence and conversation of the man did in his life-time. Yet the very heights on which he lived prevent the reader from a low form of envy or discontent, and one can hardly fail to perceive what large tracts of life and experience were scarcely entered upon by this philosopher. It is difficult, besides, if one is not engrossed with metaphysical and psychological studies, to read the book steadily without a sense of mental fatigue, and a desire to find relief in some simple occupation of an earthly sort.

It is not our purpose to set down any but a few impressions suggested by the Letters. The character of the writer is to be reached only by the gradual revelation which the book itself brings, and it would be a vain task to take up here any one of the many topics discussed. It will not be read through except by a few students, but it will be read in parts with great pleasure by many, and a minor satisfaction will be found in the literary presentation of persons and events familiar through common intercourse and knowledge. One may look upon some of his contemporaries and associates, through this book, quite as if they were his ancestors, and his pleasure will be the greater that the editor has shown such true refinement in his use of material. There is nothing to gratify an ignoble curiosity, much to please an amiable one. Prophecy is the safest form of criticism; nevertheless we venture the belief that this privately printed volume, with that which it accompanies, will fill a larger space in our literature than is accorded by contemporaries. Natural selection will be at work, and posterity will not be surprised that Chauncey Wright wrote so little, for what he wrote will be considerable in comparison with the meagre proportions into which much more extended reputations will have shrunk by that time.

EDUCATION.

THE Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College, 1876-77 (John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, 1878), are very far from the dry reading one might expect. President Eliot gives life to everything he does, and his business report of the great institution of which he is the head and heart bears throughout the glow of his practical enthusiasm. This record of a single year may not exhibit to those unacquainted with Harvard's history the great advance made in the last decade, — a longer and stronger stride, probably, than ever before taken in several times ten years, — but it will show the high, broad ground she now occupies. President Eliot is a man possessing those active qualities seldom found with distinguished scholarly attainments, — force, address, physical energy, executive efficiency in details, and a remarkable talent for administration. His plans have advanced without reaction, and, so far as time has sufficed, have proved successes beyond general expectation. Under his management, Harvard has, first of all American institutions of the class, come into the line of European universities. She has emerged from the college state. The college proper (that is, the undergraduate department) and the associated schools of law, medicine, science, etc., are now coördinated of one body, the university. Formerly, those schools were looked upon rather as appendages of the college proper. "During the current year," says the president, "the attention of the college faculty will be especially given to strengthening and systematizing the instruction for graduates. In all probability, it will ultimately be found desirable to organize a department or faculty of philosophy, which shall bear to the college, as regards the age and standing of its students, the same relation which the professional schools of the university would bear to the college if (as will be the case at no very remote day) only Bachelors of Arts were admitted to them," — a consummation most devoutly to be wished; for then here, as in much of Europe to-day, the uneducated or but partly educated cannot stand in the professional ranks with men who have labored for and won titles of efficiency.

Before 1872, there was no provision in Harvard University for advanced students in art, though the scientific school did something for advanced students in science; but in the spring of 1872 the corporation and board of overseers adopted the plan to give the degree of *Master* of Arts, and the two new degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science, on certain conditions of residence, study, and examination. The statistics show up to this time much progress made (owing to the adoption of that plan) towards the organization of a department in which Bachelors of Arts may pursue advanced studies in a systematic way, with definite aims. In 1872 there was a total of but fifteen (A. M., Ph. D., and S. D.), but in 1875 there were forty, and in 1877 we have fifty-one. These results prove both that there are many who desire to continue their studies in arts or science at the university for a few years after attaining the Bachelor's degree, and that these advanced degrees, *given upon examination*, "seem desirable distinctions and objects of reasonable ambition to an excellent class of young men." But this department still leaves much to be desired; for it is imperfectly organized and has no distinct faculty, and its members, not feeling that they belong to an organized body like the college or law school, do not hold themselves, as they should, "a collective body constituting the highest and most precious department of the university."

Harvard has secured another important advance in the adoption by the corporation and board of overseers (January, 1877) of sixteen statutes, a compact body of fundamental rules, in lieu of all existing statutes and laws of the university, after discussions extending over seven years. Now the practical working and limits of every part of the various academic bodies, except as regards the definition of powers intrusted to the several faculties, are concisely and comprehensively defined.

One apparent improvement is immediately seen from the eighth statute, whereby the various departments are made one in the disposition of terms and vacations; and the former errors of one long, unbroken stretch of work from January to the end of

June, and the difference of date and continuance of labor and recess between the departments of Boston and Cambridge, are corrected. "This external unity," President Eliot says, "is only one manifestation of the common spirit which animates the several departments; it is an evidence that the several departments, once isolated and almost hostile, are becoming more and more alike in methods and aims, and feel themselves to be coördinate members of one body, — the university."

It is a principal function of a university, as he further remarks, to train leaders, — "men who have originating power, who reach forward, and in all fields of activity push beyond the beaten paths of habit, tradition, and custom;" but how large measures of liberty should be intrusted to students to insure that aim is a problem that Harvard must continue to work upon while she and the country grow. The subject of voluntary attendance — practiced with seniors, and at one time tried with the juniors — appears in that problem, and so, but with far less uncertainty, does the system of elective studies. Upon the former the faculty is divided. The college dean, who treats of it very comprehensively in his report, concludes that the best way to regulate the matter would be to make the privilege the reward for a certain degree of scholarship. Upon the latter there is less disagreement, and the dean's tables and reasoning therefrom lead to the clear conclusion "that the average student, with the help of his instructors, friends, and natural advisers, makes a more judicious selection of studies for himself than the faculty could make for him; . . . a much better selection than the old prescribed curriculum of this college, or the present prescribed curriculum of any other colleges would be."

An important point of general interest, and to which President Eliot calls attention, is that of the asserted growing incapacity of the students to recite well. The importance of this faculty he insists upon; the ability "of making a clear, oral statement, one of the most useful powers which an educated man can possess, no matter what his profession." It would seem that the custom of written examinations, of lectures instead of recitations, and the general use of notes, are tending, while they induce ready expression with the pen, to weaken that of speech.

The report of the Dane Law School is exceedingly gratifying. It increases in

numbers, in the quality of its students, and in growth of money capital. The establishment of an examination for admission, and the extension of the course of study from two to three years, have not caused the predicted decrease of its numbers; but, on the contrary, there are two more students this year than last, though the number of non-graduates entering has fallen off, — a good promise this last, we think, for the profession. The dean protests righteously against the fact that the law school has not only no control over admission to the legal profession, but that it receives no countenance from those who exercise such control. The single privilege it has enjoyed is having the time actually spent in the school considered as an equivalent for the same length of time passed in a lawyer's office, and nowhere has there been any recognition of its degree or of its examinations. The president, referring to the dean's report, expresses a summing up in these plain words: "The Harvard law school does not desire to have its graduates admitted to practice, either in Massachusetts or elsewhere, on the diploma of the school, and it asks no favors for its graduates at any examinations for admission prescribed by competent authority; but it feels justified in asking that its graduates, who have spent two or three years in the study of law, under the guidance of learned and faithful teachers, should not be placed, as regards admission to the bar, on a level with persons who have never opened a law book, as is now the case *under the rules of the New York Court of Appeals*." One more reference we would make to the report of the dean of the law school, and that is to the distinction therein set forth between the profession of attorney and that of counselor, which is not intelligently recognized in this country, where the States commonly treat the legal profession as if its members were attorneys merely. In England, the barrister, that is the counselor, can become such only, first, by entering one of her four constituted colleges; secondly, by procuring a "call" to the bar from the governing body of one of these colleges. The barrister is absolutely subject to the authority of the college, and to that alone, and the courts have no more authority over him than they have over litigants who conduct their own causes without counsel. Attorneys in England are distinctly apprentices, without the rights and self-governance of barristers. In this country

all lawyers are treated as attorneys, responsible to the courts alone, and possessing no rights from or appeal to their profession, as is the case with clerical, medical, and scientific men, but are controlled by the State. "Therefore," as the dean of the law school states, "the fundamental reason why this law school has always been at cross-purposes with the State upon the subject of legal education is that the former has found its mission in training young men for the profession of counselor, while the State, backed by the opinion of the legal profession, has insisted upon the traditional training of an attorney, and to a greater or less extent has refused to recognize anything else. . . . The law school has no means nor facilities for the education of attorneys, while its means and facilities for educating counselors are unrivaled. . . . The functions of a counselor or advocate are, it is true, both scientific and practical, but the practical part must be acquired in courts of justice, not in lawyers' offices; nor is there any opportunity to practice it in courts of justice until one does it on his own account, — that is, until one becomes an advocate."

A portion of the reports of much service to those purposing to avail themselves of the Harvard course is that treating of the cost of such education, — a matter of much discussion and serious concern. The officers of the university have taken the most exhaustive means of obtaining trustworthy data from 1873 to 1877, and the results represent all classes of students, — the rich, the poor, and those of moderate means. The range of annual expenditure is very wide, from one case of the son of a mechanic, himself having a trade which more than supported him during the summer, to another, the son of a man of large fortune, and having property in his own right. These cases are presented with accurate details, and include every item of cost. In these instances — the extremes — the expenses were, severally, \$471 and \$2500. But a table is given exhibiting four scales of annual expenditure, with much minuteness of specification. The expenses of the long vacation are not included in the table, which our space does not permit to give in detail, but its summary is this, in totals: least, \$499; economical, \$615; moderate,

\$830; ample, \$1365. In the least, board was had in the Divinity Club, where the cost was \$140. In the economical and moderate, the board was that of Memorial Hall, cost \$175. And in the case of ample, it was a private club board, \$304. The majority of students, with parents neither rich nor poor, spend from \$650 to \$850 a year, the expenses of summer vacation being omitted in every case. Above \$850, the question is "only of unnecessary and extraordinary expense, which may still be perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the student or of his father." "The number of students who spend more than \$1500 a year is very small, and a considerable proportion of this small number make absolutely no wrong or indiscreet use of their money."

The dining hall association, which has commons in the splendid Memorial building, is mentioned in a very interesting manner. The moral effect of that dining hall upon the students who resort to it is, as the president says, "strong, — none the less so because often unnoticed at the moment by those who are benefited. . . . The young men who daily use this superb building are, for the most part, those whose previous lives have been least enriched by familiarity with artificial objects of dignity and beauty, and whose enjoyments are always restricted by an imperative economy."

The cost of this board is \$4.20 a week, and the diet is ample, wholesome, and served with taste and neatness. Extras, at card prices, are furnished to those who are able to live luxuriously.

President Eliot does not tell us — as the report is intended for officers, graduates, and students of the university — that to enter the dining-room the students pass through the main hall, where on mural tablets are preserved the brief but eloquent records of every one of Harvard's heroes who fell in defense of the Union.

A useful and certainly the most graceful possession of the university now is the Sanders Theatre, which is part of Memorial Hall. Beautiful to the eye, it is also a model of good ventilation and acoustics. Here, during the year, Professor Paine has conducted a series of six concerts, the Thomas Orchestra has performed twice, and free lectures on scientific subjects have been enjoyed by large audiences.

MR. FURNIVALL AND MR. LOUNSBURY.

I.

MR. FURNIVALL ON MR. LOUNSBURY.

3 ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, PRIMROSE HILL, }
LONDON, N. W., November 12, 1877. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

SIR,—I find myself under the necessity of claiming from you some space to answer in my own words a few of Mr. Lounsbury's charges against me in your November number, which a friend lent me this afternoon.

The first I will take up is on a point of language, which involves, as Mr. Lounsbury implies, the question whether he or I ought, as I said to a former opponent, "to enter himself at King's College School for a course of Early English." I shall take Mr. Lounsbury's own carefully chosen instance, with which he fancies he has triumphantly refuted me, and I shall whip him with his own rod.

In ridiculing the notion that the late fifteenth (or early sixteenth) century Court of Love could be Chaucer's, I said that a phrase in it, "this goodely *fresh*," in which *fresh* was used as a substantive, as it is again in the next stanza but one, "O ye *fresh*," was clearly not Chaucer's.

On this Mr. Lounsbury comments as follows, *Atlantic Monthly*, page 596, column 1:—

"Statements in regard to usage should always be couched in general terms. It is rarely safe to introduce particulars. In this instance it is especially unfortunate, for in the twelfth stanza of the third book of *Troilus and Cryseyde* 'O goodely *fresh*' is the very phrase with which the hero addresses the heroine."

And a very neat answer this looks to any one who knows nothing about the subject; but any one who does know something about it, and looks up the passage (*Quod Troilus*, "O goodely *fresh* and *fre*," Aldine edition, iv. 230), recognizes at once, from the italic *and*, that he has Mr. Lounsbury, no Early English scholar, no Professor Child or Professor Corson, to deal with, but a man who has either not learnt, or has forgotten, his Chaucer grammar. I turn to Professor Child's admirable paper of 1862 on Chaucer's final *e*, and find at page 466, column 1, this clause:—

"§ 34. Among Definite Forms of the Adjective [which therefore take final *e*] are to be reckoned adjectives occurring in forms of address (as in Anglo-Saxon, *leȝfa fader*, etc.), false (S. *fals*), goode (S. *ȝoȝd*),—but once 'O good Constance,' 5237 (to six goodȝ),—leave (S. *leȝf*), strange (S. *strang*), yonge (S. *ȝong*)."

And at page 464, column 2, this statement:—

"§ 30 The following adjectives . . . though ending in a consonant in Saxon, have sometimes, or always, the termination *ē* in Chaucer: . . . *fresshe* (S. *farse*. L. *freche*, *frech*. O. *fressh*)."

I know, then, that as the *Troilus* italic *and* is not in the MS. Mr. Lounsbury's supposed noun *fresh* ought to be the adjective *fresshe* in the definite form; and I turn with confidence to the best MS. of the *Troilus*, E y.,—27, of the University Library, Cambridge, which is, by good hap, now in

my rooms, and I of course find that the line runs, "*Quod Troilus, o goodeli frosche fre.*"

How could it be otherwise? The inserted *and* would mark a late MS., whose scribe held Mr. Lounsbury's view of the final *e*, and of *fresh* being possibly a substantive. So I say again that the Court of Love's "this goodely *fresh*" and "O ye *fresh*" in the next stanza but one are "clearly not Chaucer's." I challenge Mr. Lounsbury to show that they are; and if he takes up the glove, I undertake to throw him as fairly and heavily as I have done now. Even a man so ignorant of the details of Early English as the late Robert Bell (or his helper) knew enough to write on the Court of Love's substantive *fresh* the following note: "*Fresh*, an adjective, is here taken as a substantive, a form very generally used by the euphuist of the time of Elizabeth." This is in favor of Mr. Skeat's late date for the Court. The italic *and* may have misled Mr. Lounsbury. It reminds me of the famous popular preacher Melville's skew at Haileybury, in old days, in his sermon on John i. 8. "And, dear brethren, note specially these words, *was sent*. The Baptist did not come of his own will. He *WAS SENT*. If you turn to the holy original, you will see that these words are in italics. Our special attention is called to them. Let us dwell on them with prayer." A smile ran round the chapel, whose occupiers happened to know that John's Gospel was written in Greek, and that the English italic words were those *not* in the original.

2. We have seen that Mr. Lounsbury, in his quotation of the *Troilus* line, judiciously stops at "O goodely *fresh*," without adding the "*and fre*," which would have enabled all Chaucer scholars to see at once that he was wrong. I am obliged to call attention to a stronger instance of like kind. On pages 594, 595, Mr. Lounsbury presses the point of my stating all my opinions as certainties. He refers to a letter of mine in the *Athenaeum* of July, 1871, of which I have unluckily not kept a copy, and says that "every assertion is expressed as unhesitatingly and as strongly as if there were a bundle of contemporary affidavits to support it. *Not the slightest concession is made to the skeptic.* . . . He has repeated it on different occasions; and every time the statements have been more precise, the assertions more positive, and the results reached more full. In his *Trial* Forewords," etc.

Now, a copy of this latter book is beside me, and I ask the reader if the extract from it below is fairly characterized by Professor Lounsbury's words above: "And if any one does not believe with me that the *Pity* speaks Chaucer's real feelings, that these are inconsistent with his marriage with Philippa Chaucer before September, 1366 (who was before not his namesake or cousin, as I assume that she was), I must still ask such reader to allow that Chaucer wished the reader of his first three original poems to suppose that the writer of them had the feelings expressed in these works. For my present purpose it matters not whether Chaucer had this hopeless love for eight long years, or feigned to have it: assuredly he linked his first three original poems together by the expression of the fact or the fiction." (Pages 31, 32.)

I appeal to every fair-minded reader to judge between Mr. Lounsbury and me, and ask him to suppose that Mr. Lounsbury's statements of other views of mine may need references to my own words.

3. I quite agree with Mr. Lounsbury that in all Chaucer questions "it is not alone an ear and a soul that are needed," but that "brains may likewise not unprofitably be employed." On the point of language, I am willing that the reader should decide, from our respective statement of the *fresh* alone, whether the brains or the pudding bag are or is on Mr. Lounsbury's shoulders or mine. And I now proceed to an instance which will prove the same thing as to the power of dealing with the internal evidence in Chaucer's poems, of reading between his lines what the poet meant to express by them. On page 537, column 1, Mr. Lounsbury says of Chaucer's eight years' sickness, which only one physician could cure, but would not, and which, in conjunction with his Pity, tells me so much: "For aught that can be proved to the contrary, the eight years' disease upon which this story is built may have been an affection of the liver and not of the heart."

Now, if this is said in sober earnest, I can cite no better instance of pudding-bag criticism, of incapacity to understand the meaning of words. It is like the comment on Shakespeare's one hundred and twentieth sonnet lines to his friend Will, after their reconciliation:—

"For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've past a hell of time."

"My dear sir, there is no hell in time. Besides, you can't prove that Shakespeare was in hell during those three years of quarrel. You can't prove that there is a hell, or that there was any quarrel at all. I can prove that Shakespeare was acting in London and writing plays. To suppose that he meant what he said is idiocy. I can't understand his phrase. Therefore it means nothing."

We have heard a suggestion like Mr. Lounsbury's before, from Mr. Minto of the "Imagination" and the "Chaucer-mangling Association." We have heard it before as the hasty "fad" of a Chaucer scholar worth a dozen of Mr. Lounsbury and me put together,—a fad to be answered with a bit of chaff as I answered it in my Report of 1874:—

"*e. Chaucer fads of the past year.* That which has amused me most was a letter from an unbelieving friend, in which he wrote, 'I don't think you half appreciate the effects of the second great plague of 1331. I have no doubt that the "sickness these eight years" past, which he [Chaucer] mentions in 1339 in the Deth of Blaunche the Duchesse, was the plague from which he only just escaped with his life, and that much affected; and was not the love-affair which you are so much inclined to in your history of the Complaynte to Pitee.'

"Seeing that the despairing love-lines are,

... trewly as I gesse,

I hold it be a sickenes

That I have suffred this eight yere;

And yet my boote is never the nere;

For there is phis-ic-ien but one

That may me heale. But that is done.

Passe we over untill eftre;

That wil not be, mote nedes be lefte,

I could only answer the plague-suggestion with 'Quite so. And there was only one plague-doctor left in London, who, cruel man, would n't sell Chaucer a shilling bottle of chloral to send him to sleep

o' nights.' My friend has, I fear, some almost as bad Chaucer-shots of mine in old time, as this of his. We have often laughed at them since."

"The kind of nonsense that is written about Chaucer in popular magazines, and accepted by the unknowing public as fact, is well shown by an article in the Temple-Bar Magazine for last May, and another in London Society for last December. In the former article, by a scatter-brained, fluent-tongued exaggerator of some of M. Taine's brilliant paradoxes, the writer says of Chaucer, 'We look in vain for a single note of wail, for one soft note of melancholy' (page 320). And this of the author of the *Pity*, the *Mars*, the *Anelida* and *Arcite*, etc. ! And again, page 313, 'Chaucer's feelings and tastes are akin to those of the animals precisely because he is a child, stringing his verse together when poetry was in its childhood.' Is there not an animal called a goose? Of course The Cuckoo and the Nightingale, etc., were attributed by the T.-B. writer to Chaucer. In the London Society article, Mr. Walter Thornbury stated or implied that Chaucer wrote the spurious Testament of Love, and Court of Love; said that 'all that is known about Chaucer might be written on a post-card; ' that he served in the French war (of 1359-60) after 1378, when 'five or six years he is supposed to have pined in a French prison, singing no doubt mournfully as a caged bird; ' that 'he first married a lady named Rouet.' And 'that he was mixed up with disturbances in the Guildhall in defense of the city's liberties, and was for years in the Tower, *we know as a certainty.*' Oh dear! When will men read Chaucer before they write about him; read Nicolas's Life of him before they write about that; and get to know that a Chaucer Society has been in being since 1863, and done some work worth considering? Truly, we want Mr. Bradshaw's globe edition of Chaucer's Works."

But, seriously, I must appeal to every reader with brains and power to use them, whether that pathetic allusion to the "physician but one, that may me heale," and that "what will not be, must needs be left," allude to a bad stomach-ache, a congested liver, or, as I say it does, to a hopeless love.

4. I cannot expect space to be given me to answer every one of Mr. Lounsbury's points, though I believe myself capable of overturning him on all of them. His know-nothingism is what has been long preached *ad nauseum* with regard to Shakespeare and the succession of his works, as well as Chaucer and his. But I am sure that with both poets the succession of their works, the development of their art, the history of their minds, and, to a great extent, their own inner life, can be made out by careful and faithful work at the creations they have left us. Men may talk as they will about Dante having no Beatrice, Spenser no two loves, Shakespeare no friend Will, Chaucer no pitiless mistress. They put their heads in the sand, and declare there is no sun. Others may ask you, as Mr. Lounsbury does, to judge Chaucer, the first-rate of the fourteenth century, by Wyatt & Co., the sixth-rates of the sixteenth century. Others, to take the Chaucer of the Prologue, the Shakespeare of the Tempest, each in his highest attainment, as the unchanged man from early life. Against these critics I protest. They cannot see how our great men rose on stepping stones of their dead selves

¹ Will the continuation apply to the United States?

to higher things; how they won their heights by pain.

5. Mr. Lounsbury has in his article sketched my character; and the caricature he has produced for his readers, and for his own satisfaction, is exactly what one would expect from a man who, challenged in 1873 (?) to produce a substantive *fresh* from Chaucer, holds up in 1877, in his triumphant ignorance, an adjective *freshe* carelessly left without its *e*, and says, "Here is your substantive; acknowledge yourself beaten!" How can such a man understand Chaucer, when he can't even parse his lines? Who can care one farthing when he says, not only that *he* can't see why the *Pitye* is Chaucer's earliest poem, etc., but implies that a man who knows Early English can't? When Mr. Lounsbury's crown of linguistic criticism is to ridicule the calling a noun a noun, and an adjective an adjective, and to insist that the adjective is a noun, what can be expected of him in the criticism which is based on a knowledge of Chaucer's grammar and language?

Some twenty years' study of Early English, and some twenty years' intimacy or acquaintance with the most distinguished English scholars of the Old and New worlds, have given me a certain power of recognizing whether a man who claims to be able to teach me Chaucer has the power of doing so. Those men who have the power, I honor ungrudgingly, in public and in private, as my books and words bear witness, and sit at their feet, — Bradshaw, Child, Lowell, Ten Brick, Ellis, Morris, Skeat, the young John Koch, the last but half my age. But there are men of another kind, who come differently equipt, who carry rolling-pins for lances, whose incompetence is proclaimed by themselves when they propose to teach me my "*halphabet*," — men like Minto and Fleoy, whom I have dubbed "The Chaucer Mangling Association." Into this class I am compelled, by his *fresh* and his *liver*, etc., to put Mr. Lounsbury, for the time. I don't want to call him a "partisan," "dogmatic," "pertinacious," "intolerant," the author of "a whole mass of baseless assumption and wild conjecture," etc., but I do honestly wish him more power to know an adjective from a noun, after four years' looking at it, and more power to interpret Chaucer's meaning, to see the progress of his mind and spirit from his early works of disappointed love; thence to the gradually increasing humor of Pandarus, the Parliament, Fame and the Third Period Tales; lastly to the weight and troubles of the minor poems of his age. Then will Mr. Lounsbury be able to recognize what Chaucer's eight years' sickness and one refusing healer and his *Pitye* mean.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

II.

MR. LOUNSBURY ON MR. FURNIVALL.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, }
January 11, 1878. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, — In my article in the November Atlantic I remarked that a controversy with Mr. Furnivall was not to be lightly undertaken by a person of shrinking and sensitive temperament; and that he who differed with him must be content to do so at the sacrifice of his "ear and soul," — to use Mr. Furnivall's phraseology. I find from the above communication that I understated the consequences rather than

overstated them; and that to the inevitable loss of ear and soul must be added that of brains and knowledge.

A public which is not even aware of my existence cannot be expected to feel any violent interest in a discussion of my general know-nothingness, and its only wonder will be that Mr. Furnivall should have found it necessary to waste so much time and space upon one who has not the requisite acquirements and sense and taste to agree with him in his opinions. Furthermore, since the views of both sides have been presented, I am perfectly content to leave the very few who care about the matter in dispute to decide for themselves, without additional argument, whether there is any foundation whatever for the new and touching facts in Chaucer's love-life which Mr. Furnivall fancies he has discovered by "reading between the lines," — which is, indeed, the only place where he could discover them, for they certainly never could have been found by reading the lines themselves. But as an incidental reference of mine to a mistake on his part, by no means of a heinous nature, has led to a labored and almost painful defense, which consists entirely in an utterly irrelevant discussion of the word "*fresh*" as an adjective and a noun, it may be well to state again briefly and sharply, the real point in dispute. Mr. Furnivall, in arguing against the genuineness of the Court of Love, asserted that the words "*godely fresh*" of that poem were "imitated from Chaucer's '*semely swete*,' but clearly not Chaucer's." Unfortunately for him, the very words do occur in the *Troilus* and *Cryseyde*, an undoubtedly genuine work of the poet. It does not need any profound study of Anglo-Saxon or intimate acquaintance with Early English to be perfectly well aware that had Mr. Furnivall known at the time that the phrase "*godely fresh*" of the Court of Love was to be found in the *Troilus* and *Cryseyde* he would never have spoken of it as being "imitated from Chaucer's '*semely swete*,' but clearly not Chaucer's." It was an oversight in a matter of detail which the greatest scholar in the world might have been guilty of; the weak thing is to defend the mistake after it is made; the deplorable thing is to attempt to defend it by raising a cloud of learned dust about adjectives and nouns, which can have no other effect than to hide from view the real question under discussion.

In spite of the moderation and reserve with which he expresses himself, I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Mr. Furnivall has no very lofty opinion of my attainments; but he is wholly mistaken in imputing to me the sentiments towards him which he entertains for me. I cheerfully bear the little weight of my testimony, not merely to his energy and ability, but also to his extensive and minute knowledge, even if at times, when I read some of his sweeping statements, I do feel a doubt as to the desirability of knowing so much when so much that one knows is not trustworthy. But the credit to which he is justly entitled for his great and self-sacrificing, but too little appreciated, labors in furthering the study of our early language and literature can never be permanently lessened, even by the violence with which he expresses himself toward those who differ with him in opinion; and the work which he has done and inspired others to do will cause his name to be held in grateful remembrance by generations of students, long after we who have vexed his soul with criticism shall have been utterly forgotten.

T. R. LOUNSBURY.